

DEKKER'S
DRAMATIC WORKS

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE THIRD



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

NORTH-VVARD

II O E.

*Sundry times Acted by the Children
of Paules.*

By Thomas Decker, and
Iohn Webster.



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1607.



NORTH-WARD HOE.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fetherstone booted.

Feth. RT fure old *Maybery* Innes here to night.

Gree. Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my bauld, euer since I knew *Ware* affures me of it, and more being a *Londoner* though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requested his company at supper.

Feth. Excellent occasion : how wee shall carry our felues in this bufines is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking : if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coynesse.

Feth. Suppose it she should be chaft.

Gree. O hang her ; this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sonnes and heires in the Citty, looke fo like our prentifes,—Chamberlaine.

Cha. Heare Sir.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gree. This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, ist not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at *Dunstable* not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interuiue twenty times & not so little I protest: how chance you left dunstable Sirra?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in *Ireland*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *London* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at *Dunstable*: the next morning when they had broke their fast together the wenches brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for *London* the other for *Westchester*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke Yorke* Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophecy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* shall be.

Cha. Yes, Sir, tis fullfild, *Yorke* shall be, that is, it shall be *Yorke* still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue some Cray fish, and a Spitch-cocke.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

Cham. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of.

Green. Most kindly welcome—I beseech you hold our bouldnesse excused Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke.

Feth. Whether Trauaile you I beseech you.

May. To *London* Sir we came from *Sturbridge*.

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with being at *Sturbridge*; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of fise luttin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeoman ful but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forehead, in the goose markt number of freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate:

like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon : here two gentlemen making a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack ; there a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispingly ; here two in one corner of a shop : Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues ; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding together while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen ; twas like a campe for in other Countries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent discription of it in a Comedy : but whether are you trauiayling Gentlemen ?

Feth. Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voiage, but vpon better consideration we alterd our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogether triuial in-footh : but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euery gentle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discourse to haue you censure the state of our quarrel.

Bel. Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in the City, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affection stoopt to.

May. Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

Feth. Vpon your promise of secrecie.

Bel. You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Green. She was and by report still is wife to a most graue and well reputed Cittizen.

May. And entertained your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill : the violence as it seemed of her affection—but alas it proued her dissembling, would at my coming and departing be-dew

her eyes with loue dropps ; O she could the art of woman most feelingly.

Bel. Most feelingly.

May. I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had she beene my wife, giue us some sack heare and in faith—we are all friends ; & in priuate—what was her husbands name—He giue you a carouse by and by.

Green. O you shall pardon mee his name, it seemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee discourse inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night should I tell his name.

Bel. Your modesty in this wines commendation ; on sir.

Green. In the passage of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater vaw) she bestowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her husbands gift.

May. The poesie, the poesie—O my heart, that ring good infaith :

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her.

May. Kissing and so forth.

Green. I Sir.

Ma. And talking to her feelingly.

Gre. Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith, you are of a good complexion.

Green. I ying with her as I say : and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed.

Jeth. How do you Sir.

May. Nothing : lettes haue a fire chamberlaine ; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shudering : ith' bed you say ;

Green. Right Sir, in Mistris Maiberies sheetes.

May. Was her name *Maybery*.

Green. Beshrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secrefey.

May. O God Sir, but where did you find your loofing.

Green. Where I found her falſneſſe: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confeſſion pertaking the like inioyment; found this ring the ſame morning on her pillowe, and ſham'd not in my ſight to weare it.

May. What did ſhee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her husband was forth a Towne all this while, and he poore man trauaild with hard Egges in's pocket, to ſaue the charge of a baite, whiſt ſhe was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Maibery*.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honeſt man; lets be merry; will not your miſtriſſe?—gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth. *Green.* Yes.

May. Will not your Miſtreſſe make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no ſuch leger-demaine had bin acted.

Green. Yes ſhe hath reaſon for't, for in ſome countries, where men and women haue good trauailing ſtomackes, they begin with porredge; then they fall to Capon or ſo-forth: but if Capon come ſhort of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their onely courſe, ſo for our women in *England*.

May. This wit taking of long iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and ſailing to Weſtminſter makes a number of Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't.

Feth. *Green.* Mony fir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth 'tis of no great valew, and conſidering the loſſe, and finding of this ring made breach into

your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

Green. What my Mistris gift?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; Ile giue you my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promise to con-ceale it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No Sir.

May. He shall neuer then I protest: looke you this ring doth fitte me passing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fitted you.

May. This walking is wholesome, I was a cold cuen now, now I sweat for't.

Feth. Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke.* Gentlemen weeke downe and hasten supper.

May. Looke you, we must be better acquainted that's all.

Exeunt Green. and Feth.

Green. Most willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the prooffe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man?

May. I am foolish old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wife *Maybery* too; Ile to London presently, begon Sir.

Bell. How, how?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistake mee Maister *Bellamont*; I am not distempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be resolu'd of it, and to be resolued of it, is to make no question of it, and when a case is out of question; what was I saying?

Bell. Why looke you, what a distraction are you false into?

May. If a man be deuorſt, do you ſee, deuorſt *forma Iuris*, whether may he haue an action or no, gainſt thoſe that make hornes at him?

Bell. O madneſſe! that the frailty of a woman ſhould make a wiſe man thus idle! yet I proteſt to my vnderſtanding, this report ſeemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wiſe and I liſt too: what ſayes my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed that breeds ſome ſuſpition: for the reſt moſt groſſe and open, for two men, both to loue your wiſe, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occaſion in the world, to thruſt vpon you a diſcourſe of a quarrell, with circumſtance ſo diſhoneſt, that not any Gentleman but of the countrie bluſhing, would haue publiſht. I and to name you: doe you know them?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue ſeene them walke muſſled by my ſhop.

Bell. Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London*: come ſtriae to blow ouer theſe clowdes.

May. Not a clowd, you ſhall haue cleane Moone-ſhine, they haue good ſmooth lookes the fellows.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee truſted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue ſome Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a fooliſh tradesman, and yet Ile be a wiſe tradesman. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, and Chartley, after them Philip arreſted.

Phil. Arreſt me? at whoſe ſute? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuerpoole,* ſtay, Ime arreſted.

Omn. Arreſted?

1. Ser. Gentlemen breake not the head of the

peace; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fangd.

Doll. Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

Phil. Hold *Doll*, thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith streete, and not ith' Tauerne entire, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wee did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt? Drawer, some wine.

Enter Drawer.

1. *Ser.* Foure score pound: can you send for Baile Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure score pounds drawes deepe; farewell *Doll*, come Sericants, Ile step to mine Vncle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee: if not, *Chartly* you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and so farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

1. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

2. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges. *Exeunt.*

Doll. Ime as melancholy now?

Chart. Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these sawsie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee sir! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne to haue a *Judas* in our company.

Leuer. No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my shoe pry thee: the new knot as thou seest this: *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him becaufe heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of

Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, haſt done boy?

Draw. Yes forſooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

Doll. How now good-man rogue.

Draw. Nay ſweete Miſtreſſe *Doll*.

Doll. *Doll*! you reprobate! out you Bawd for ſeaſen yeares by the cuſtome of the City.

Draw. Good Miſtris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate you: the rotten toothd rascal, will for fixe pence fetch any whore to his maiſters cuſtomers: and is euery one that ſwims in a Taffatie gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, muſt ſuck at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnſeaſonable puck-fiſt? doe you grin?

Chart. Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my ſweete *Doll*, a pox a this ſwaggering.

Doll. Pox a your gutts, your kidneys; mew: hang yee, rooke: I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-ftreete in a long vacation.

Leuer. Melancholy? come weelee ha ſome muld Sack.

Doll. When begins the terme?

Chart. Why? haſt any ſuites to be tryed at Weſtminſter?

Doll. My Sutes you baſe ruffian haue beene tryed at Weſtminſter already: ſo ſoone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it ſtands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-croſſe, for if there be any ſtirrings, there we ſhall haue 'em: or if ſome Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! theſe *Flemmings* pay ſoundly for what they take.

Leuer. If thou't haue a lodging Weſt-ward *Doll*, Ile fitte thee.

Doll. At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cal'd a Lieutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I ſcorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee maintained

with Prouant and dead pay? no: the Mercer must be paid, and Sattin gownes must be tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—Are all the Quest-houses broken vp?

Leuer. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Christ masse fled West-ward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light, sneakingly.

Chart. But *Doll*, whats the plot thou spakst off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-flinckers, and such like are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellows therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe, wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another.

Both. Very good.

Doll. I will therefore take a faire house in the City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauerne in towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then be giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to fet it off^a the better, old *Jack Hornet* shall take vpon him to be my father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

Doll. For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know we shall haue Gudgeons bite presently: if they doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellows; as occasion serues, you shall weare lueries and waite, but

when Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentlemen, and keepe them company : seeke out *Jack Horner* incontinently.

Leuc. Wee will : come *Charely*, weele playe our partes I warrant.

Dell. Doe so :—
The world's a stage, from which strange shapés we borrow :

To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.

May. Where is your Mistris, villaine ? when went she abroad ?

Pren. Abroad Sir, why assoone as she was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, downe Sir, so fir : Maister *Bellamont*, I will tell you a strange secreet in Nature, this boy is my wiues bawd.

Bell. O fie fir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he has no double chin,

Pren. No fir, nor my breath does not stinke, I smell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vitæ* : I vse not to bee drunke with Sack and Sugar : I sweare not God dam me, if I know where the party is, when 'tis a lye and I doe know : I was neuer Carted (but in haruest) neuer whipt but at Schoole : neuer had the Grincoms : neuer sold one Maiden-head ten feuerall times, first to an *Englishman*, then to a *Welshman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a pockie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdst me with trickes, whilst my Wife grafts grafts, away, trudge, run, search her out by land, and by water.

Pren. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile search her by water, for it may be shees gone to *Brainford*. *Exit.*

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts, are you mad ?

Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.

Bel. He chide you : goe to, He chide you soundly.

May. Oh maister *Bellamont* !

Bel. Oh Maister *Maybery* ! before your Seruant to daunce a Lancashire Horne pipe : it shewes worfe to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that sees not the fiddles : Sfoot you talke like a Player.

Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Ass, and knowes not what hee talkes, then Ime one : you are a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I will bestow a peece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please Gentlemen.

Bella. I thinke it would : yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles : I wud giue two peecces of Plate, to haue you stand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part : Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither : you weare yellow hose without cause.

May. With-out cause, when my Mare beares double : without cause ?

Bel. And without wil.

May. When two Virginall Iacks skip vp, as the key of my instrument goes downe !

Bel. They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wiues ring does smoake for't.

Bel. Your wiues ring may deceive you.

May. O Maister *Bellamont* ! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should neuer haue greued mee.

Bel. You wrong her vpon my foule.

Mai. No, she wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle ? what flutter you for Seapye ?

Ser. Not to catch fish Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister *Philip* is taken prisoner.

Bel. By the *Dunkirks*.

Ser. Worfe : by Catch-polls : hee's encountred.

Bel. Shall I neuer see that prodigall come home.

Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him.

Bel. For how much lyes he?

Ser. The debt is foure score pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foure score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

Bel. His child's part shal now be paid, this mony shalbe his last, & this vexation the last of mine : if you had such a sonne maister *Maiberie*.

Mai. To such a wife, twere an excellent couple.

Bel. Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more : goe redeeme him.

Enter Prentice and Maiberie's wife.

Prent. Here's the party Sir.

Mai. Hence, and lock fast the dores, now is my prize.

Prent. If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

Bel. I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

Mai. No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point : are not you a whore : neuer start : thou art a Cloth-worker, and hast turn'd me.

Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

May. Into a Ciuill Suite : into a sober beast : a Land-rat, a Cuckold : thou art a common bed-fellow, art not? art not?

Wif. Sir this Language, to me is strange, I vnderstand it not.

May. O! you studie the french now.

Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.

May. I made a fallade of that herbe : doest see these flesh-hookes, I could teare out those false eyes, those Cats eyes, that can see in the night : punck I could.

Bel. Heare her answer for her selfe.

Wif. Good Maister *Bellamont*,
Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,
Should any but your selfe shoote out these names,
I would put off all female modesty,
To be reueng'd on him.

May. Know'st thou this ring? there has bin old
running at the ring since I went.

Wife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,
That stole it from my hand: he was a villayne:
That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,
When they stood stoutly for me: tooke your part:
And stead of collours fought vnder my sheetes.

Wife. I know not what you meane.

May. They lay with thee: I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me! if euer I had thought vncleane,
In detestation of your nuptiall pillow:
Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body
Dead to this earth: that slaue, that damned fury
(Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me)
Casting an eye vnlawfull on my cheekes,
Haunted your thre-shold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baytes which lust and credulous youth,
Apply to our fraile sex: but those being weake
The second feige he layd was in sweete wordes.

Mai. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At last he takes me sitting at your dore,
Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to restore it straight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did demand it, but he mad with rage
And with desires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,
That ring should mee vndo: and now belike
His spells haue wrought on you. But I beseech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your slaue,

Lodge me in some discomfortable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my sight,
Till of this slander I my soule acquite.

Bel. Guiltlesse vpon my soule.

May. Troth so thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine : my streame of ielozy,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horse
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error :
Villaines you haue abu'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads : driue in your
teares

I take your word ya're honest, which good men,
Very good men will scarce do to their wiues.
I will bring home these serpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne bosome : wife I charge you
Set out your hauiours towards them in such collours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it so,
Ile candly o're my words, and sleeke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile em-
brace 'em

And with this—go too.

Wife. Oh we shall haue murder—you kill my
heart.

May. No : I will shed no blood,
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong
Teach others way to right : Ile fetch my blow
Faire and a far off and as Fencers vse
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip and seruant.

Bel. Ile ioyne with you : lets walke : oh ! heres
my Sonne.

Welcome a shore Sir : from whence come you pray.

Phil. From the house of praier and fasting—the
Counter.

Bel. Art not thou asham'd to bee scene come out of a prison.

Phil. No Gods my Iudge, but I was asham'd to goe into prison.

Bel. I am told sir, that you spend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman,

Phil. I ha scene light gold sir, passe away amongst Mercers.

Bel. And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taffaty gownes, and silke petticoates.

Phil. None but Taylors will say so, I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe: I confesse I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that?

May. Mary that has euery body Maister *Philip.*

Bel. Leauce her company, or leauce me, for shee's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is *Dorothy* sir, I hope thats no ill name.

Bel. What is shee? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Shloud sir what does he with her?

Bel. Doeſt meane to marry her? of what birth is shee? what are her commings in, what does she liue vpon?

Phillip. Rents sir, Rents, shee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father, if destiny dogge mee I must haue her: you haue often toulde mee the nine Muses are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-meates, the Southerly man Sallades, the Essex man a Calse, the Kentishman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welshman Leekes and Cheefe, and your Londoners rawe Mutton, so Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

Bella. Stay, looke you Sir, as hee that liues vpon

Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee eates grasse you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Asse, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekes, so, thou foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a slaue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maister *Maiberie*, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot . . . Sir if I haue her, He spend more in mustard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

Both. More saucy knaue thou.

Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole and Chartly like seruimgmen.

Horn. AM I like a fiddlers base viol (new set vp,) in a good case boies? ist neate, is it terse? am I handsome? ha!

Omn. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder sheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

Leuer. Sfoot if he should come before a Churchwarden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords steward at least.

Horn. If I had but a stasse in my hand, fooles wud thinke I were one of *Simon* and *Judes* gentlemen vsuers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they say three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but I me sure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuast well, yet tis no law-suite, for twas dispaicht sooner than a posset on a wedding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee Jack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.

Horn. Punck, I shall bee a simple father for you : how does my chaine shew now I walke.

Dol. If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldst not shew better.

Chart. But how fit our blew-contes on our backes.

Dol. As they do vpon banckrout retainers backes at Saint *Georges* feast in *London* : but at *Wistminster*, It makes 'em scorne the badge of their occupation : there the bragging velure-caniond hobbi-horfes, prauince vp and downe as if some a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

Horn. Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis like some haue ridden 'em : and there-vpon the Cittizens Prouerbe rises, when hee sayes ; he trusts to a broken staffe.

Doll. *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

Horn. I will looke grauely *Doll*, (doe you see boyes) like the fore-man of a Iury : and speake wisely like a Lattin Schoole-maister, and be furly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of a prison.

Jewer. You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

Horn. No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer : when I hem boyes, you shall duck : when I cough and spit gobibets *Doll*.

Doll. The pox shall be in your lungs *Hornet*.

Horn. No *Doll*, these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

Doll. All the lessons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to stand bare.

Horn. And not to be fawcie as Seruing-men are.

Char. Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

Dol. If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, fresh Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.

Horn. Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine is Copper : but tis no matter, better men than old *Jack Hornet* haue rode vp Holburne, with as bad a thing about their neckes as this : your right whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in *Saint Martins*, and not in *Cheape-side*.

Doll. Peace, some-body rings : run both, whilst he has the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

Horn. But what ghosts (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghosts haunts thy house ?

Doll. Oh ! why diuerse : I haue a Clothiers Factor or two ; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welsh* Captaine that laies hard seege, a *Dutch* Merchant, that would spend al that he's able to make ith' low countries, but to take measure of my Holland sheetes when I lye in 'em : I heare trampling : 'tis my *Flemish* Hoy.

Enter Leucrpoole, Chartly, and Hans van Belch.

Hans. War is bor you, and bor you : een, twea, drie, vier, and vñe skilling, drinke Skellum bpsie freeke : nempt, dats u drinck gelt.

Leucr. Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans van Belch*.

Hans. How ist met you, how ist bro ? brolick ?

Doll. Eek bare well God danke you : Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

Hans. Watt is good, dott is good : Eek can neet stay long : for Eek heb en skip come now vpon de vater : O min

schoonen bro, wee shall dance lanteera, terra, and sing Eek drinke to you min here, ban :—wat man is dat bro.

Hor. Nay pray sir on.

Hans. Wat honds foot is dat Dorothy.

Doll. Tis my father.

Hans. Gotts Sacrament ! your vader ! why seyghen gou niet so to me ! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you mine vader ta for Eek loue dis schonen bro your dochterkin.

Hor. Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. Eek bedanck you : Eek heb so ghe fouden vader.

Horn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. Min nom bin Hans van Belch.

Horn. Hans Van Belch !

Hans. Dau, pau, tis so, tis so, de drunken man is alteeft remember me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, sonne Belch.

Hans. Dau vader : Eek heb de skip swim now vpon de vater if you endouty, goe bp in de little Skip dat goe so, and bee pild bp to Wapping, Eek sal beare you on my backe, and hang you about min neck into min groet Skip.

Horn. He sayes *Doll*, he would haue thee to Wapping and hang thee,

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would not be secne hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Iewell, for any gold.

Horn. Is your father liuing Maister *Hans*.

Hans. Pau, pau, mín bader heb scho-
non husen in Ausburgh groet míne heare
is míne baders broder, míne bader heb
land, and bín full of fee, dat is beafts,
cattell.

Char. He's lowzy be-like.

Hans. Mín bader bín de grotest fooker
in all Ausbrough.

Dol. The greatest what ?

Leuer. Fooker he saies.

Dol. Out vpon him.

Hans. Paw paw, fooker is en groet
mín here hees en elderman bane Citty,
gots sacrament, wat is de clock ? Eek níet
stay.

A watch.

Hor. Call his watch before you, if you can.

Doll. Her's a pretty thing : do these wheeles spin
vp the houres ! whats a clock.

Hans. Acht : paw tis acht.

Doll. We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going,
wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall neuer
finde the way to Church, because the bells hang so
fure ; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe
with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. Seghen you so, dor it to.

Doll. O fie : I doe but iest, for in trueth I could
neuer abide a watch.

Hans. **Gotts sacrament, Erk niet heb it any more.**

Exeunt Leuer-pooole and Chartly.

Dol. An other peale ! good father lanch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Maister *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Hans. **Erk bedanck you bader.** *Exit.*

Doll. They say Whores and lawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres so deerely, and then bee begd out of 'em so easly ? heele be out at heeles shortly sure for he's out about the clockes already : O foolish young man how doest thou spend thy time ?

Enter Leuer-pooole first, then Allom and Chartly.

Leuer. Your grocei.

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune : I may cause such leaden-heekd rascalls ; out of my sight : a knife, a knife I say : O Maister *Allom*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

Allo. Sweete mistress *Dorothy*, what should you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters ! knife God bleffe vs.

Leu. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace : I'me so vext ! my father hee's ridde to Court : one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight ; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterdai, and vp to day, and yet hee shoves not his head ; sure he's run away, or robd & run thorough ; and here was a seriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune !

Allo. How much is the bond?

Chart. O rare little villaine.

Dol. My father could take vp, vpon the bareneffe of his word fūe hundred pound : and fūe toe.

Allom. What is the debt?

Dol. But hee fcornes to bee . . . and I fcorne to bee . . .

Allom. Pree thee sweete Miftris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

Dol. Alas Maifter *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

Allo. If that bee all, you fhall vpon your worde take vp fo much with me : another time ile run as far in your bookes.

Dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindneffe : but when my father——

All. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking : Iuft 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

Dol. Betweene one and two.

Leue. That's wee thre.

Allom. Let one of your men goe along, and Ile fend fifty pound!

Dol. You fo bind mee fir, . . . goe firra : Maifter *Allom*, I ha fome quinces brought from our houle ith Country to preferue, when fhall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at fuch an exceffiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, fir do you not.

Al. You fhall haue a whole cheft of Suger if you please.

Dol. Nay by my faith foure or fūe loaves wil-be enough, and Ile pay you at my firft child Maifter *Allom*.

Allom. Content ifaith, your man fhall bring all vnder one, ile borrow a kiffe of you at parting.

Enter Capitaine Iynkins.

Dol. You fhall fir, I borrow more of you.

Ex. Allo. & Leu.

Chart. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine *Fynkins*.

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that drest your lippes so.

Dol. A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bidde him measure how hie, hee would make the standing collar of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe sawcie and lickerish, laid mee ore the lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him crosse vpon his coxcomb next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to stand with a knaue, for a small matter, and so I wud not striue with him, onclie to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take Maister prick-louse ramping fo hie againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) Ile make him know how to kisse your blind cheekes sooner: mistris *Dorothy* Hornet, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to licke at Cowherds, but to sling such shreds of rascallity: will you sing a Tailor shall haue mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor! foh.

Capt. Of what stature or sife haue you a stomack to haue your husband now?

Dol. Of the meanest stature Captaine, not a fize longer than your selfe, nor shorter.

Cap. By god, tis wel said all your best Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Mistris Dol?

Dol. Because your finallest Arrowes flie farthest; ah you little hard-sauord villaine, but sweete villaine, I loue thee beccause thou't draw a my side, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

Cap. Vds blould, and hang him for vife than a roague that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

Dol. Pree the good Captaine *Fynkins*, teach mee

to speake some welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans tongue is the neatest tongue!——

Cap. As any tongue in the vrl'd, vnlesse *Cra ma trees*, that's vrse.

Dol. How do you say, I loue you with all my heart.

Cap. *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *Mi cara whce, en hel-hound.*

Cap. *Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *O, my cara whee en hellon.*

Cap. Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score yeare in *Wales*, by Sefu, you cannot haue better viterance, for welch.

Dol. Come tit mee, come tat me, come throw a kisse at me, how is that?

Cap. By gad I kanow not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but *mee uatha*——Sbloud I know what kiffes be, alwel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shropshceere cariers, you shal haue Welch enogh in your pellites forty weekes.

Dol. Say Captaine that I should follow your colours into your Country how should I fare there?

Cap. Fare? by Sefu, O there is the most abominable feere? and wider siluer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon & do our necessary pufines, and fairer houses and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and butter-milke in *Northwales* diggon: besides, harpes & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cowheelles, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be fet in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Dol. Not with your Shrop-sheire cariers, Captaine.

Cap. Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and see his Couzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

Dol. Bestow you Coach vpon me, & two young whlte Mares, and you shall see how Ile ride.

Cap. Will you? by all the leekes that are worne

on Saint Davies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheelles, but alio a white Mare and a stone horfe too, because they shal traw you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their arses. *Exit.*

How now, more Tailors———*Meets Phillip.*

Phi. How fir ; Taylors.

Dol. O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.

Cap. Is he, I will Couzen you then fir too, one day.

Phil. I hope fir then to Couzen you too.

Cap. By gad I hobe so, fare-well *Sidanien.* *Exit.*

Leuer. Her's both money, and fuger.

Dol. O sweete villaine, set it vp.

Exit, and Enter presently.

Phil. Sfoot, what tame fuaggerer was this I met *Doll.*

Dol. A Captaine, a Captaine : but hast scap't the *Dunkers* honest *Philip* ? *Phillip* ryalls are not more welcome : did thy father pay the shot ?

Phil. He pai'd that shot, and then shot pisselets into my pockets : harke wench : chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the Baud to winck.

Capers.

Chart. O rare musick.

Leuer. Heauenly consort, better than old *Moones.*

Phil. But why ? why *Dol,* goe these two like Beadells in blew ? ha ?

Dol. Theres a morrall in that : flea off your skins, you pretious Caniballs : O that the welch Captaine were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, firra *Phillip* has thy father any plate in's house

Phil. Enough to set vp a Gold-smithes shop.

Dol. Canst not borrow some of it ? wee shall haue guests to morrow or next day, and I wud serue

the hungry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

Phil. I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee, and the might get the bird.

Dol. Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As Ime vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile restore.

Phil. Say no more tis don.

Dol. What manner of man is thy father? Sfoote ide faine see the witty Monky because thou sayst he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Leuer-poole* or *Charitly*, shall like my Gentleman vhei goe to him, and say such a Lady sends for him, about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some deuice about a maske or so: if he comes you shall stand in a corner, and see in what State ile beare my selfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

Phil. No, no.

Doll. Ist a match Sirs? shalls be mery with him and his muse.

Omn. Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery vpon.

Doll. Ile send then my vant-currer presently: in the meantime, marche after the Captaine, fcountreels, come hold me vp:

Looke how *Sabrina* funck ith' riuier *Seuerne*,
So will we soure be drunke ith' ship-wrack *Tauerne*.

Exeunt.

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, and *Mistresse* Maybery.

May. Come Wife, our two gallants will be here presently: I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestation neuer to reueale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare thy selfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon *Simon* and *Judas* day, to country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them extreemly welcome, though thou with their throats cut; 'tis in fashion.

Wife. O God I shall neuer indure them.

Bell. Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turnd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to *Greenshield* as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely, not taking any notice of his iourney: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me *Greenshield* meanes to bring his Sister to your house, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, shes some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath miscaried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

Wife. Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cockpits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-fides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant.

Bell. Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull womans discredit.

May. I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this kinde, make up their mouthes with filuer, and after bee reuenged vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: and it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, we rich men should grow out of all compasse: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour-rises already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the discouery.

May. O by no meanes: yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new

acquaintance, your lips wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

Wife. You are very welcome, I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen : Ile will the maide to couer, and returne presently.

Bell. Gods pretious why doth she leaue them ?

Exit.

May. O I know her stomach : shee is but retirde into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little : it hath euer bin her humor, she hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heare, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet euey returne laught and bin as merry : & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not ?

Greene. I had a delicate banquet once on that table.

May. In good time : but you are better acquainted with my bed chamber.

Bell. Were the cloath of gold Cushins set forth at your entertainment ?

Feth. Yes Sir.

May. And the cloath of Tiffew Valance.

Feth. They are very rich ones.

May. God refuse me, they are lying Rascols, I haue no such furniture.

Greene. I protest it was the strangest, and yet with all the happiest fortune that wee should meete you two at *Ware*, that euer redeemed such desolate actions : I would not wrong you agen for a million of *Londons*.

May. No, do you want any money ? or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subsidie, command mee.

Feth. Alas good Gentleman ; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient *Romans* ?

Bell. You see what a sweet face in a Veluet cap

can do, your citizens wiues are like Partriges, the hens are better then the cocks.

Bell. I belecue it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when the faw vs enter.

Bell. Right.

Bell. For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modestie, when I had her most priuate she would blush extreamely.

Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife.

Bell. Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gaue the first onfet.

Bell. You are a merry ould gentlemen infaith Sir: much like to this was her language.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bolome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuck; and invited you by letter to her lodging.

Bell. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

Alap. He goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quit all supsition. *Exit.*

Bell. Dost heare *Luke Greenfield* wil thy wife be here presently.

Green. I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God provides; for if this cittisen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sifter, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted; weele make more vse of him, the whoreson rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himselfe a ranke ossler: to send her vp

at this time a yeare ; and by the carier to, twas but a iades trike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you brother.

Green. Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bofomes Inne, sheele be here, presently.

Enter Maybery.

May. Maister *Greene* your sifter is come ; my wife is entertaining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already. Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greene*, because your sifter is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Morefeilds where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your feuerall lodgings and Ioint commons (to the poore ability of a cittizen) shal be provided.

Feth. O God Sir.

May. Nay no complement your loues comand it : shalls to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* Ile be the Gentleman vsier to this faire Lady.

Green. Here is your ring Mistris ; a thousand times,— and would haue willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so tractable.

Wif. Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpon my husband, he is much deceaued in you I take it : will you go in to dinner— O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husband ide scratch out his eyes presently.

Ex.

Fet. Welcome to London bonny mistris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath past betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did : he ran away from me like a bafe flauie as he was, out of *Yorke-shire*, and

pretended he would goe the Tland voiage, since I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend, that am vsed so like an Infidel?

Fe. I think not, but if your husband knew of this he'd be deuor'd.

Kat. Hee were an asse then, no wisemen should deale by their wiues as the sale of ordinance passeth in *England*, if it breake the first discharge the workman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, so in our case, if a woman proue false the first yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if she hould pure mettaile two yeare and she to feuerall peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honesty at your charges, for the best peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the casting, and for women to haue cracks and flawes, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about *London* doth he swagger?

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleetestreete, when their are nobody to part them.

Ka. I euer thought so, we haue notable valiant fellows about *Doncaster*, theile giue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

Feth. You like such kind of man-hood best Kate.

Kat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friend, had rather haue him stand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quarterd at this Cittizens garden house, say you.

Fe. The discourse of that wil set thy bloud on fire to be reuengd on thy husbands forehead peece.

Ent. Bella & Maiß. Maybe.

Wif. Wil you go in to dinner sir?

Kat. Wil you lead the way forsoth?

Wif. No sweete forsothe weelee follow you.

O Maister *Bellamont* : as euer you tooke pittie vpon the simplicitie of a poore abused gentlewoman : wil you tell me one thing.

Bell. Any thing sweet Mistris *Mayberrie*.

Wife. I but will you doe it faithfully ?

Bell. As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe it.

Wife. Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this minx is some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

Bell. No vpon my life is she not.

Wife. O I cannot beleuee it, I know by her eies she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes ? that haue abused him and me ; so intollerable : and will not suffer me to speake ; theres the hell ont not to suffer me to speake.

Bell. Fie fie, he doth that like a vsurer, that will vse a man with all kindnes, that he may be carelesse of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forfeiture ; your ieaiousie is Idle : say this were true, it lies in the bosome of a sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from Ieaiousie, from couituoufnes from crabbednes, which is the old mans common disease, by her politicke yealding.

Bell. She maye doe it from crabbednes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed—come to diner.

Wife. Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vnckle.

Bell. Suspition workes more mischiefe growes more strong,
To feuer chaste beds then aparant wrongs. *Exit.*

ACTVS 3. SÆNA I.

Enter Doll, Chartly, Leuerpoole and Phillip.

Phil. Come my little Punke with thy two Compositors to this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poetically dad wilbe here presently; take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecary after the receipt of a purgation: looke scruily vpon him: sometimes be merrie and stand vpon thy pantoffles like a new elected scauinger.

Doll. And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his slaues foule before his Mistriffe.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count: harke vpon my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks: thou shalt see mee make a a foole of a Poet, that hath made fiew hundred fooles.

Leuer. Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

Doll. Is hee? I should for the more state let him walke some two houres in an vtter roome: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion; but come enter him: Stay, when we are in priuate conference send in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.

Leuer. Looke you my Ladie's a sleepe, sheele wake presently.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling fir God-boy-you.

Leuer. Nay in truth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame you had bene heare.

Doll. Who's that keepes such a prating?

Leuer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer: you

haue an exlent throate for't : pox a the Poet is he not come yet ?

Leuer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy : I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worfe I protest.

Bel. Tis not in fashon deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, scabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

Dol. So fir : if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not smell of fwetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Bel. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the sweeter verse a great deale fir, I haue heard much good of your wit maister Poet : you do many deuises for Cittizens wiues : I care not greatly because I haue a Citty Laundresse already, if I get a Citty Poet too : I haue such a deuise for you, and this it is.

Enter Tayler.

O welcome Tayler : do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and Ile discouer my deuice to you.

Bell. Ile take my leaue of your Ladiship.

Doll. No : I pray thee stay : I must haue you sweate for my deuice Maister Poet.

Phil. He sweats already beleue it.

Dol. A cup of wine there : what fashon will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

Tay. A short dutch wast with a round cathern-wheeles fardingale : a close sleeue with a cartoofe colour and a pickadell.

Dol. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maister Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the most light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Dol. Fowle sayst thou : I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are

in a kingdome of my credit : haſt thou don Taylor ?
now to diſcouer my deuice fir : Ile drinck to you
fir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee nere thought of her
deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 12. poeſies for a dozen
of cheefe trenchers.

Phil. O horrible !

Bel. In welch madam ?

Dol. Why in welch fir.

Bel. Becauſe you will haue them ſeru'd in with
your cheefe Ladie.

Dol. I will beſtow them indeede vpon a welch
Captaine : one that loues cheefe better than venſon,
for if you ſhould but get 3. or 4. Cheſhire cheeſes and
ſet them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make
more haſt after them than after the beſt kennell of
hounds in *England* ; what think you of my de-
uice ?

Bel. Fore-god a very ſtrange deuice and a cunning
one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You ſhould be a kin to the *Bellamonts*, you
giue the ſame Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid ſweetely for the cup, as it may
be you and ſome other Gentleman haue don for their
Armes.

Bel. Ha, the ſame waight : the ſame faſhion : I
had three neſt of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at
the chriſting of my ſonne *Philip*.

Phil. Your ſonne is come to full age fir : and hath
tane poſſeſſion of the gift of his Godfather.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No fir, ile kill no Poet leaſt his gholt write
ſatires againſt me.

Bel. Whats ſhe ? a good common welthes woman,
ſhee was borne.

Phil. For her Country, and has borne her Country.

Bel. Heart of vertue ? what make I here ?

Phil. This was the party you rail'd on : I keepe no worfe company than your felfe father, you were wont to fay venery is like vsery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Bel. Wherefore come I hither.

Dol. To make a deuice for cheefe-trenchers.

Phil. Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bee drawne in : white haire may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues : would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleue she only kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't.

Dol. Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

Bel. I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

Dol. Nay fir, I was told you would raile : but what doe you thinke of my deuice fir, nay : but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet : wut sup with me ? Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weelee talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wifely.

Bel. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker ? thou that doest promise nothing but watchet eyes, bumbaft calues and false perywigs.

Dol. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bel. O thy vnlucky starre ! I must take my leaue of your worshippe I cannot fit your deuice at this instant : I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you : O villanie ! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith City and cary them into some other Country they'd fell better than Beefes and Calues : what a vertuous City would this bee then ! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheefe-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor ? good, good.

Exit.

Phil. How doest *Doll* ?

Doll. Scuruie, very scuruie.

Leuer. Where shalls suppe wench?

Doll. Ile suppe in my bedde: gette you home to your lodging and come when I send for you, ô filthy rogue that I am.

Phil. How! how, mistris *Dorothy*?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish flops: vds life, i'le make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue.

Om. We obserue your Ladiship.

Phi. The puncks in her humer—pax. *Exit.*

Dol. Ile humor you and you pox mee: vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with my Malago, O ther's some scurue thing or other breeding; how many feuerall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let blood when the signe is at the heart? should I send him a letter with some Iewel in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that returne a woodcock pie to their clients, when they send them a Bason and a Eure, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunke, till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? *Exit.*

Enter Lep-frog and Squirill.

Frog. Now *Squirill* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the iest thou promist to tell vs of?

Squi. I will discouer it, not as a Darby-there women discouers her great teeth, in laughter; but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind an Arras: and this it is, yong *Greenesheild* thy Maister with *Greenesheilds* sister lie in my maisters garden-house here in More-fields.

Frog. Right, what of this?

Squir. Mary fir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for Ime sure he lies with her euery night.

Fro. All this I know, but the rest.

Squir. I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow : and this it is, my mistris makes her husband belieue that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, fondry times shee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon from Chamber to Chamber, opend her chests, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wakte & mist her, comming to question why she coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

Frog. Good ; forth.

Squir. I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promist him that assoone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry shee would do it so puritannically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it.

Frog. Ist possible ?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witnesse it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a womans honesty.

Squir. Hold ? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire : stand close I heare her coming.

Enter Kate.

Kate. What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe : O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe soundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man,

or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete *Fetherstone*. *Exit.*

Squir. Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason should there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither: vdlife, I would laugh if she were in Master *Fetherstones* Chamber, shee would fright him, Maister *Fetherstone*, Maister *Fetherstone*.

Within Fether. Ha, how now who cals?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open last night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light shee's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

Squi. He will feel her I warrant you?

Gree. Haue you her fir?

Feth. Not yet fir, shee's here fir.

Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.

Green. So I said euen now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little rogue, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

Feth. O youle make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, *Kate*, *Kate*.

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a phesant.

Green. She talkes in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it,

& eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled: till I was ready to found, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the sweetest meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Mistriffe.

Green. Why *Kate*, *Kate*?

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I befrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles: oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal have the Mother presently.

Gre. Hold downe her stomach good maister *Fetherstone*, while I fetch some. *Exit.*

Feth. Well difsembled *Kate*.

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What mischuiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well provide a Clofet or Back-doore for him, as a Fetherbed.

Feth. Be my troth I pittie thy husband.

Kate. Pittie him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares Sattin: pittie him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and set vp hornes, there's law for him.

Pith. Be sick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greenefield with a broken shin.

Green. I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and shrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's thee maister *Fetherstone*.

Feth. Very ill sir, shees troubled with the mooter

extreamly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I might feele it rife.

Kate. O lay me in my bed, I befeech you.

Gree. I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Docters in towne can fell it; a thouſand pound to a penny ſhe ſpoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that ſhee may nere claw off againe, how dooſt wench?

Kate. A little recouerd: alas I haue ſo troubled that Gentleman.

Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther ſeruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, waſt you Maiſter *Fetherſtone*, hem, I ſhould be well then.

Squi. Marke how ſhe wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thanks for patience.

Green. Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a ſhrewd blow, you were beſt haue it ſearcht.

Green. A ſcratch, a ſcratch. *Exit.*

Feth. Let me ſee what excuſe ſhould I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perſwade her husband to take Phiſick, and preſently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue ſome ſmall parcell of money in *Enfield* chafe, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then ſir he not beeing in caſe to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weelee at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe ſtrike a Tinder, and frame a Letter preſently. *Exit.*

Squi. And Ile take the paines to diſcouer all this to my maiſter old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maiſter hath vſed them kindly, becauſe they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I ſee which way *Fetherſtone* lookes. ſfoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all ſhall guſt a

Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee instead of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God fir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladies Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Enter Bellamont, in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand; his man after him with lights, Standish, and Paper.

Bel. Sirrah, Ile speake with none.

Seru. Not a plaier?

Bel. No, tho a sharer ball;

I'll speak with none, although it be the mouth
Of the big company; I'll speak with none: away.
Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can
in the wrying of a tragedy make *Cæsar* speake better
than euer his ambition could; when I write of *Pompey*,
I have *Pompey's* soul within me: and when I personate
a worthy Poet, I am then truly myself, a poore vnpre-
terd scholler.

Enter his Man hastily.

Seru. Here's a swaggering fellow, fir, that speakes
not like a man of gods making, sweares he must speake
with you, and wil speake with you.

Bell. Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuc-
kold?

Seru. He's a Gentleman fir, by his clothes.

Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes some-
times are better Gentlemen than their Masters.

Enter the Captaine & and the Ser.

Is this he?—Seeke you me, fir.

Cap. I feek, fir, (god plesse) you for a Sentillman that talkes besides to himself when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam; and he's a Poet.

Bel. So, fir, it may bee you feeke mee, for Ime fometimes out a my wits.

Cap. You are a Poet, fir, are you.

Bel. I'me haunted with a Fury, fir.

Cap. Pray, Master Poet, shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil coniure your Fury: 'tis well lay you, fir. My desires are to haue some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall compofed by your Fury, see you.

Bel. Are you a louer fir of the nine Muses.

Cap. Ow, by gad, out a cry.

Bel. Y'are, then, a scholler, fir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Sefus colledge in Oxford, one day a gad while agoe.

Bel. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome. Ile borrow your Iudgement: looke you, fir, I'me writing a Tragedy, the Tragedy of Young *Astianax*.

Cap. *Styanax* Tragedy! is he liuing, can you tell? was not *Styanax* a *Monmouth* man?

Bel. O, no, fir, you mistake; he was a *Troyane* great *Hectors* Son.

Cap. *Hector* was grannam to *Cadwallader*: when thee was great with child, God vdge me, there was one young *Styanax* of *Monmouthsheire* was a madder greek as any is in al *England*.

Bel. This was not he, assure yee. Looke you, fir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the *French* court by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By God, your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy-enterlude poggly well.

Bel. It shall be, fir, at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans* and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the flage.

Cap. Ud's blood, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France*, now.

Bell. O, fir, no, they are two feuerall marriages. As I was faying, the ftage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, myfelf will ftand behind the Duke of *Biron*, or fome other cheefe minion or fo, who fhall, I they fhall take fome occafion, about the muſick of the fourth Act, to ſtep to the *French* King, and fay, *Sire voyla, il eſt uotre treſhumble ſeruiteur, le plu ſage è diuine eſprit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in *French* thus, poynting at me, or, *Yon* is the learned old *English* Gentleman, Maſter *Bellamont*, a very wor-thie man to bee one of your priuy Chamber or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you fure Duke Pepper-noone will giue you fuch good vrds, behind your back to your face.

Bel. O I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there : but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel. I am now wryting the deſcription of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped.

Bel. You ſhall heare : ſuſpition is the Mynion of great hearts,
no : I will not begin there : Imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Capt. As it might bee *Samſon* or fo, or great *Golias* that was kild by my Countyman.

Bel. Right fir, thus I expreſſe it in yong *Aſtianax*.
Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,
Longing to ſee, that which their thoughts abhord,
Preuented day, and rod on their owne roofes.

Cap. Could the little horſe that ambled on the top of *Paules*, cary all the people ; els how could they ride on the roofes !

Bel. O fir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,
 Rod on their owne roofes,
 Making all Neighboring houfes tilde with men ;
 tilde with men ! ift not good.

Cap. By Sefu, and it were tilde all with naked
 Imen twere better.

Bel. You fhall heare no more ; pick your eares,
 they are fowle fir, what are you fir pray ?

Cap. A Captaine fir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

Bel. *Mars*, *Bachus*, and I loue *Apollo* ! a Cap-
 taine ! then I pardon you fir, and Captaine what wud
 you preffe me for ?

Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I
 am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections,
 and naturall defires.

Bel. An Acroftick were good vpon her name me
 thinkeſ.

Cap. Croſſe ſticks : I wud not be too croſſe
 Maiſter Poet : yet if it bee beſt to bring her name
 in queſtion, her name is miſtris *Dorothy Hornet*.

Bel. The very conſumption that waſts my Sonne,
 and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee : doe you
 loue this Miſtris *Dorothy* ?

Cap. Loue her ! there is no Captaines wife in
England, can haue more loue put vpon her, and yet
 Ime ſure Captaines wiues, haue their pelliies full of
 good mens loues.

Be. And does ſhe loue you ? has there paſt any
 great matter betweene you ?

Cap. As great a matter, as a whole coach, and
 a horſe and his wife are gon too and fro betweene
 vs.

Bel. Is ſhee ? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell
 truth, is ſhe honeſt ?

Cap. Honeſt ? god vdge me, ſhee's as honeſt,
 as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication, and
 lechery.

Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile ſhew you why I

ãke, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are past,
yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me
from her and inforc'd mee to take this very day.

Enter a Seruant and Whispers.

Cap. Tis for some loue-song to fend to me, I hold
my life.

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the
party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine ?

Cap. O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now.

Exit Seru.

Bel. The letter saies here, that she's exceeding sick,
and intreats me to visit her : Captaine, lie you in
ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall
heare the peece of a Commedy: she comes, she
comes, make your selfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and cast my
Lucræsses water too in hugger muggers : if he do,
Styanax Tragedy was neuer so horrible bloudy-
minded, as his Commedy shalbe,—*Tawfons* Captaine
Fenkins.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Now, mafter Poet, I fent for you.

Bell. And I came once at your Ladiships call.

Doll. My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in
one manner ; you have conjur'd up a sweete spirit in
mee, haue you not, Rimer ?

Bell. Why, *Medea* ! what spirit ! wud I were a
young man for thy sake.

Doll. So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no
hurt : now thou doest.

Bell. If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodesty
in mee to be seene in thy company ; but to have snow
in the lap of Iune, vile, vile ! yet come ; garlick has a
white head and a greene stalke, then why should not
I ? lets bee merry : what saies the deuill to al the
world ? for Ime sure thou art carnally possesst with
him.

Doll. Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carriers foote.

Bell. A filthy shooe, but a fine foote ; I stand not upon my foote I.

Cap. What stands he upon then ? with a pox, god blefs us ?

Doll. A legge and a Calfe ! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body !—not worth begging by a Barber-furgeon.

Bell. Very good, you draw me and quarter me : fates keepe me from hanging.

Doll. And which most turnes up a womans stomach, thou art an old hoary man ; thou hast gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue : what doe I see then in that withered face of thine ?

Bell. Wrinkles ; grauity.

Doll. Wretchednes, grieve : old fellow thou hast bewitch me ; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Vdsblood ! I did never see a white flea before I will clinge you ?

Doll. I was borne sure, in the dog-dayes, Ime so unluky ; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanisn hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor mony, cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now befotted, doate, am mad, for the carcas of a man ; and, as if I were a baud, no ring pleases me but a deaths head.

Cap. *Sesü, are Imen so arsy-varsy.*

Bell. Mad for me ? why, if the worme of lust were wrigling within mee as it does in others, dost thinke Ide crawl upon thee ; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer ?

Doll. I confesse it.

Cap. Doe you ? are you a towne cowe, and confesse you beare calues ?

Doll. I confesse I haue bin an Inne for any guest.

Cap. A pogs a your stable-room; is your Inne a bawdy-house now?

Doll. I confesse (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon, and thou art he,) I confesse that old stinking Surgeon like thyselfe whom I call father, that *Hornet*, neuer sweate for me; Ime none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet minor*.

Doll. Hees but a cheater, and I the false die hee playes withall, I power all my poison out before thee, because heereafter I will be cleane: thun me not, loath me not, mocke me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice: You, mistris *Salamanders*, that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horse, and my coach come running home agen; and run to an hospitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders, and to the tiuell and his tame to.

Doll. Fiend, art thou raised to torment me?

Bell. She loves you, Captain, honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman, or cilde, by his eares, that saies a common drab can love a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Pridewell.—I farge you in *Apollon*s name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiggie her, by and by, Sbloud, I was neuer Cozened with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries. *Exit.*

Bell. My dores are open for thee: be gon: woman!

Doll. This goates-peezele of thine—

Bell. Away I love no such implements in my house.

Doll. Dost not? am I but an implement? by all

the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (and thats a great oth), for this trick, other manner of women than myfelfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.*

Enter Seruant.

Bell. Is this my poetical fury : how now, fir !

Serv. Maister *Maybery* and his wife fir i'th next roome.

Bell. What are they doing fir ?

Serv. Nothing, fir, that I see ; but only wud speake with you.

Bell. Enter 'em : this house will be too hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shifte myfelfe for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old daies !

Enter Maybery booted, his Wife with him.

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee, old Poet : thou shalt write vpon't, Poet.

Bell. Nay, I will write vpon't, ift bee a Commedie, for I haue beene at a most villanous female Tragedie : come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man give you the bootes presently : the plot lies in *Ware*, my white Poet.—Wife thou and I this night will haue mad sport in *Ware* ; marke me well, Wife, in *Ware*.

Wif. At your pleasure, fir.

May. Nay, it shal be at your pleasure, Wife.—Looke you, fir, looke you : *Fetherstones* boy, like an honest crack-halter, layd open all to one of my prentices ; (for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing.)

Bell. Very good : to the plot.

May. *Fetherstone*, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades *Greenshield* to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange! through the body!

May. Ay, man, to take phisick: he does so, he's put to his purgation; then, fir, what does me *Fetherstone* but counterfits a letter from an inn-keeper of Doncaster, to fetch *Greenshield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certain vncke, where *Greenshield* should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife! is *Greenshield* married? I haue heard him sweare he was a bachiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in *England*, this parcel-Gentlewoman is that In-keepers Daughter of *Doncaster*.

Bell. Hath she the entertainment of her fore-fathers? wil she keepe all commers company?

May. She helps to passe away stale Capons, fower wine, and musty prouander: but to the purpose, this traine was laid by the baggage herself, and *Fetherstone*, who it seems makes her husband a vnicorne, and to giue fire to't, *Greensheild*, like an Arrant wittall intreats his friend to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should proue but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

Bell. And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild chace*.

May. No fir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, *Fetherstone* and my Lady *Greensheild* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In *Ware*!

May. In durty *Ware*: I forget my selfe wife, on with your ryding suite, and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at Powles saies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, spur cut and away.

Wife. Well fir.

Exit.

Bel. Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why fend you her away?

May. For a thing my little hoary *Poet*: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker *Greensheild* in his Chamber, and as tho my heart stringes had bin crackt, I wept, and sighd, & thumpd, and thump'd, and rau'd and randed, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that shee had hied her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bel. Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

May. Like Eggs and Muscadine, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that sheed win my game when she came to bearing? hee railes vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white sheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muster as many as wee can.

Bel. It wilbe excellent sport, to see him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, weele haue a whole Regiment of horse with vs.

May. I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your forces.

Bel. Like a *Hollander* against a *Dunkirke*.

May. March then, this curse is on all letchers throwne,
They giue hornes and at last, hornes are their owne.

Exit.

Enter Captaine Ienkins, and Allom.

Allo. Set the best of your little diminituic legges before, and ride post I pray.

Allo. Is it possible that mistris *Doll* should bee so bad?

Cap. Possible ! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a foldier to beg, and thats horrible easie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all so grosly.

Cap. Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

Allom. Shee gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horfes in fiue hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets* ; Shee made a starke Affe of my Coach-horfe, and there is a putter-box, whome shee spred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke shee has fent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marfe prauely in and out, and packe againe vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleueland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belch*, but I will smell him out.

Allom. Doe so and weele draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weele hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrfe weapons as arrewes vp to the head, lug you it shal be warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

Allom. But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells ! ownds I know a parish that fal tag downe all the pells and fell em to Capten *Ienkins*, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weele flie too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs : will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my side, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

Allom. Ile amble or trot with you Capten : you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her ; if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. *O mon du ! u deguin !* follow your leader, *Ienken* shall cut, and Slice, as worfe as they : come I

forcome to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres.

Exeunt.

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensheild, Phillip, Leuerpoole, Chartley: all booted.

Bell. What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha? *Phillip!* are they thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlemen that youle fill our comfort I ho feene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Both. May be so Sir.

Bell. Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to horse.

May. Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our Cheualls: merry quoth a.

Bell. Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out among you all, because wee be fure to be merry.

Omn. What ift?

Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all practise iests one against another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon him, and is most gald, betweene our riding forth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole iourney.

Omn. Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at *Ware* I belieue.

May. Peace.

Green. Ift a bargin.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bel. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come croffe ouer: and what place is this?

May. Bedlam ift not?

Bell. Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you : come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes : this is the doore.

Enter Full-moone.

May. Saue you fir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em ?

Full. Yes.

Bell. Pray bestow your name fir vpon vs.

Full. My name is *Full-moone*.

Bell. You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone*: and what mad-caps haue you in your house.

Enter the Musition.

Ful. Diuerse.

May. Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake ?

Ful. For loue of an *Italian* Dwarfie.

Bell. Has he beene in *Italy* then ?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

Bell. The dancing Beare : a pritty well-fauoured little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire.

Bel. May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-moone*.

Full. Yes and you will ; I muſt looke about for
I haue vnruely tenants. *Exit.*

Bell. What haue you in this paper honeſt friend ?

Gree. Is this he has al manner of languages, yet
ſpeakes none.

Baud. How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you ſend for
ſome aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer
ſince the laſt great raine that fell.

Bell. No thats a lie.

Baud. Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir
Andrew. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,
not an inch broad at the heele and yet thus high ; I
ſcornd, I can tell you, to be druncke with rain-water
then, ſir, in thoſe golden and ſiluer dayes ; I had ſweet
bits then, ſir *Andrew*. How doe you, good brother
Timothy ?

Bell. You haue been in much trouble ſince that
voyage.

Baud. Neuer in bridewell, I proteſt, as I'm a vir-
gin, for I could neuer abide that bridewell, I proteſt,
I was once ſick, and I took my water in a baſket, and
carried it to a doctōrs.

Phil. In a baſket ?

Baud. Yes, ſir : you arrant foole there was a vrinall
in it.

Phil. I cry you mercy.

Baud. The doctōr told me I was with child. How
many Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and
others, promiſed me to be godfathers to that child !
'twas not God's will : the prentiſes made a riot vpon
my glaſſe windows, the Shrove-tueſday following, and
I miſcarried.

Omn. O do not weep !

Baud. I ha' cauſe to weep : I truſt gintlewomen
their diet ſometimes a fortnight : lend gentlemen hol-
land ſhirts, and they ſweat 'em out at tennis ; and no
reſtitution, and no reſtitution. But Ile take a new
order : I will haue but fix ſtewed prunes in a diſh, and

some of Mother Wall's cakes ; for my best customers are taylors.

Omn. Taylors ! ha, ha !

Baud. I taylors : giue me your London prentice ; your country gentlemen are growne too politicke.

Bell. But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are ?

Baud. Foh ! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get vp to London, and, like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha spent all ; and when my squib is out, what says his punk ? foh, he stinks.

Enter the musition.

Methought, this other night I saw a pretty fight,
Which pleased me much.

A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,
To let Gentlemen touch :

I sold her maidenhead once, and I sold her
maidenhead twice,

And I sold it last to an alderman of *York* :
And then I had sold it thrice.

Mus. You sing scuriously.

Baud. Marry, muff, sing thou better, for Ile go
sleepe my old sleepes. *Exit.*

Bell. What are you a-doing, my friend.

Mus. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What doe you meane by pricking ?

Mus. A Gentleman-like quality.

Bell. This fellow is some what prouder and fullner
then the other.

May. Oh ; so be most of your musitions.

Mus. Are my teeth rotten ?

Omn. No, sir.

Mus. Then I am no comfit-maker nor vintner

I do not get wenches in my drinke.—Are you a musition?

Bell. Yes.

Mus. Wele be fworn brothers, then, looke you, fweet rogue.

Green. Gods fo, now I think vpon't, a iest is crept into my head : steale away, if you loue me.

Exeunt : musition fings.

Musi. Was euer any marchants baud fet better I fet it : walke Ime a cold, this white fattin is too thin vnles it be cut, for then the Sunne enters : can you speake Italian too, *Sapete Italiano.*

Bell. *Vn poco.*

Musi. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out of you ; *vn poco*, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March.

Bell. Come on.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Greeneshilde, Philip, Full-moone, Leuerpoole, and Chartely.

Gree. Good Maister *Mayberie*, *Philip*, if you be kind Gentlemen vphold the iest : your whole voiage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wifely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericration's perisht.

Ful. Where is he pray ?

Phil. Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time.

Char. Hee's an excellent Musition himfelfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth : you see hee skips from vs.

Green. The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now.

Ful. How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you fir: here's a crowne to provide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay fir, he must haue no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omnes. Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you fir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

Ful. Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Omnes. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus.

Omn. Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bell. *Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome:* oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Omn. Wee haue bin with the other mad folkes.

May. And what fayer he and his prick-fong?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

Omn. In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away firra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench firra, doe you?

Bell. What wench ? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds ? let goe you Dogs.

Ful. Bind him, be quiet : come, come, dogs, fie, & a gentleman.

Bell. Maister *Maibery*, *Philip*, maister *Maibery*, vds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

Bell. I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head : to gull me : I smell it now : why doe you heare *Full-moone*, let me loofe ; for Ime not mad ; Ime not mad by Iesu.

Ful. Aske the Gentlemen that.

Bel. Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house, & this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

Ful. Ile trie that, answer me to this question : loofe his armes a little, looke you sir, three Geefe nine pence ; every Goose three pence, whats that a Goose, roundly, roundly one with another.

Bel. Sfoot do you bring your Geefe for me to cut vp. *strike him foundly, and kick him.*

Enter all.

Omn. Hold, hold, bind him maister *Full-moone*.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I, vnlesse I could recouer them better.

Gre. Haue I giuen it you maister Poet, did the Lime-bush take.

Ma. It was his warrant sent thee to *Bedlam*, old *Iack Bellamont* : and, Maister *Full-i'-the-moon*, our warrant discharges him.—Poet, wele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*, and backe againe, I feare, to thy cost.

Bell. If you do, I must bear you,—Thank you, Maister *Greensfield* ; I will not die in your debt.—Farewell, you mad rascalls.—To horse, come.—'Tis well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall

laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you, it had been vile ; but by Gad, 'tis nothing, for your best Poets, indeed, are mad for the most part.—Farewell, good-man *Full-moone*.

Full. Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

Exit.

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad.—Horse your felues now, if you be men.

May. Hee gallop must that after women rides, Get our wiues out of Towne, they take long strides.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Enter old Maybery and Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong inn, and withal possessest *Greenshield* that my wife is not in town ? when my project shas, that I would haue brought him vp into the chamber where young *Fetherstone* and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should haue recoiled into his own bosome.

Bell. O, it will fall out farre better : you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neat and vnexpected conueyance. He hath been all vp and downe the towne to enquire for a Londoners wife : none such is to be found, for I haue mewd your wife vp already. Marry, he hears of a *Yorkshire* gentlewoman at next inn, and that's all the commodity *Ware* affords at this instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your wife is rode to *Puckridge*, fife mile further ; for, saith he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse then theeues' intelligencers, they'll neuer put foot out of stirrop ; either at *Puckridge* or *Wades-Mill*, saith he, you shall find them ; and becaufe our horses are weary, he's gone to take vp post-horse. My counsel is only this, —when he comes in, faign your selfe very melancholy, sweare you will ride no further ; and this is your part

of the comedy : the sequel of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and vnexpected.

Enter Greenshield.

May. Enough, I ha't.

Bell. He comes.

Green. Come, gallants, the post-horse are ready ; 'tis but a quarter of an hours riding ; wee ferret them and firke them, in-faith.

Bell. Are they growne politick ? when do you see honesty couet corners, or a gentleman thats no thief lie in the inn of a carrier ?

May. Nothing hath vndone my wife but too much riding.

Bell. She was a pritty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wiues do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder then your ruby, harder then your diamond, and so from stone to stone in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.

Green. Come, will you to horse, fir ?

May. No, let her go to the deuil, and she will : Ile not stir a foot further.

Green. Gods precious, ist come to this ?—Persuade him, as you are a gentleman : there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—If you had rode out 5 mile forward, he had found the fatal house of *Brainford* northward ; O hone, hone, hone, o nonero !

Bell. You are merry, fir.

Green. Like your citizen, I neuer thinke of my debts when I am a horseback.

Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors.

Green. Good, in faith.—Will you to horse ?

May. Ile ride no further.

Green. Then Ile discharge the postmaster.—Wast not a pretty wit of mine, maister poet, to haue had him rod into *Puckridge* with a horn before him? ha, wast not?

Bell. Good sooth, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an excellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

Bel. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

Green. Why so he would in his foole.

Bell. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melancholy, tis a wench must make him mery; we must help him to a wench. When your cittizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hostis or one of her maids, warmes his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him command ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepe as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own linnen I meane fir, we must haue a wench for him.

Gree. But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the moueable peticotes of the house.

Bil. At the next Inne there lodged to night——

Gree. Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

Bel. Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Gree. No Ile be Pander my selfe, becaufe weele be merry.

Bel. Will you, will you ?

Gree. But how ? be a Pander as I am a gentleman ? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the out-side of a Fawlcner in towne heere : & now I thinke on't there are a company of country plaiers, that are to come to towne here, shall furnish mee with haire and beard : if I do not bring her, . . . wilbe wondrous merry.

Bel. About it looke you sir, though she beare her far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind be comming 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old *Maiberry* merry : that any man should take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore snaille, heele not dare to peepe forth of doores leaft his hornes vther him.

Exit.

Bel. Go thy wayes, there be more in *England* weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and Ases : excellent hee rides poste with a halter about his neck.

May. How now wilt take ?

Bel. Beyond expectation : I haue perswaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

May. Why heele know her ?

Bel. She hath beene maskt euer since she came into the Inne, for feare of discouery.

May. Then sheele know him.

Bel. For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt my lasie inuention, for he hath disguisd himselfe like a Fawknor, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-side of a Gentleman.

May. Young *Fetherstone* will know him ?

Bel. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not retorne this halfe houre.

May. Excellent if she would come.

Bel. Nay vpon my life sheele come : when she

enters remember some of your young bloud, talke as some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, leaft it betray the coldneffe of your man-hood, but fetch a caper now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I fo.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once stand to it for the credit of *Milke-streete*. Is my wife acquainted with this.

Bel. She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu, I warrant you.

May. Good wenches infaith: fils some more Sack heare.

Bel. Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any meanes.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life in *Rhenish*, with the reuerfion in Sugar.

Bel. Excellent.

May. It were not amiffe if we were dancing.

Bel. Out vpon't, I fhall neuer do it.

Enter Greensheild disguised, with mistresse Greensheild.

Green. Out of mine noftrils tapfter, thou fmelt like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon* and *Iude*, of drinke moft horribly, off with thy maske fweete finner of the North: thefe masks are foiles to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new fatin outfides to lousy linings.

Kate. O, by no means, fir. Your merchant will not open a whole peece to his beft customer: he that buys a woman muft take her as ſhe falls. Ile vnmask my hand; heres the ſample.

Green. Goe to, then, old Poet. I haue tane her vp already as a pinnis bound for the ſtraights; ſhe knows her burden yonder.

Bell. Lady, you are welcome. Yon is the old gentleman ; and obserue him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, sack, and sincere honesty ; but a leane spare bountiful gallant one that hath an old wife and a young performance ; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-Countries, or a *Yorkshire* attorney in good contentious practice, some angel, —no, the proportion of your welthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her phisick, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her everything. Youle say, your young gentleman is your only seruice, that lies before you like a calues head, with his braines some halfe yeard from him : but, I assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery, but also of wenches : whereas your conscionable greybeard of Farrington-within will keep himself to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age : and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false waights and twenty i' the hundred, marry her.

Green. O, well bould *Tom* () we haue prefdents for't.

Kate. But I haue a husband fir.

Bell. You haue ? If the knaue thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid vp in the Counter or Ludgate ; so it shall bee conscience in you old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the home and maintain thee.

Green. O, well bould, *Tom* () we haue prefdents for't.

Kate. Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your bearth and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

Bell. O, you are a wag.

May. You are very welcome.

Green. He is tane; excellent, excellent! theres one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to help ones friend to a wench?

Bell. No more than at my lords entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting-woman. If he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuerfion of some monopoly, or a new fute of fatin, to haue done this, happily your fatin would haue fmelt of the pander: but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward: and what is done without any reward, come like wounds to a foldier, very honourably notwithstanding.

May. This is my breeding, gentlewoman: and whether trauel you?

Kate. To London, fir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune, lady?

Kate. O, pardon me, fir; Ile haue some young landed heir to be my fortune, for they fauour she-fooles more than citizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrifon i' the Low-Countries, is his colonels bawd, and his captain's iester: he sent me word ouer that he will thriue, for though his apparel lie i' the Lombard, he keeps his confcience i' the muster-book.

May. He may doe his country good seruice, lady.

Kate. I as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese faued the Capitol, only with prattling. Well, well, if I were in some noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thoufand pounds for me.

May. No.

Kate. No, fir; and yet may be at years end would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds to marry me to his baily or the folicitor of his law-fuits.—Whose this, I befeech you?

Enter Mistrifs Mayberry, her hair loose, with the Hostice.

Host. I pray you, forsooth, be patient.

Bell. Passion of my heart, Mistrifs Mayberry.

Exeunt Fiddlers.

Green. Now will shee put some notable trick, vpon her cuckoldly husband.*

May. Why, how now, wife! what means this? ha?

Mist. May. Well, I am very well. O my vnfortunate parents would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

Ma. O wife, be patient! I haue more cause to raile wife.

Mist. May. You haue, proue it, proue it; wheres the Courtier, you should haue tane in my bosome: Ile spit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any dishonour: haue I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my blood: and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonord, to be reputed vild in *London*, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at *Ware*, O god O god.

Be. Prettily well dissembled.

Host. As I am true hostice you are to blame sir, what are you maisters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maisters, dost thou leaue thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inueagle my costomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kist me and vnde me like an hostice, twold neuer haue greeued mee, but to do it to a stranger.

Kate. Ile leaue you sir.

May. Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my selfe, but I must bee haunted, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may discover them, you remember *Fetherstone Greenesheild*.

Mist. May. I remember them, I, they are two as coking, dishonorable dambd forsworne beggerly gentle-

men, as are in al London, and ther's a reuerent old gentleman to, your pander in my conscience.

Bel. Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, fweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the feller beneath, and the fmoke of Tobacco that hath furned ouer the vessailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of fuckket looke you behold the parenthefis.

Hoff. Nay Ile see your face too.

Kat. My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knauish part only to be witty.

Gre. That I might bee presently turned into a matter more fodllid then horne, into Marble.

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a souldier.

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady that wil not think fcorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

Green. Hange of thou diuill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day,
When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Green. A pox of your wit and your finging.

Bel. Nay looke you fir, she must sing because wee be merry, what though you rod not five mile forward, you haue found that fatall house at *Brainford* Northward. O hone, ho ho na ne ro.

Green. God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith segges with you to night wild-duck.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be faued; but Maister *Fetherstone*, came to meete me as far as *Roi-stone*.

Green. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that first stoopt, my phefant

is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you fir, to haue had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him ; ha : waft not ;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Cittizen keepes his house, you know tis not as a Gentleman keepes his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd euen now very wisely, least his hornes should vsheer him.

Green. Very good *Fetherstone* he comes.

Enter Fetherstone.

Feth. Luke *Greenshield* Maister *Maybery*, old Poet : *Mol* and *Kate*, most hapily incounterd, vdlife how came you heather, by my life the man lookes pale.

Green. You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I am no seruingman, to feede upon your reuerfion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary fir & in this she is like a London ordinary : her best getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villaine.

Feth. O by no means.

Green. No, vdlife, Ile go instantly take a purse, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Best first make your confession firra.

Green. 'Tis this thou hast not vsed me like a gentleman.

Feth. A gentleman ! thou a gentleman ! thou art a taylor.

Bel. Ware preaching,

Feth. No, firrah, if you will confesse ought, tell how thou hast wronged that vertuous gentlewoman : how thou laiest at her two yeare together, to make her

dishonest; how thou wouldst send me thither with letters; how duly thou wouldst watch the citizens'-wives' vacation, which is twice a-day, namely the Exchange-time, twelve at noon, and six at night; and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple virtue consented; how thou tookest her wedding-ring from her; met these two gentlemen at *Ware*; fained a quarrel; and the rest is apparent. This only remains,—what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since received by our intolerable lye, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest.

May. Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

Bell. Sir you are an honest man: I have known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer; give me your hand, sir.

Kate. O filthy abominable husband, did you all this?

May. Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

Mist. May. Speak sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

Green. You are honest; very virtuously honest.

Mist. May. I will, then, no longer be a loose woman: I have at my husbands pleasure tane upon me this habit of jealousy. I'me sorry for you; virtue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

Bell. How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens' houses, as the *Spaniard* first sailed to the *Indies*: you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands; but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of those broken patience when you met him at *Ware* and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold; you have pandered your own wife

to this gentleman ; better men haue done it, honest *Tom* (), we haue presidents for't. Hie you to *London*. What is more catholick i'the city than for husbands daily for to forgiue the nightly sins of their bedfellows ? If you like not that course, but to intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tauern, where you may swallow down some fifty wiseacres, sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yeolkes with muscadine to bedward.

Kate. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse ?

Bell. And no disparagement ; for a woman to haue a high forehead, a quicke eare, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleeke skin, a straight back, a round hip, and fo forth, is most comely.

Kate. But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir ?

Bell. No, lady.

Kate. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you ?

Bell. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon : I therefore recant the rifling. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of peeriwip-making : let your wife set vp i'the Strand ; and yet I doubt whither she may or no, for they say the women haue got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a coming-in by hair (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish tiring, as any between Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

Feth. Now you haue run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest : and since I haue wronged her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, *Kate*, like a paire of barbary buttons, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty ?

Kate. I'll be diuorced, by this Christian element : and because thou thinkest thou art a Cockold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to belieue an vntruth, I'll make thee a Cockold.

Bell. Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go, sweet; the Nag I ride upon bears double: weelee to London.

May. Do not bite your thumbs, fir.

Kate. Bite his thumb!

I'll make him do a thing worfe than this:

Come loue me where as I lay.

Feth. What, *Kate*!

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,
O, the clean contrary way.

Feth. O lusty *Kate*.

Exeunt.

May. Methought he said even now you were a taylor.

Green. You shall hear more of that hereafter: I'll make *Ware* and him flink ere he goes: if I be a taylor, the rogues naked weapon shall not fright me; I'll beat him and my wife both out a the towne with a taylors yard.

Exit.

May. O valiant Sir *Tristram*—Room there!

Enter Philip, Leuerpool, and Chartly.

Phi. News, father, most strange news out of the Low-Countries: your good lady and mistris, that set you to work upon a dozen of cheefe-trenchers, is new lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentlemen father with her.

Bell. Let the gates of our inn be locked up clofer than a nobleman's gates at dinner-time.

Omn. Why, fir, why?

Bell. If she enter here, the house will be infected: the plague is not halfe so dangerous as a she-hornet.—*Philip*, this is your shuffling a the cards, to turn up her for the bottom card at *Ware*.

Phi. No, as I me vertuous, fir: ask the two gentlemen.

Leuer. No, in troth, fir. She told vs, that, inquiring at *London* for you or your son, your man chalked out her way to *Ware*.

Bell. I wud *Ware* might choke em both.—Maister *Maybery*, my horse and I will take our leaves of you : Ile to Bedlam again rather than slay her.

May. Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope *Foan*. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf-eater?

Bell. For a sprite o'the buttery, that shall make us all drink with mirth, if I can raise it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched.—hit, I beseech thee! so, come!—Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting?

Omn. With brown bills, if you think good.

Bell. What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into *Fetherstones* bosom, and marry 'em together?

Omn. Fuh! 'tis impossible.

Bell. Most possible. Ile to my trencher-woman; let me alone for dealing with her: *Fetherstone*, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

Omn. How, how?

Bell. Thus. I will clofe with this country pedler, Mistris *Dorothy*, that trauels vp and down to exchange pins for conyskins, very louingly; she shall eat of nothing but sweatmeats in my company, good words; whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play vpon her with this artillery,—that a very proper man and a great heir (naming *Fetherstone*) spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in loue with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in *Ware*; but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture vpon a woman,—

May. City and suburbs can justify it: so, fir.

Bell. He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wenches stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not. *Greenshield* shall haue a hand in it

too ; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is *Fetherstone* of any means ? else you undo him and her.

May. He has land between *Foolham* and *London* : he would haue made it ouer to me.—To your charge, poet : giue you the assault vpon her ; and send but *Fetherstone* to me, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. He's not yet horfed, fure.—*Philip*, go thy ways, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. He's blowne vp already. *Exit.*

Bell. Gentlemen, youle stick to the deuce, and look to your plot ?

Omn. Most poetically : away to your quarter.

Bell. I march : I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

Enter Phillip and Fetherstone.

May. That must hee that comes here : Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did : leape but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

Leuer. An Affe Ile be fworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake ? how ?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwels, looke you fir, it hangs out at this signe : you shall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten : looke you fir, there is as pretty a little Pinna, struck faile hereby, and come in lately ; thee's my kinfe-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand ; her hopes if her Grannam dye without issue, better.

Feth. Very good fir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a

Stone-cutter, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? shee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts so euer you haue plaide with mee, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp presently.

Feth. Is she young? and a pretty wench?

Leuer. Few Cittizens wiues are like her.

Phil. Yong, why I warrant fixteene hath scarce gone ouer her.

Feth. Sfoot, where is she? if I like her personage, aswell as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, Ile stand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilst 'tis hotte.

May. Away then with these Gentlemen with a *French* gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here shall runne for a Priest, and dispatch you.

Feth. Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

May. Assure your foule shee will be followed; away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and swallowed horfe and man: hee will haue some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phisick.—how now?

Enter Capitaine, Allom, Hans, and others booted.

Capt. God plesse you; is there not an arrant scurvy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne sir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head?

May. How so? Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

Capt. The Trab will driue you (if she put you before her) into a pench hole.

Allom. Is not a Gentleman here one Maister *Bellamont* fir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

Capt. Will he? *tawfone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister Suftice of this shire, to shew no pittie nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

May. Why fir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

Capt. What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you fir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welsh* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon't, and there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the first.

Enter Bellamont, and Hornet, with Doll betweene them, Greeneshield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip, Leuerpoole, and Chartley.

May. Gods so Maister *Fetherstone*, what will you doe? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

Cap. Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my moueable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild peafes, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allom. I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

Hans. Haw bro, and you make me de

gheck, de groet foole, you heb mine gelt
to : war is it ?

Doll. Out, you bafe scums ! come you to difgrace
me in my wedding-shoes ?

Feth. Is this your three-thoufand-pound ward ? ye
told me, fir, ſhe was your kinfwoman.

May. Right, one of mine aunts.

Bell. Who pays for the northern voyage now,
lads ?

Green. Why do you not ride before my wife to
London now ? The woodcocks i'th ſpringe.

Kate. O, forgive me, dear husband ! I will neuer
loue a man that is worfe than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a courfe in your
park ?

Feth. He may, fir.

Doll. Neuer, I proteſt : I will be as true to thee as
Ware and *Wade's-Mill* are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is
my opinion, its better to ſhoot in a bowe that has
been ſhot in before, and will neuer ſtart, then to draw
a fair new one, that for euery arrow will be warping.
—Come wench, we are joind, and all the dogs in
France ſhall not part us.—I haue ſome lands : thoſe
Ile turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any.—
Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime ſure thou haſt
paid me.

Omn. God giue you ioy.

May. Come lets be merry, lye you with your
owne Wife, to be ſure ſhee ſhall not walke in her
ſleepe ; a noyſe of Muſitians Chamberlaine.

This night lets banquet freely : come, weele dare,

Our wiues to combate ith' greate bed in Ware.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE
F A M O U S

History of Sir Tho-
mas Wyat.

With the Coronation of Queen Mary,
and the coming in of King
Philip.

As it was plaied by the Queens Maiesties
Seruants.

Written by *Thomas Dickers,*
And *Iohn Webster.*

LONDON

Printed by E. A. for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be
solde at his shop in the Popes-head Pallace,
nere the Royall Exchange.

1607.

[There is a later edition of this play with the following title: *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt &c. Written by Thomas Deckers, and John Webster. London Printed for Thomas Archer &c. 1612.* The differences in the text are few and unimportant.]



THE
Famous Historie of
Sir Thomas Wyat.

*Enter Northumberland and
Suffolke.*

Suff. Ow fares the King, my Lord ?
speaks he cheereley ?

Nor. Euen as a dying man, whose life
Like to quicke lighting, which is
no fooner seene, but is extinct.

Suff. Is the Kings will confirm'd ?

Nor. I, thats the point that we leuel at.
But oh, the confirmation of that will, tis all, tis all.

Suff. That will confirme my Daughter Queene.

Nor. Right, & my Sonne is marryed to your
daughter.

My Lord, in an euen plaine way, I will
Deriue the Crowne vnto your Daughters head.
What though the King hath left behinde,
Two Sisters, lawfull and immediate heires,
To succeed him in his Throane, Lyes it not
In our powers to contradict it ?
Haue we not the King and Counfels hands vnto it ?

Tut, wee stand high in mans opinion,
And the worldes broad eye.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Suff. Heere comes Sir Thomas Wyat.

Nor. Sir Thomas booted and spur'd, whether away
so fast?

Wyat. It bootes me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion beares such sway.
Gods will, a Court! Tis chang'd
Since Noble Henries daies.
You haue fet your handes vnto a will.
A will you well may call it :
So wils Northumberland :

So wils⁴ *Suffolke*,

Against Gods will, to wrong those Princely Maides.

Nor. Will you not subscribe your hand with other
of the Lords?

Not with me, that in my handes,
Surprise the Soueraigntie.

Wyat. Ile damb'd my foule for no man, no for no
man,

Who at doomes day must answere for my sinne :

Not you, nor you my Lordes,

Who nam'de Queene Iane in noble Henries daies,

Which of you all durst once displace his issue?

My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues so sharp,

To carue your meate,

That they will cut your fingers.

The strength is weakenesse that you builde vpon,

The King is sicke, God mend him, I, God mend
him :

But where his foule from his pale body free,

Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me.

Exit Wyat.

North. Farwell, I feare thee not.

The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a sting,
And all the Counsell : onely this peruerse

And pecuifh Lord, hath onely deny'd his hand
To the inuefting of your princely Daughter.
Hice's idle and wants power.
Our Ocean fhall thefe petty brookes deuoure,
Heere comes his Highneffe Doctör.

Enter Doctör.

Suff. How fares his Highneffe ?

Doct. His body is paft helpe.

We haue left our practice to the Diuines,
That they may cure his foule.

Arü. Paft phifickes helpe, why then paft hope of
life,

Heere comes his Highneffe Preacher :
Life reverent man.

Enter Preacher.

Pre. Life, life, though death his body doe dif-
feuer,

Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.

Nor. Dead ! fend for Heralds, call me Purfe-
uants,

Wher's the King at armes ? in euerie market towne
Proclaime Queene *Iane*.

Suff. Beft to take the opinion of the Counfell,

Nort. You are too timorous. We in our felues

Are power fufficient : the King being dead.

This hand fhall place the crowne on Queene *Ianes*
head.

Trumpets and Drums, with your notes refound,
Her royäl name, that muft in ftate be crown'd.

Exeunt Om.

Enter Guilford and Fane.

Guil. Our Coufen King is dead.

Fan. Alaffe, how fmall an Vrne containes a King ?

He that ruld all, euen with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to floope now to the stroake of death.
Heard you not the proclamation?

Gui. I heare of it, and I giue credit to it
What great men feare to be,
Their feares grow greater.
Our Fathers grow ambitious
And would force vs faile in mightie tempests,
And are not Lordes of what they doe possesse.
Are not thy thoughts as great?

Fan. I haue no thoughts so ranke, so growne to
head,

As are our Fathers pride.
Troth I doe inioy a Kingdome hauing thee.
And so my paine be prosperous in that,
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace
Or fairest rooofe of honour.

Gui. See how thy blood keeps course with mine :
Thou must be a Queene, aye me ! a Qucene,
The flattering belles that shrilly sound
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne :
For indeed thou wouldst prooue but an Vsurper.

Fan. Who would weare fetters though they were
all of golde ?

Or to be sicke, though his faint browes
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.
Thou must assume, a tytle that goes on many feet,
But tis an office, wherein the heartes of Schollers,
And of Souldiers will depend vppon thy Hearse.
Were this rightly scand,
Wee scarce should finde a King in any Land.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Honor and happy reigne
Attend the new Maiestie of England.

Fan. To whome my Lord bends this your aue.

Arun. To your grace dread Soueraigne,

You are by the Kings will, and the consent
Of all the Lords, chofen for our Queene.

Fan. O God ! me thinkes you fing my death,
In parts of mufickes lowdnes,
Tis not my turne to rife.

*Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purfe and the
Mace, with others.*

Nor. The voice of the whole Land fpeakes in my
tongue
It is concluded your Maieftie muft ride,
From hence vnto the Tower : there to ftay
Vntill your Coronation.

Fan. O God !

Suff. Why fighes your Maieftie ?

Fan. My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,
Was your Fathers Father ere a King ?

Suff. Neuer, and it like your grace. !

Fan. Would I might ftill continue of his lynne,
Not trauell in the cloudes.

It is often feene, the heated blood
That couets to be royall, leaues off ere it be noble,
My learned carefull King, what muft we goe ?

Gui. We muft.

Fan. Then it muft be fo.

Nor. Set forward then.

*A dead march, and paffe round the ftage, and
Guilford fpeakes.*

The Towre will be a place of ample ftate,
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens fculs,
Remember vs of frailty,

Gui. We are led with pompe to prifon,
O propheticke foule.
Lo we afcend into our chaires of State,
Like funerall Coffins, in fome funerall
Pompe defcending to their graves. But we muft on.

How can we fare well, to keepe our Court :
Where Prifoners keepe their caue ?

A florish. Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand,
like a Nun.*

Mary. Thus like a Nun, not like a Princeſſe
borne,
Descended from the Royall Henries loynes :
Liue I inuironed in a houſe of ſtone,
My Brother *Edward* liues in pompe and ſtate,
I in a manſion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting :
Their ſeueral pleasures, all their pride and honour,
I haue forſaken for a rich prayer Booke.
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,
Is all as droſſe compared to thy ſweetneſſe.
Thou art the ioy, and comfort of the poore,
The euerlaſting bliſſe in thee we finde.
This little volume incloſed in this hand,
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

Enter Sir Henry Beningfield.

Ben. Pardon me Madam, that ſo boldly
I preſſe into your Chamber. I ſalute your
Highneſſe with the high ſtile of Queene.

Mar. Queene ! may it be ?
Or iſt you at my lowring miſerie.

Ben. Your Brother King is dead,
And you the catholicke Queene muſt now ſuccede.

Mar. I ſee my God at length hath heard my
prayer.
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter ſir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. Health to the Lady Mary.

Mar. And why not Queene, Sir Thomas?

Wia. Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumberland

Who in your steede hath Crown'd another.

Mar. another Queene, Sir Thomas wee alieue,
The true immediate heires of our dread Father?

Wia. Nothing more true then that :
Nothing more true then you are the true heire,
Come leaue this Cloyster and be seene abroad,
Your verie fight will stirre the peoples hearts,
and make them cheerely, for Queene Marie crie.
One comfort I can tell you : the tenants of the
Dukes Northumberland and Suffolke denide their
ayde,

In these unlawful armes :
To all the Counsell I denide my hand,
And for King Henries Issue still will stand.

Mary. Your Counsell, good sir Thomas, is so
pithy
That I am woon so like it.

Wia. Come let vs freight from hence,
From Framingham ;
Cheere your spirits.
Ile to the Dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them
all :

Prosper me God in these affaires,
I lou'd the Father wel, I lou'd the Sonne,
And for the Daughter I through death will run.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and souldiers.

Nor. wher's Captaine Bret?

Bre. Heere my Lord.

Suff. Are all our numbers full !

Bre. They are my Lord.

Suff. See them arain'd, I will set forward freight.

Nor. Honorable friends, and natie peeres,
That haue chofen me to be the leader of these martiall

troopes, to march against the sister
 Of our late dead Soueraigne.
 Beare witnesse of my much vnwillingnesse,
 In furthering these attempts
 I rather ioy to thinke vpon our ancient victories
 Against the French and Spaniard,
 Whose high pride we leueld with the waues of brittish
 shore

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood,
 Till all the Harbor seem'd a sanguine poole :
 Or we desire these armes, we are now to warre
 Gainst the perfidious northern enemy,
 Who trembling at our first thocke voice and fight,
 Like cowards turn'd their backs with shamefull flight
 But those rich spoiles are past : we are now to goe,
 Being natie friends, against a natie foe.
 In your hands we leaue the Queene elected,
 She hath seisure of the Tower,
 If you be confident, as you haue sworne
 Your selues true liege men to her highnesse
 She no doubt, with royall fauour will remunerate
 The least of your desertes. Farwell
 My teares into your bosomes fall,
 With one imbrace I doe include you all.

Aru. My Lord, most lou'd with what a mourning
 heart

I take your farwell, let the after signes
 Of my imployment witnesse. I protest
 Did not the sacred person of my Queene ;
 Whose weale I tender as my foules cheefe blisse,
 Vrge my abode, I would not thinke it shame
 To traile a pike where you were generall.
 But wishes are in vaine, I am bound to stay,
 And vrgent businesse calls your grace away.
 See, on my knees I humbly take my leaue,
 And sleep my wordes with teares.

Nor. Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my loue.
 Once more farwell.

Arun. Heauens giue your grace successe.

Commend vs to the Queene and to your Sonne,
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.

Bre. Come my Lords, shal vs march.

Exit. Northumb.

Nor. I, I, for Gods sake on.

Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Treasurer and Porter.

Tre. What ho Porter ! open the gate.

Por. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The Counsell hath giuen strict commaund
Not any shall passe this way.

Tre. Why you idle fellow, am I not sent vpon
the Queenes affaires, commanded by the Lords? and
know you not that I am Treasurer? come open the
Gate, you doe you know not what.

Por. Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your
word,
The Dukes displeasure: all the Counsell boord
Besides, may be my heauie enemies,
But goe a Gods name, I the worst will proue,
And if I die, I die for him I loue.

Tre. I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from
death.
Is my Horse ready?

Por. It is my Lord.

Tre. Then will I flie this fearefull Counsell boord.

Exit Tre.

Por. My heart misgiues me, I haue done amisse,
Yet being a Counsellor one of the number
Nothing can prooue amisse.
Now shall I know the worst.
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Porter, Did the Lord Treasurer passe this
way?

Por. But now my gracious Lord.

Arun. Vngratious Villaine, follow,
Bring him backe againe.

If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force :
And heare you sirra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior
and some Aldermen of his Bretheren, and some
especiall Cittizens of note, to attend our further
pleasures presently. The Treasurer fled : the Duke is
but newly arrested, some purpose, on my life, to croise
their plots : wee le set strong watches, see Gates and
walles well mand :

Tis ten to one but princely innocence,
Is these strange turmoiles wisest violence.

*Enter Winchester, Arundell, and other Lords: the
Lord Treasurer kneeling at the Counsell Table.*

Arun. Though your attempt, Lord Treasurer be
such,

That hath no colour in these troublous times,
But an apparant purpose of reuolt,
From the decest Kings will, and our decree,
Yet, for you are a Counsellor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to iudge,
We giue you leaue to speake in your behalfe.

Tre. My Lord, the businesse of these troublous
times,
Binding vs al, still to respect the good of common
weale :

Yet doth it not debar priuate regard of vs & of our
own

The generall weale is treasur'd in your brest,
And all my ablest powers haue bin employed
To stir them there, yet haue I borne a part,
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,
My ouersight in parting without leaue :
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.
To order home affaires, that none of mine,
In these nice times should vnto faction clime.

Aru. Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I pray,
Are you not grieu'd that we haue giuen consent
To Lady Ianes election?

Tre. My Lords I am not.

Arun. Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word
Are you not discontent?

Tre. Troth to be plaine, I am not pleaf'd,
That two fuch princely Maides lineally descended
From our royall King, and by his testimonie,
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Ifsules,
And one that neuer dream't, it neuer desired
The rule of Soueraignetic,
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miserie,
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.

Arun. You haue faid nobly, fit and take your place.

Enter Porter.

Por. My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craues acceffe
vnto your honours.

Arun. Let him come neare.

Enter Wyat.

Por. Rounge for Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. A diuine spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of iudgement to beholde
The true Legitimate, Mary your vndoubted fouer-
raigne.

Arun. Arise, fir Thomas, fit and take your place.
Now to our former bufineffe :

The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceased late Kings will and our decree,
His coufen Iane, and the two absent Dukes
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To vs and to our Issue.

We haue fworn in prefence of the fared hoft of
heauen

Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,
 That no impeachment should diuert our heartes
 From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.
 To this end we haue ceased her in the tower,
 By publike proclamation made her Queene :
 To this end we haue armed the Duke, with power
 Giuen them commiffion vnder our owne handes
 To paffe againft the Lady. You performe in hostile
 maner

And no doubt, the fpleene of the vndanted fpirit
 Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called
 With writings of repeale.
 Aduice in this, I holde it better farre
 To keepe the courfe we runne then seeking change,
 Hazard our liues, our heires, and the Realmes.
Wiat. In a^ctions roauing from the bent of truth,
 We haue no perfident thus to perfift
 But the bare name of worldly policie.
 If others haue ground from Iuftice, and the law,
 As well diuine as politicke agreeing,
 They are for no caufe to be difinherited.
 If you not feauen yeares fince to that effect,
 Swore to the Father to maintaine his feede,
 What difpenfation hath acquitted you
 From your firft f^ac^red vowes ?
 Youle fay, the will extorted from a childe.
 O ! let mine eyes in naming that sweete youth,
 Obferue their part.
 Powring downe teares, fent from my fwelling heart.
 Gods mother, I tearme childe ? but ile goe on,
 Say that the will were his, forced by no tricke,
 But for religions loue his fimple act,
 Yet note how much you erre.
 You were fworne before to a mans will,
 and not a will alone,
 But ftrengthned by an a^ct of Parliament.
 Besides this f^ac^red prooffe. The Princely Maides,
 Had they no will nor a^ct to prooue their right ?

Haue birthrights no priuiledge, being a plea so
strong,

As cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong ?

Now were you toucht. The Lady in [the] tower
alasse shee's innocent of any claime.

Trust me, shee'd thinke it a moste happy life,

To leaue a Queenes, and keepe a Ladies name.

And for the Dukes, your warrants sent them forth,

Let the same warrant call them backe againe.

If they refuse to come, the Realme, not they

Must be regarded. Be strong and bold :

We are the peoples factors. Saue our Sonnes

From killing one another, be affraide,

To tempt both heauen and earth, so I haue said.

Arun. Why then giue order that she shall be
Queene,

Send for the Maior, her errors wele forget,

Hoping she will forgiue.

Wyat. Neuer make doubt,

Setting her ceremonious order by.

She is pure within, and mildly chast without.

Arun. Giue order to keepe fast the Lady Iane,
Disfolue the Counsell. Let vs leaue the Tower,
and in the Citie hold our audience.

Wyat. You haue aduised well honorable Lordes,

So will the Cittizens be wholly ours,

and if the Dukes be croffe, wee le croffe their powers.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Bret, Clown, and Souldiers.

Br. Lance perlado, quarter, quarter.

Clo. What shall we quarter Captaine ?

Br. Why the Souldiers ?

Clo. Why they are not hang'd nor drawne yet ?

Br. Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended
multitude, may passe in safetie.

Clo. May we not take tooles of the pies & the
aple-women.

Bre. Not in any forte, the Dukes pleasure will passe free.

Clo. The Commons shal be vsed with al common curtesie. That goes in rank like beanes and cheefecakes on their heads in steade of Cappes.

Bre. Sirra, this is a famous Vniuersitie, and those schollers, those lofty buildings and goodly houses, Founded by noble Patrons. But no more. Set a strong watch. That be your cheefest care.

Enter a Countryman and a Maide.

Man. Whats heere Souldiers ?

Bre. Feare not, good speech, these rude armes I beare,

If not to fight ? Sweet, gentle Peace away,
But to succour your liues, passe peaceibly away.

Clo. Crie God saue the Queene as you goe, and God send you a good market.

Man. God saue the Queene, what Queene ? there lies the sense.

When we haue none, it can be no offence.

Clo. What carry you there in your basket ?

Mai. Eggs forfooth.

Clo. Well, crie God saue Queene Iane as you goe, and God send you a good Market.

Mai. Is the right Queene called Iane ? alacke for woe,

at the first she was not christened so. *Exit.*

Br. Thus olde and young, still descant on her name,

Nor lend no eare, when wee her stile proclaime.
I feare, I feare. Fear Bret, what shouldst thou feare ?
Thou hast a brest compos'd of adamant.
Fall what ill betide ;
My anchor is cast, and I in Harbor ride.

Enter Northumberland and Wyat.

Wia. My Lord tis true, you sent vnto the Counsell

for fresh supplies, what succour, what supplies?
Happie is he can draw his necke out of the collar,
and make his peace with Marie.

Nor. How stands the Treaſurer addicted to vs?

Wya. I had forgot: when we weare at counſell,
He ſtole away, and went home to his houſe,
And by much intreatie was woon to returne,
In brieſe they all incline to Queene Mary
My Lord farwell,
Each haſtie houre will coulder tydings tell.

Exit Wyat.

Nor. Come they in thunder, we will meeete with
them;

In the loudeſt language that their ordinance ſpeakes,
Ours ſhall anſwere theirs.
Call me a Herald, and in the market-place Proclaime
Queene Iane. The ſtreetes are full,
The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.
Trumpets ſpeake to them,
That they may anſwere with an echoing crie,
God ſaue Queene Iane, God ſaue her Maieſtie.

A Trumpet ſounds, and no anſwere.

The Herald ſoundes a parlee, and none anſwers.

Nor. Ha? a bare report of Trumpets!
Are the ſlaues horſe, or want they arte to ſpeake?
O me! This Towne conſiſts on famous Colledges,
Such as know both how, and what, and when to
ſpeake,
Well, yet wee will proceede,
and ſmother what cloſe enuie hath decreed.
Ambroſe my Sonne, what newes?

Enter Ambroſe.

Amb. O my thrice honoured Father.

Nor. Boy, ſpeake the worſt,

That which foundes deadlyest, let me heare that first.

Amb. The Lords haue all reuolted from your faction.

Nor. Wee in our felues are strong.

Am. In Baynards Castle was a counfell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did resort,
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

Nor. Then they reuolt the allegiance from my
Daughter,
And giue it to another :

Am. True my thrice honoured Father,
Besides, my brother Guilford and his wife
Where she was proclaimde Queene, are now
Close Prisoners, namely in the Tower.

Nor. God take them to his mercie, they had
neede,
Of grace and patience, for they both must bleede,
Poore Innocent foules, they both from guilt are free.

Am. O my thrice honoured Father ! might I ad-
uise you, flie to your manner, there studdie for your fastie.

Nor. Boy, thou faist well,
And since the Lords haue all reuolted from me,
My selfe will now reuolt against my selfe.
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,
Assist me Sonne, my good Lord Huntingdon,
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

A trumpet foundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.

He. Mary by the grace of God, Queene of Eng-
land, France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith.
Amen.

Within a shoute and a flourish.

Nor. Amen, I beare a part,
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,
Base minded slaues, sincke may your soules to hell.

Enter Maister Roofe with Letters.

Roo. My honored Lord, the Counsell greetes you
with these Letters.

Nor. Stay Maister Roofe, ere you depart receiue
an answere and reward. *He readeth the Letter.*

In the Soueraigne name of Mary our Queene

You shall vppon the fight hereof,

Surcease your armes, discharge your Souldiers,

And presently repaire vnto the Court,

Or else to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

No. Tis short & sharp, Maister Roofe, we do obey
your warrant; but I pray tel mee, how doth all our
friendes at Court? is there not a great mortalitie
amongst them?

Is there not a number of them deade of late since I
came thence?

Ro. My gracious Lord not any.

Nor. O maister Roofe, it cannot bee, I will assure
you

At my departure thence, I left liuing there at least
Fiue hundred friendes, and now I haue not one,
Simply not one: friendes! ha, ha, ha, Commiſſion
Thou muſt be my friend.

And ſtand betwixt me and the ſtroake of death,

Were thy date out, my liues date were but ſhort,

They are colde friends, that kil their friendes in ſport.

Am. Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle
of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Nor. My honourd friend!

Arun. I am no friend to Traitors:

In my moſte high & Princely Soueraignes name,

I doe arreſt your honour of high Treafon.

Nor. A traitor Arundell? haue I not your hand
in my commiſſion? let me peruſe it: as I tak't tis
heere, and by your warrant haue ſo ſtriſt proceeded.

Is the limits of my warrant broke ? answere me.

Arun. It may be that it hath pleased her Maiestie
To pardon vs, and for to punnish you.
I know no other reafon, this I muft,
I am commaunded, and the a^ct is Iuft.

Nor. And I obey you : when we parted laft
My Lord of Arundel, our farwell was
Better then our greeting now.
Then you cride God fpeede,
Now you come on me ere you fay take heede :
Then you did owe me your beft bloods : nay greeu'd
You could not fpend them in my feruice.
O then it was a double death to ftay behinde,
But I am ouertooke and you are kinde,
I am, befhwew you elfe, but I fubmit,
My crime is great, and I muft answere it.

Arun. You muft with your three Sons, be guarded
fafe
Vnto the Tower : with you, thofe Lords and Knights
That in this faction did affociate you.
For fo I am inioyn'd.

Then peaceably, let vs conduct you thither.

Nor. O my Children ! my foule weepes endleffe
teares for you.

O at the generall Seffions, when all foules
Stand at the bar of Iuftice,
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes
Be rac'd out of the bed-rowle of my finnes :
When ere the blacke booke of my crime's vnclaft,
Let not thefe fcarlet Letters be found there :
Of all the reft, onely that page be cleere.
But come to my arraignment, then to death,
The Queene and you haue long aim'd at this head,
If to my Children, the fweet grace extend,
My foule hath peace, and I imbrace my end. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suff. Three daies are paff, Monday, Tuesday, and
Wednesday too

Yet my protesting seruant is not come.
Himselfe conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple Cabin, for so great a Prince,
And then he swore, but oathes you see are vaine,
That he would hourelly come and visite me :
I that was wont, to surfeit in estate,
And now through hunger almost desolate.

Enter Homes sweating with bottell and Bag.

Hom. My Lord.

Suff. Ned Homes, speake hast thou brought me
meate ?

Hom. With much a doe, my Lord, meat, bread &
wine,

While you refresh your selfe, I will recorde
The cause of my long stay.

Suff. I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,
Neede bids me heare thee too.

Hom. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was searched.

Suff. Goe on, goe on.

Hom. And I no sooner entred but attached,
Threatned the Rack : and if I did not yeeld
Your gracious selfe into their gracelesse hands.

Suff. And thou hast don't, thou hast betraied me.

Hom. Done it ! o betraie you ? O noe !
First would I see my loued wife and Children
Murdered, and tof'd on speares, before I would
Deliuier your grace vnto their handes,
For they intend your death.

Suff. Goe on, goe on.

Hom. and offer'd a thousand Crownes to him that
can
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my
hands :

Which I beseech may stop my Vital breath,
When I am feede with golde to worke your death.

*Enter Sheriffe and Officers.**Sher.* See yonder sits the Duke.*Suff.* I kisse thee in requitall of this loue.*Hom.* and in requitall of so great a grace,
I kisse your hand that dares to kisse my face.*She.* So Iudas kist his Maister : ceaze the Duke.*Suff.* Ah me ! Ned Homes we are vndone,
Both thou and I betraide.*She.* My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her
highnesse name I doe arrest you of high Treason.*Suff.* I doe obey, and onely craue this kindnesse,
You would be good vnto my Seruant Homes,
Where in releeuing me, hath but performde
The duetie of a seruant to his Lord.*She.* You are deceiu'd sir in your seruant much,
Hee is the man that did betray you.
Heere Maister Homes, towards your thousand pounds,
Heere is a hundred markes,

Come to the Exchequer, you shall haue the rest.

Suff. Hast thou betraide me? yet with such a
tongue,so smoothly oilde, flight of my dangers feare,
O break my heart, this grieffe's too great to beare.*Ho.* Pardon me my Lord.*Suff.* God pardon thee, and lay not to thy foule
This greuous finne : Farwell.

And when thou spendest this ill got golde

Remember how thy Maisters life was folde.

Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betraidst him as he sat at meate.On to my graue, tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betraies my head.*Hom.* O God, O God, that ever I was borne,
This deede hath made me slaue to abiect scorne.*Exeunt Omnes.**Enter the Clowne.**Clo.* O poore shrimpe, how art thou falne away

for want of mouching? O Colen cries out most
tirannically, the little gut hath no mercie, whats heere
vittailles?

O rare! O good!

Feede chops, drinke throate, good vittailles makes
good blood.

Enter Homes with a Halter about his necke.

But stay, whose heere? more Sheriffes, more
searchers? O no, this is Homes that betraide his
honest Maister, How with a Halter about his necke?
I hope hee doth not meane to hang himselfe? ile step
a fide.

Ho. This is the place, where I betraide my
Lord,

This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:
And villaine I, betraide him to the lawes of death,
But heere before I further will proceede
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,
Lye there damn'd fiend neuer serue humane more.

Clo. This is rare, now in this moode if hee would
hang himselfe twere excellent.

Ho. Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,
Heauen will not heare, and I am desperate.

He strangles himself.

Clo. So, so, a very good ending, would all falce
Seruants might drinke of the same saucc.

Gold, you are first mine, you must helpe
To shift my selfe into some counterfeite suite
Of apparel, and then to London:

If my olde Maister be hanged, why so:

If not, why rusticke and lusticke:

Yet before I goe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog
in a Ditch: come away dissembler: this cannot chuse
but be a hundred pound it wayes so heauy.

Exeunt with him.

*Enter Queene Mary, Wincheſter, Norfolke, Pembroke,
Wyat, Arundell, Attendants.*

Mary. By Gods aſſiſtance, and the power of
heauen,

After our Troubles we are ſafely ſet,
In our inheritance, for which we doe ſubſcribe
The praife and benefit to God, next thanks
To you my Lordes. Now ſhall the ſanctuarie,
And the houſe of the moſte high be newly built.
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,
Buried within the Ruine Monaſteries,
Shall liſt their ſtately heads, and riſe againe
To aſtoniſh the deſtroyers wandring eyes.
Zeale ſhall be deckt in golde,
Religion not like a virgin rob'd of all her pompe,
But briefly ſhining in her Iemmes of ſtate,
Like a faire bride be offerd to the Lord.
To build large houſes, pull no churches downe,
Rather enrich the Temple with our crowne.
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.

Win. May it pleaſe your grace to giue releaſe
Vnto ſuch ancient Biſhops that haue loſt their
Honours in the church affaires.

Ma. We haue giuen order to the Duke of Nor-
folke to releaſe them.

Aru. Your ſacred Highneſſe will no doubt be
mindefull

Of the late Oath you tooke at Framingham.

Ma. O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,
But ſhall a ſubiect force his Prince to ſweare
Contrarie to her conſcience and the Law ?
Wee heere releaſe vnto our faithfull people,
one intire ſubſidie,
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies :
The Commonaltie ſhal not be ore-burdned
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,
and wee will ſpare their treaſure to themſelues :

Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,
The Subiects Treasure, is the Soueraignes store.

Arun. What is your Highnesse pleasure about the
Rebels?

Mar. The Queene-like Rebels,
Meane you not Queene Iane?

Arun. Guilford and Iane, with great Northumber-
land,
And hauty Suffolkes Duke.

Ma. The Duke of Suffolke is not yet appre-
hended,
Therefore my Lords,
Some of you most deare to vs in loue,
Be carefull of that charge:

The rest wee leaue for tryall of the other prisoners.

Wia. The Lady Iane most mightie Soueraigne,
Alyde to you in blood:

For shes the Daughter of your Fathers Sister.
Mary the Queene of France: Charles Brandon's
Wife

Your Neece, your next of blood, except your sister,
Deferues some pittie, so doth youthfull Guilford.

Win. Such pittie as the law allowes to Traitors.

Norf. They were misled by their ambitious
Fathers.

Win. What Sonne to obey his Father proues a
Traitor,
Must buy their disobedience with their death.

Wia. My Lord of Winchester still thirsts for
blood.

Mar. Wiat no more, the law shall be their Iudge,
Mercie to meane offenders weele offend,
Not vnto such that dares vsurpe our Crowne.

Arun. Count Egmond the Embassador from
Spaine,
Attends your highnesse answere, brought those Letters
Sent from the Emperor in his Sonnes behalfe.

Mar. In the behalfe of louely Princely Philip,
Whose person wee haue shined in our heart?

At the first sight of his delightfull picture
 That picture should haue power to tingle Loue
 In Royall breasts : the Dartes of loue are wordes,
 Pictures, conceite, heele preuaile by any,
 Your counsell Lords about this forraine businesse.

Arun. I say and it like your royall Maiestie,
 A royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,
 And I alowe the match.

Win. Alow it Lordes, we haue cause
 To thanke our God, that such a mightie Prince
 As Philip is, Sonne to the Emperor,
 Heire to wealthy Spaine, and many spacious
 Kingdomes, will vouchsafe—

Wia. Vouchsafe ! my Lord of Winchester, pray
 what ?

Win. To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his
 honourable Title.

Wia. To marrie with our Queene : meane you
 not so ?

Win. I doe, what then ?

Wiat. O God ! is shee a beggar, a forsaken Maide,
 that she hath neede of grace from forraine princes ?
 By Gods deare mother, O God pardon sweare I,
 Me thinkes she is a faire and louely Prince,
 Her onely beautie (were she of meane birth)
 Able to make the greatest Potentate,
 I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham,
 That hath more Nations vnder his Commaund,
 Then spanish Philip's like to inherrit townes,
 To come and lay his Scepter at her feet,
 And to intreate her to vouchsafe the grace
 To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

Win. Wyat you are too hot.

Wiat. And you to proude, vouchsafe ? O bafe !
 I hope sheele not vouchsafe to take the Emperors
 sonne to her deare mercie.

Mar. Proceede my Lord of Winchester I pray.

Win. Then still I say, we haue cause to thanke our
 God,

That such a mightie Prince will looke so lowe,
As to respect this Iland and our Queene.

Wia. Pardon me Madam, hee respect your Iland
more then your person ? thinke of that.

Norf. Wiat, you wrong the affection of the
Prince,

For he desires no fortresses nor towers,
Nor to beare any office, rule or state,
Either by person or by Substitute,
Nor yet himselfe to be a Counsellor
In our affaires.

Wiat. What neede hee (Noble Lords)
To aske the fruite, when he demaundes the tree ?
No Castle, fortresses, nor Towers of strength,
It bootes not, when the chiefeest Tower of all
The key that opens vnto all the Land,
I meane our Gracious Soueraigne must be his,
But he will beare no office in the land,
And yet will mary with the Queene of all.
Nor be of counsell in the Realmes affaires,
And yet the Queene inclosed in his armes :
I doe not like this strange marriage.
The Fox is futtle, and his head once in,
The slender body easily will follow.
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,
The yearely summe of threescore thousand Duccats.
Besides the seauenteene famous Prouinces,
And that the heire succeding from your loynes,
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.
What, shall this mooue your Highnesse to the match ?
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

Win. Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir
Thomas)

Espos'd the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges ?

Wia. I graunt, your predeceffors oft haue fought
Their Queene from France, and sometimes to from
Spaine.

But neuer could I heare that England yet

Has bin so base, to seeke a King from either :
Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.

Win. Tis loue great Queene, no pollicie at all.

Wiat. Which of you all, dares iustifie this match,
And not be toucht in conscience with an oath ?

Remember, O remember I beseech you,
King Henries last will, and his act at Court,
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,
That Will and Act, to which you all are sworne,
And doe not damme your foules with periurie.

Mory. But that wee knowe thee Wyatt to be
true

Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,
Thy ouer-boldnesse should bee payde with death.
But cease, for feare your liberall tongue offend,
With one consent my Lordes you like this match ?

Omnes. We doe great Soueraigne.

Mary. Call in Count Egmond Honorable Lords.

Enter Egmond.

Wee haue determined of your Ambassie,
And thus I plight, our loue to Philips heart,
Imbarke you straight, the winde blowes wondrous
faire :

Till he shall land in England, I am all care.

Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Wia. And ere hee land in England, I will offer
My loyall brest for him to treade vpon.
O who so forward Wyatt as thy selfe,
To raise this troublesome Queene in this her Throane ?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,
Whome naturally our COUNTRYMEN abhorre.
Assist me gracious heauens, and you shall see
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.
Ile into Kent, there muster vp my friends,
To saue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.

Exit Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Lieutenant.

Guil. God morrow to the Patron of my woe.

Iane. God morrowe to my Lord, my louely
Dudley.

Why doe you looke so fad my dearest Lord?

Guil. Nay why doth Iane, thus with a heauie eye,
And a deiected looke, salute the day?

Sorrow doth ill become thy filuer brow,
Sad grieffe lyes dead, so long as thou liues fayre,
In my Ianes ioy, I doe not care for care.

Iane. My lookes (my loue) is forted with my
heart,
The Sunne himselfe, doth scantly shew his face
Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tower
Hill

Thronged with store of people,
As if they gap'd for some strange Noueltie.

Guil. Though sleepe doe sildome dwell in men
of care,

Yet I did this night sleepe, and this night dream't,
My Princely father great Northumberland
Was marryed to a stately Bride:

And then me thought, iust on his Bridall day,
A poysoned draught did take his life away.

Iane. Let not fond visions so appale my Loue,
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.

Guil. The nights are teadious, and the daies
are fad,

And see you how the people stand in heapes,
Each man sad, looking on his opposed obiect,
As if a generall passion posselt them?
Their eyes doe feeme, as dropping as the Moone,
As if prepared for a Tragedie.

For neuer swarmes of people there doe tread,
But to rob life, and to inrich the dead
And shewe they wept.

Lef. My Lord they did so, for I was there.

Gui. I pra'y resolute vs good Maister Lieutenant

Who was it yonder, that tendered vp his life
To natures death ?

Lief. Pardon mee my Lord, tis felony to acquaint
you with death of any Prifoner, yet to refolue your
grace, it was your Father, great Northumberland, that
this day loft his head.

Guil. Peace reft his foule, his finnes be buried in
his graue,
And not remembred in his Epitaph :
But who comes heere ?

Iane. My Father Prifoner ?

Enter Suffolke garded foorth.

Suff. O Iane ! now naught but feare thy Tytle &
thy ftate,
Thou now muft leaue for a fmall graue.
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had flood,
But now my rifing is puld downe with blood.
Farwell, point me my houle of prayers.

Iane. Is greefe fo fhort ? twa's wont to be full of
wordes, tis true,
But now Deathes leffon, bids a coulde adue.
Farwell, thus friendes on desperate iourneys parte,
Breaking of wordes with teares, that fwelles the heart.

Exit Suffolke.

Lief. It is the pleafure of the Queene that you
part lodgings.
Till your Arrainement, which muft be to morrow.

Iane. Good Maifter Lieftenant let vs pray together.

Lief. Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe
you, fway me.

Guil. Intreate not Iane, though thee our bodies
part,
Our foules fhall meete. Farwell my loue.

Iane. My Dudley, my owne heart. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Wyat with Souldiers.

Wiat. Hold Drumme, ftand Gentlemen,

of Sir Thomas Wyat.

III

Giue the word along : stand, stand :
Maisters, friendes, Souldiers, and therefore Gentle-
men,

I know some of you weare warme purffes
Linde with golde, to them I speake not,
But to such leane knaues that cannot put vp
Croffes, thus I say, fight valiantly,
And by the Mary God, you that haue all
Your life time filuer lackt,
Shall now get Crownes, marry they must be crackt.

Sol. No matter, weele change them for white
money.

Wiat. But it must needs be so, deare Countrie-
men,

For Souldiers are the maisters of wars mint,
Blowes are the stamps, they set vpon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the braines lyes spilt :
These light crownes, that with blood are double
guilt,

But thats not all, that your stout hearts shall earne,
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names
Shall stand in Chronicles ranck'd euen with Kings :
You free your Countrie from base spanish thrall,
From Ignominious flauerie,

Who can disgest a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman ?

Sol. Would he might choake that disgests him.

Wiat. Hee that loues freedome and his Countrie,
crie

A Wyat : he that will not, with my heart
Let him stand forth, shake handes, and weele depart.

Sol. A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.

Enter Norry sounding a Trumpet.

Har. Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet
spends,
This shall let foorth thy foule.

Nor. I am a Herald,
And challenge safetie by the lawe of armes.

Her. So shalt thou when thou art lawfully imploide.

Wia. What loude knaues that?

Nor. No knaue Sir Thomas, I am a true man to my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.

Sol. Knocke him downe.

Wiat. Knock him downe, fie no,
Weele handle him, he shall found before he goe.

Har. Hee comes from Norfolke and those fawning Lords,

In Maries name, waying out life to them
That will with baseneffe buie it.

Ceaze on him as a pernitiuous enimie.

Wia. Sir George be ruld,
Since we professe the Arte of Warre,
Let's not be hift at for our ignorance,
He shall passe and repasse, iuggle the best he can,
Leade him into the Citie. Norry fet forth
Set forth thy brafen throate, and call all Rochester
About thee : doe thy office, fill their
Light heads with proclamations, doe,
Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs dipt with pardons.
But Sir George and good fir Harry Isley,
If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the Varlet, pistoll him, fire the Roofe that's
ore his mouth.

He craues the law of Armes, and he shall ha't,
Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.
If lowder reach thy Proclamation,
The Lord haue mercie vpon thee.

Nor. Sir Thomas, I must doe my office.

Her. Come, weele doe ours too.

Wia. I, I, doe, blowe thy selfe hence.

Exit. Harper, Isley, and Norry.

Whorson prou'd Herralld, because he can
giue armes, he thinkes to cut vs off by the elbowes
Maisters and fellow Souldiers, say, will you leaue old
Tom Wiat?

Omnes. No, no, no.

Wia. A March ! tis Norfolkes Drum vpon my life.

I pra'y fee what Drum it is.

Within crie arme.

The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the camp

As loude, though not so full of dread as thunder :
For no mans cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,
Is lifted vp aboue his foremans head,
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe stand,
shaking a drawne sword in his threatning hand.

Wiat. At whome, at whose Drum ?

Rod. At Norfolke, Norfolkes drum :
With him comes Arundell, you may beholde
The filken faces of their ensignes showe,
Nothing but wrinckles stragling in the winde,
Norfolke rides formostly, his crest well knowne,
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.

Wiat. Soft, he shall pay more for them.
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our Muscateers,
To flank our Pikes, let all our archery,
Fall off in winges of shot a both sides of the van,
To gall the first Horse of the enemy
That shall come fiercely on :

Our Canoneres, bid them to charge, charge my harts.

Omnes. Charge, charge.

Wiat. Saint George for England, Wiat for poore
Kent,
Blood lost in Countries quarrell, is nobly spent.

Enter Ifely.

Ifely. Base slaue, hard hearted fugitiue,
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George
Is fled to Norfolke.

Rod. Sir George Harper fled ?

Wiat. I nere thought better of a Counterfeite,
His name was Harper, was it not ? let him goe,
Hencefoorth all Harpers for his sake shall stand,
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.

They come, no man giue ground in theſe hot cafes,
Be Engliſhmen and berd them to their faces.

Exeunt.

Enter Norfolk, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.

Norſ. Yonder the Traitor marcheth with a ſteele
bowe

Bent on his Souereigne, and his kingdomes peace :
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,
And tender him ſoft mercie,
Were to call our right in queſtion,
Therefore put in act, your reſolute intendments,
If rebellion be ſuffered to take head,
She liues too long, treaſon doth ſwarme.
Therefore giue ſignall to the fight.

Bre. Tis good, tis good, my Lord.

Norſ. Where's Captaine Bret ?

Br. Heere my Lord.

Norſ. To doe honour to you and thoſe five hundred

Londoners that march after your colours,
You ſhall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard
Whilſt my ſelfe with noble Arundell
And ſtout Jarningam, ſecond you in the maine.
God and Saint George, this day fight on our ſide,
While thus we tame a deſperate Rebels pride.

Exit. all but Bret and ſouldiers.

Br. Countrimen and friendes,
And you the moſte valiant ſword and Buckler-Men of
London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the Vangard, and why to the Vangard ?
but becauſe he knowes you to be eager men, martiall
men, men of good ſtomacks, verie hot ſhots, verie
actious for valour, ſuch as ſcornes to ſhrink for a wet-
ting, who wil beare off any thing with head and
ſoulders.

Omn. Well forwards good commander forwards.

Bre. I am to leade you, and whether ? to fight, and

with whom? with Wyatt, and what is Wyatt? a most famous and arch traytor to nobody by this hand that I knowe.

Omn. Nay speake out good captaine.

Bret. I say againe, is worthy Norfolke gone?

Omn. I I, gon gon.

Bret. I say againe that Wyatt for rising thus in armes, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his taile, is worthy to be hanged like a iewell in the kingdomes eare. Say I well my lads?

Omn. Forwards, forwards.

Bret. And whosoever cuts off his head shal haue for his labour.

Clown. What shall I haue? Ile do't.

Bre. The poxe, the plague, and all the diseases the pittle-houses and hospitalls can throw vpon him.

Clo. Ile not do't, thats flat.

Bre. And wherefore is Wyatt vp?

Clo. Because he cannot keepe his bed.

Bre. No Wyatt is vp to keepe the Spaniards downe, to keepe King *Phillip* out, who comming in will giue the land such a *Phillip* twil make it reele againe.

Clo. A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off Phillips and fall to hot cockles.

Bre. Phillip is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clo. A Spaniard is no Englishman that I know.

Bre. Right a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worfe a Dondego, and what is a Dondego?

Clo. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poore Iohn.

Bre. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castillian, God bleffe vs. There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all Paules stinke againe, what shall a whole armie of Dondegos doe my sweete councillmen?

Clo. Mary they wil make vs al smell abhominably, he comes not heere thats flat.

Bre. A Spaniard is cald so becaufe he's a Spaniard, his yard is but a span.

Clo. That's the reason our Englishwomen loue them not.

Bre. Right, for he carries not the Englishmans yard about him. If you deale with him, looke for hard measure, if you giue an inch hee'll take an ell: if he giue an ell, he'll take an inch, therefore my fine spruce dapper finicall fellowes, if you are now, as you haue alwayes been counted pollitick Londoners to flie to the stronger side, leaue Arundell, leaue Norfolke and loue Bret.

Clo. Weele fling our flat-caps at them.

Bre. Weare your owne neates leather shooes, scorne Spanish leather: cry a figge for the Spaniards. Saide I well bollies?

Omn. I, I, I.

Bret. Why then fiat, fiat.

And euerie man die at

His foote that cries not a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

Omn. A *Wyat*, a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

Enter Wyat.

Wiat. Sweet musicke, gallant fellow Londoners.

Clo. Y faith we are the madcaps, we are the lick-pennies.

Wiat. You shall be all Lord Maiors at least.

Exeunt Wyat, Bret, and Souldiers.

Alarum sounds, and enter Wyat, Bret, Rodston, Ifely, and Souldiers againe.

Wyat. Those eight brasse peeces shall do seruice
now

Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundell,

They may thank their heeles

More then their hands for sauing of their liues.

When souldiers turne surueyors, and measure lands,

God helpe poore farmers. Soldiers and friends let
vs all

Play nimble bloudhounds and hunt them step by
step.

We heare

The lawyers plead in armour stead of gownes,
If they fall out about the case they iarre,
Then they may cuffe each other from the barre.
Soft this is Ludgate, stand aloofe, Ile knock.

He knocks : Enter Pembroke vpon the walles.

Pem. Who knockes ?

Wyat. A Wyatt, a true friend,
Open your gates, you louing cittizens,
I bring you freedom from a forraine prince,
The queene has heard your fuite, and tis her pleasure
The cittie gates stand open to receiue vs.

Pem. Avuant thou traytor, thinkest thou by for-
gerie

To enter London with rebellious armes ?
Know that these gates are bard against thy entrance,
And it shall cost the liues
Of twenty thousand true subiects to the Queene
Before a traytor enters.

Omn. Shoote him through.

Wyat. Stay, lets know him first.

Clo. Kill him, then lets know him afterwards.

Pem. Looke on my face, and blushing see with
shame

Thy treasons characterd.

Bret. Tis the Lord Pembroke.

Wyat. What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pem-
broke ?

Wheres the Queenes Lieftenant ?

Pem. I am lieftenant of the Citty now.

Wyat. Are you Lord Maior ?

Pem. The greatest Lord that breathes enters not
heere

Without expresse commaund from my deare Queene.

Wyat. She commands by vs.

Pem. I do command thee in her Highnesse name
To leaue the Citty gates, or by my honour,
A peece of ordinance shall be streight dischargd
To be thy deathesman and shoote thee to thy graue.

Wyat. Then heres no entrance.

Pem. No, none.

Exit Pembroke.

Bret. What should we doe following Wiat any
longer?

Wyat. O London, London, thou perfidious towne,
Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend?
That for thy sake, and for thy generall sake,
Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?
March backe to Fleetestreete, if that Wiat dye,
London vniustly buy thy treacherie.

Bret. Would I could steale away from Wyat! it
should be the first thing that I would doe.

Here they all steale away from Wyat and leaue him alone.

Wyat. Wheres all my Souldiers? what all gone,
And left my drum and colours without guard?
O infellicitie of carefull men,
Yet will I sell my honor'd bloud as deere
As ere did faithfull subiect to his prince. *Exit Wyat.*

Enter Norfolk and Isely.

Isl. Pembroke reuolts, and flies to Wiats side.

Norfol. Hees damb'd in hell that speakes it.

Enter Harper.

Isl. O my good Lord! tis spread
That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled.

Enter Pembroke and Arundell.

Pem. Sfoot, who said so? what deuill dares stir my
patience?

Zwounds I was talking with a crue of vagabondes
That laggd at Wiat's taile ; and am I thus
Paid for my paines.

Norf. And there being mist
Some villaine, finding you out of fight, hath raif'd
This slander on you, but come my Lord.

Pem. Ile not fight.

Norf. Nay fweete Earle.

Pem. Zounds fight and heare my name dif
honoured ?

Arun. Wyat is marcht down Fleetestreete, after
him.

Pem. Why do not you, and you, pursue him ?

Norf. If I strike one blowe, may my hand fall off.

Pem. And if I doe, by this—

Norf. Come leaue your fwearing, did not countries
care

Vrge me to this quarrell, for my part,
I would not strike a blow.

Pem. No more would I ;
Ile eate no wrongs, lets all die, and Ile dye.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Stand on your guard,
For this way Wyatt is perfude amaine.

*A great Noife, follow. Enter Wyat with his sword
drawne, being wounded.*

Within. Follow, follow.

Nor. Stand traytor stand, or thou shalt nere stand
more.

Wyat. Lords, I yield :
An easie conquest tis to win the field
After alls lost. I am wounded, let me haue
A surgeon that I may goe found vnto my graue.
Tis not the name of Traytor
Pals me nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.

Wife me how you can,
 Though you say traytor, I am a gentleman.
 Your dreadfull shaking me, which I defie,
 Is a poore losse of life ; I wish to die,
 Death frights my spirit no more then can my bed,
 Nor will I change one haire, losing this head.

Pem. Come, guard him, guard him.

Wyat. No matter where,
 I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.

Exit Omnes.

*Enter Winchester, Norfolk, Arundell, Pembroke, with
 other Lords.*

Win. My Lord of Norfolk, will it please you
 fit

By you the noble Lord of Arundell.
 Since it hath pleas'd her sacred Maiestie
 To nominate vs heere Commiffioners,
 Let vs without all partiality
 Be open-eard to what they can alleadge.
 Wheres the Lieftenant of the Tower ?

Enter Lieftenant of the Tower.

Lef. Heere my good Lord.

Win. Fetch forth the prifoners.
 Place them feuerally in chaires of state.
 Clarke of the Crowne, proceede as Law requires.

Enter Guilford and Iane.

Cla. Guilford Dudley, hold vp thy hand at the
 bar.

Guil. Heere at the bar of death I hold it vp,
 And would to God this hand heau'd to the lawe,
 Might haue aduanct itself in better place,
 For Englands good and for my soueraigns weale.

Cla. Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, hold vp thy
 hand at the barre.

Ian. A hand as pure from Treasons Innocence
As the white luerie

Worne by the Angels in their Makers fight?

Cla. You are here indited by the names of Guilford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, of capitall and high treason against our most Soueraign Ladie the Queenes Maiestie. That is to say that you Guilford Dudley and Lady Iane Gray, haue by all possible meanes, fought to procure vnto yourselues the roialtie of the Crowne of England, to the disinheriting of our now Soueraign Lady the Queenes Maiestie, the true and lawfull issue to that famous King Henry the Eight, and haue manifestly adorned yourselues with the States garland Imperiall, and haue granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for leuying of men and Souldiers to be sent against the said Maiestie: what answere you to this inditement, guiltie or not guiltie?

Guil. Our answer shall be seuerall like ourselues.
Yet noble Earle we confesse the inditement.
May we not make some apologie unto the court?

Norf. It is against the order of the law,
Therefore directly pleade vnto the inditement,
And then you shall be heard.

Guil. Against the law?
Words vttered then as good vnspoken were,
For whatsoere you say, you know your form,
And you will follow it vnto our deathes.

Norf. Speake are you guilty of these crimes or no?

Ian. Ile answere first, I am and I am not,
But should we stand vnto the last vnguiltie,
You haue large-conscience iurors to besmeare
The fairest browe with stie of trecherie.

Norf. The Barrons of the land shall be your iurie.

Ian. An honorable and worthy trial,
And God forbid so many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timelesse deathes.

Arun. Youle answer to the inditement will you not?

Guil. My Lord I will, I am——

Nor. What are you guilty or no?

Guil. I say vnguilty still, yet I am guilty.

Ian. Slander not thyself:

If there be any guilty, it was I,
I was proclaim'd Queene, I the Crowne should
weare.

Guil. Because I was thy husband I stand heere.

Ian. Our loues we fought ourselues, but not our
pride,

And shall our fathers faults our liues diuide?

Guil. It was my father that made thee distrest.

Ian. O but for mine my Guilford had beene blest.

Guil. My Iane had beene as fortunate as faire.

Ian. My Guilford free from this foul-griewing care.

Guil. If we be guiltie, tis no fault of ours,
And shall wee dye for whats not in our powres?
We fought no Kingdom, we desir'd no crowne,
It was impos'd vpon vs by constraint,
Like golden fruit hung on a barraine tree,
And will you count such forcement treacherie?
Then make the siluer Thames as blacke as Styx,
Because it was constraind to beare the barks
Whose battering ordnance should haue beene im-
ployde

Against the hinderers of our roialtie.

Win. You talke of fencelesse things.

Guil. Do trees want fence,
That by the powre of Musicke haue beene drawne
To dance a pleasing measure?

Weele come then neerer vnto liuing things.

Say wee vsurpt the English roialtie,

Was't not by your contents?

I tell you Lordes I haue your hands to shoue

Subscrib'd to the commission of my Father,

By which you did authorize him to wage armes.

If they were rebellious againſt your Soueraigne,
Who cride ſo loud as you God ſaue Queene Iane?
And come you now your Soueraign to arraigne?
Come downe, come down, heere at a Priſoners barre,
Better do ſo then iudge yourſelues amiſs :
For looke what ſentence on our heads you lay,
Vpon your own may light another day.

Win. The Queene hath pardond them.

Guil. And wee muſt die

For a leſſe fault. O partiallitie!

Ian. Patience, my Guilford, it was euer knowne,
They that ſinn'd leaſt the puniſhment haue borne.

Guil. True, my faire Queene, of ſorrowe truly
ſpeake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs
breake,

But the thinn'ſt frame the priſon of the weake.

Nor. Now truſt me Arundel, it doth grieue me
much

To fit in judgment of theſe harmleſſe——

Arun. I helpt to attach the Father, but the
Sonne—

O through my bloud I feele compaſſion
Run my Lords, wee be humble ſuitors to the Queene,
To ſaue theſe innocent creatures from their deaths.

Norſ. Lets break vp Court: if Norfolke long
ſhould ſtay,

In teares and paſſion I ſhould melt away.

Win. Sit ſtill,

What, will you take compaſſion vpon ſuch?

They are hereticks.

Ian. We are Chriſtians, leaue our conſcience to
ourſelues,

We ſtand not heere about religious cauſes,
But are accuſ'd of capitall treaſon.

Win. Then you confeſſe the inditement?

Guil. Euen what you will:

Yet ſaue my Iane, although my bloud you ſpill.

Ian. If I muſt die, ſaue princely Guilfords life.

Norf. Who is not mou'd to see this louing strife ?

Arun. Pray pardon me, do what you will to-day,
And Ile approue it, though it be my death.

Win. Then heare the speedie sentence of your
deaths :

You shall be carried to the place from whence you
came,

From thence vnto the place of execution,
Through London to be drawn on hurdles,
Where thou, Iane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou Guilford Dudley, hang'd and quartered,
So Lord haue mercy vpon you.

Guil. Why this is well,
Since we must die, that we must die together.

Win. Stay, and heare the mercie of the Queene,
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be great,
Shee is only pleas'd that you shall ——

Both. Will shee pardon vs ?

Win. Only I say that you shal loose your heades
vpon the Tower Hill. So conuay them hence,
Liefetenant strictly looke ynto your charge.

Guil. Our doomes are knowne, our liues haue
plaid their part.
Farwell my Iane.

Ian. My Dudley, mine owne heart.

Guil. Faine would I take a ceremonious leaue,
But thats to dye a hundred thousand deaths.

Ian. I cannot speake for teares.

Left. My Lord, come :

Guil. Great griefes speake louder
When the least are dumb'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt in the Tower.

Wia. The sad aspect this Prison doth affoord
Iumps with the measure that my heart doth keepe,
And this inclosure heere of nought but stone,
Yieldes far more comfort then the stony hearts

Of them that wrong'd their country, and their friend :
Heere is no periur'd Counsellors to sweare
A sacred oath, and then forswear the same,
No innovators heere doth harbor keepe,
A stedfast silence doth possesse the place,
In this the Tower is noble, being base.

Enter Lords to Wyat.

Norf. Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. Thats my name indeede.

Win. You should say Traitor.

Wiat. Traitor and Wyats name,
Differ as farre as Winchester and honor.

Win. I am a Pillar of the Mother Church.

Wiat. And what am I ?

Win. One that subuerts the state.

Wyat. Insult not too much, ore th' vnfortunate,
I haue no Bishoppes Rochet to declare my inno-
cencie.

This is my crosse,
That causelesse I must suffer my heads losse.
When that houre comes, wherein my blood is spilt,
My crosse will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.

Norf. Here's for that purpose.

Wiat. Is your grace so short ?

Belike you come to make my death a sport.

Win. We come to bring you to your execution,
You must be hang'd and quartered instantly ;
At the parke Corner, is a gallous set,
Whither make hast to tender natures debt.

Wiat. Then here's the end of Wyats rising vp,
I to keepe Spaniards from the Land was sworne,
Right willingly I yeelde my selfe to death,
But sorry such, should haue my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, Wyat had stood,
But now King Phillip enters through my blood.

Exit Officers with Wyat.

*Enter Lieftenant.**Lie.* Heere my Lord.*Win.* Fetch foorth your other Prisoners.*Lief.* My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford,
here the Lady Iane.*Norfol.* Conduēt them forth.*Enter Young Guilford and the Lady Iane.**Guil.* Good morrowe once more to my louelye
Iane.*Iane.* The last good morrow my sweete loue to
thee.*Guil.* What were you reading ?*Iane.* On a prayer booke.*Guil.* Trust me so was I, wee hade neede to pray,
For fee, the Ministers of death drawe neere.*Iane.* To a prepared minde Death is a pleasure,
I long in foule, till I haue spent my breath.*Guil.* My Lord High Chancelor, you are welcome
heather,

What come you to beholde our execution ?

And my Lord Arundell thrice welcome, you

Helpt to attache our Father, come you now,

To see the blacke conclusion of our Tragedie ?

Win. We come to doe our office.*Guil.* So doe wee.

Our office is to die, yours to looke on :

We are beholding vnto fuch beholders,

The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,

To see her crownd, but now to kill my Iane,

The world like to a sickell, bends it selfe,

Men runne their course of liues as in a maze,

Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.

Iane. Patience my Guilford.*Guil.* Patience my louely Iane :

Patience has blancht thy foule as white as snow,

But who shall answere for thy death ? this know,

An innocent to die, what is it lesse,
But to adde Angels to heauens happineffe.
The guiltie dying, doe applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature stoopes his neck
To an vnjust doome; vpon the Iudge the checke.
Liues are like foules, requird of their neglectors,
Then ours of you, that should bee our protectors.

Win. Raile not against the law.

Guilfor. No, God forbidde, my Lord of Winchester,

It's made of lawe, and should I raile against it?
Twere against you, if I forget not,
You reioyc'd to see that fall of Cromwel,
Ioy you now at me!
Oft dying men are filld with prophesies,
But ile not be a prophet of your il.
Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,
May to the axe of Iustice one day bowe,
And in that plot of ground where we must die,
Sprinkle their bloodes, though I know no cause why.

Norf. Speake you to me Lord Guilford?

Gui. Norfolke no,

I speake to —

Norf. To whome?

Gui. Alasse I doe not knowe which of vs two dies first.

Win. The better part.

Gui. O rather kill the worst.

Fane. Tis I sweete loue, that first must kisse the blocke.

Guilf. I am a man, men better brooke the shooke
Of threatning death, Your sexe are euer weake.
The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

Fane. But I am armde to die.

Guilf. Likelyer to liue :

Death to the vnwilling dooth his prefence giue ;
Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,
But on the fearefull layes his killing Mace.

Winc. It is the pleasure of the Queene, that the

Lady Jane must first suffer death.

Fane. I thanke her Highnesse,
That I shall first depart this haplesse world,
And not suruiue to see my deere loue dead.

Guilfo. She dying first, I three times loose my
head.

Enter the Headfman.

Headfm. Forgiue me Lady I pra'y your death.

Guilf. Ha? hast thou the heart to kill a face so
faire.

Win. It is her Heade-f-man.

Guil. And demaundes a pardon,
Onely of her, for taking off her head?

Fane. I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

Guil. But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife.
And he shall aske me pardon for thy life.

Hea. Pardon me my Lord.

Gui. Rife, doe not kneele.

Though thou submit'st, thou hast a lowring steele
Whose fatal declynation brings our death:
Good man of earth, make haste to make vs earth.

Headf. Pleaseth the Lady Iane, ile helpe her off
with her night-Gowne.

Fane. Thankes gentle friend,
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee.
Good Mistris Ellin lend me a helping hand,
To strip me of this worldly ornaments
Off with these robes, O teare them from my side,
Such filken couers are the guilt of pride.
Insteede of gownes, my couerture be earth,
My worldly death or new Celestiall breath.
What is it off?

Lad. Madam almoste.

Fane. Not yet, O God!
How hardly can we shake off this worldes Pomp,
That cleaues vnto vs like our bodie skinned?
Yet thus O God shake off thy seruants sinne.

Lady. Here is a scarfe to blinde your eies.

Fane. From all the world, but from my Guilfords
fight :

Before I fasten this beneath my browe,
Let me behold him with a constant looke.

Gui. O doe not kill me with that pitious eie :

Fane. Tis my last farwell, take it patiently,
My dearest Guilford let vs kisse and part.
Now blinde mine eyes, neuer to see the skie,
Blindefolde thus leade me, to the blocke to die.

Guil. Oh ! *He falls in a trance,*

Norf. How fares my Lord ?

Arun. Hee's false into a trance.

orf. Wake him not, vntill hee wake himselfe,
O happie Guilford if thou die in this,
Thy soule will be the first in heauenly blisse.

Enter the Headf-man with Fanes head.

Win. Heare comes the Headf-man with the head
of Iane.

Guil. Who spake of Iane ? who namde my louely
Iane ?

Win. Behold her head.

Gui. O I shall faint againe !

Yet let me beare this fight vnto my graue.

My sweete Ianes head :

Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchester,

Doe malefactors, looke :

Thus when they die,

A ruddie lippe, a cleere reflecting eye,

Cheekes purer then the Maiden orient pearle,

That sprinkles bashfulnes through the cloudes

Her innocence, has giuen her this looke :

The like for me to shew so well being dead,

How willingly, would Guilford loose his head.

Win. My Lord, the time runs on.

Guil. So does our death.

Heeres one has run so fast shee's out of breath,

But the time goes on,

And thy faire Ianes white foule, will be

In heauen before me
If I doe stay: stay gentle wife,
Thy Guilford followes thee,
Though on the earth we part, by aduerse fate,
Our foules shall knock together at heauens gate.
The skie is calme, our deathes haue a faire day,
And we shall passe the smother on our way.
My Lords farwell, I once farwel to all,
The Fathers pride has causde the Childrens fall.

Exit Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we seene her Highnesse will per-
form'd,
And now their heads and bodies shall bee ioynd
And buried in one graue, as fits their loues.
Thus much ile say in their behalves now dead,
Their Fathers pride their liues haue seuered.

FINIS.

THE
Roaring Girle.

OR,

Moll Cut-Purfe.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-
stage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*

-

My cafe is altered, I muſt worke for my liuing.

..*

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be fold at his
ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall
Exchange. 1611.

Prologus.

A Play (*expected long*) makes the Audience looke
For wonders :—that each Scène should be a bouke,
Compos'd to all perfection ; each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him : up he fummes,
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ ;
If that he findes not here, he mewes at it.
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scène
Cannot speake high (*the subiect being but meane*)
A Roaring Girle (*whose notes till now neuer were*)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,
That's all which I dare promise : Tragick passion,
And such graue stufte, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention fets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.
(*For of that Tribe are many.*) One is shee
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls ;
Another roares i' th day time, sweares, stabbes, giues
braues,
Yet sells her soule to the lust of fooles and flaues.
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (*besides*)
A ciuill Citty Roaring Girle, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.

*None of these Roaring Girles is ours : Shee flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,
Yet what neede characters ? when to giue a geffe,
Is better then the person to expresse ;
But would you know who 'tis ? would you heare her
name ?
Shee is cal'd madde Moll ; her life, our acts proclaime.*



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir *Alexander Wentgraue*, and *Neatfoot* his man.

Sir *Adam Appleton*.

Sir *Dauy Dapper*.

Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*.

Lord *Noland*.

Yong *Wentgraue*.

Iacke Dapper, and *Gull* his page.

Goshawke.

Greenewit.

Laxton.

Tilt-yard.

Openworke.

Gallipot.

} *Ciues & Vxores.*

Mol the Roaring Girle.

Trapdoore.

Sir *Guy Fitz-allard*.

Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.

Curtilax a Sergiant, and

Hanger his Yeoman.

Ministris.



The Roaring Girle.

Act I. Scæ. I.

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

Neatfoote.

He yong gentleman (our young maister)
Sir *Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares
(sweet Damsell) (emblem of fragility) you
desire to haue a message transported, or to
be transcendent.

Mary. A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructifie in that which you come
for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch
when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp)
and deliuer him to this your most white hand.

Mary. Thankes sir.

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled

out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I befeech your chastitie.

Mary. One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

Neat. Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

Mary. I haue dyned indeed already sir.

Neat. — Or will you vouchsafe to kisse the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

Mary. Not now in truth sir.

Neat. Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him.

Exit Neatfoote.

Mary. I humbly thanke you sir, but that my
bofome

Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smile,
To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks :
But in my breast a poyfoned arrow stickes,
And smiles cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) weares out as lightly,
But loue being truly bred ith the foule (like mine)
Bleeds euen to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the lesse it flakes :
O me !

Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempster speake with me, saist thou.

Neat. Yes, sir, she's there, *viua voce*, to deliuer her auricular confession.

Seb. With me sweet heart. What ist ?

Mary. I haue brought home your bands sir.

Seb. Bands : *Neatfoote.*

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

Neat. Yes fir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

Seb. And dost heare, if my father call for me, I say I am bufy with a Sempster.

Neat. Yes fir, hee shall know it that you are bufied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's eare good *Neat-foote.*

Neat. It shall be so giuen him. *Exit Neat-foote.*

Seb. Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I helpeake none, when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary. Yes fir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,

Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your foule :
Deliuered as your deed in sight of heauen,
Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Ha ! life of my life : Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter,

What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape ?
Stay : make all sure,—so : now speake and be brieue,
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary. Mines a loathed fight,
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language,

Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary. Vmh : must you shun my company, in one knot

Haue both our hands byt'h hands of heauen bene tied,

Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride :

Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

Seb. Sweete maid, lets loofe no time, tis in heauens
booke

Set downe, that I must haue thee : an oath we tooke,
To keep our vowes, but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, stormes began to fit
Vpon my couetous fathers brow : which fell
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he
fwoore,

To loofe so much bloud, could not grieue him more.
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,
And askt what is thee, but a beggars heire ?

He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.

If such a summe of mony could be found,
And I would match with thee, hee'd not vndoe it,
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did sweare it,
Saue birth from him I nothing should inherit.

Mary. What followes then, my ship-wracke.

Seb. Dearest no :

Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,
My end is to meete thee : with a fide winde
Must I now faile, else I no hauen can finde
But both must sinke for euer. There's a wench
Cal'd *Mol*, mad *Mol*, or merry *Mol*, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet passion,
I spend to mad my father : he beleeueth
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girle*, and grieues
As it becomes a father for a sonne,
That could be so bewitcht : yet ile go on
This croked way, figh still for her, faine dreames,
In which ile talke onely of her, these streames
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That heere I anchor rather then be rent
Vpon a rocke so dangerous, Art thou pleas'd,

The Roaring Girle.

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Because thou feest we are way-laid, that I take
A path thats safe, tho it be farre about.

Mary. My prayers with heauen guide thee.

Seb. Then I will on,
My father is at hand, kisse and begon ;
Howres shall be watcht for meetings ; I must now
As men for feare, to a strange Idoll bow.

Mary. Farewell.

Seb. Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,
A story of *Moll* shall make our mirth more sweet.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Daui Dapper, Sir
Adam Appleton, Goshake, Laxton, and *Gentle-*
men.

Omnes. Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our boun-
teous cheere.

Alex. Fy, fy, in giuing thanks you pay to deare.

S. Dap. When bounty spreades the table, faith
t'were sinne,
(at going of) if thanks should not step in.

Alex. No more of thanks, no more, I mary Sir,
Th' inner roome was too clofe, how do you like
This Parlour Gentlemen ?

Omnes. Oh passing well.

Adam. What a sweet breath the aire casts heere,
so coole.

Gosh. I like the prospect best.

Lax. See how tis furnisht.

S. Dap. A very faire sweete roome.

Alex. Sir *Daui Dapper*,
The furniture that doth adorne this roome,
Cost many a faire gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are most cheape, when th'are most
deere,

Nay when you looke into my galleries,
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all shall sweare
Yare highly pleasd to see whats set downe there :
Stories of men and women (mixt together

Faire ones with foule, like fun-shine in wet wether)
 Within one square a thousand heads are laid
 So close, that all of heads, the roome seemes made,
 As many faces there (fill'd with blith lookes)
 Shew like the promising titles of new bookes,
 (Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,
 Which seeme to moue and to giue plaudities,
 And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,
 Throng'd heapes do listen) a cut purse thrusts and
 leeres

With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not shew him,
 By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know
 him,

The face is drawne so rarely, Then sir below,
 The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,
 And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,
 Vpon a sea bound in with shores aboue.

Enter Sebastian and M. Greene-wit.

Omnes. These sights are excellent.

Alex. I'll shew you all,

Since we are met, make our parting Comicall.

Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his
 leaue Sir.

Alex. Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who?

Seb. This gentleman.

Alex. Your loue sir, has already giuen me some
 time,

And if you please to trust my age with more,
 It shall pay double interest: Good sir stay.

Green. I haue beene too bold.

Alex. Not so sir. A merry day
 Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.
 Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I
 keepe.

Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.

Neat. At your worshipfull elbow, sir.

Alex. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

Neat. Your worship has giuen it vs right.

Alex. You varlets stirre,
Chaires, stooles and cushions: pre' thee fir *Dauy*

Dapper,
Make that chaire thine.

Sir Dap. Tis but an easie gift,
And yet I thanke you for it fir, I'll take it.

Alex. A chaire for old fir *Adam Appleton*.

Neat. A backe friend to your worship.

Adam. Mary good *Neatfoot*,
I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

Alex. Pray make that stoole your perch, good M.
Goshawke.

Gosh. I stoope to your lure fir.

Alex. Sonne *Sebastian*,
Take Maister *Greenewit* to you.

Seb. Sit deere friend.

Alex. Nay maister *Laxton*—furnish maister *Laxton*
With what he wants (a stone) a stoole I would say, a stoole.

Laxton. I had rather stand fir. *Exeunt seruants.*

Alex. I know you had (good M. *Laxton*.) So,
fo——

Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)
Because times glasse shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir Dap. Good tales do well,
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

Adam. Begin fir *Alexander*.

Alex. Last day I met
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

Omnes. His name I pray you fir.

Alex. Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,

Or seem'd to breake his heart-flirings) thus he spake :
 Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies
 Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
 They had spent so many teares they had no more.)
 Oh fir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene
 Blessings to raine vpon mine house and me :
 Fortune (who flaues men) was my flaue : her wheele
 Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
 I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,
 I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.

Omnes. So Sir.

Alex. He paus'd, and as we often see,
 A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
 No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drown'd
 In their owne rage : but when th' imperious wind,
 Vse strange inuifible tyranny to shake
 Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse :
 The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
 Rise vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they,
 Euen so this good old man was by my question
 Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall
 Flow euen in's eies : then grew he fantasticall.

Sir Dap. Fantasticall, ha, ha.

Alex. Yes, and talke odly.

Adam. Pray fir proceed,
 How did this old man end ?

Alex. Mary fir thus.

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
 Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire)
 He ioy'd becaufe (saies he) the God of gold
 Has beene to me no niggard : that disease
 (Of which all old men ficken) Auarice
 Neuer infected me.

Lax. He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
 Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw
 My light to all that need it, yet haue still
 Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)
 Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,

I haue a fonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,
My very heart roote.

S. Dap. Had he fuch a fonne.

Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly.

Alex. Lets see : no Maister *Greene-wit* is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he ; but as like *Sebastian*,
Iust like my fonne *Sebastian*,—such another.

Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his
by-blows to hit me, but if I beate you not at your
owne weapon of subtilty.

Alex. This fonne (saith he) that should be
The columnne and maine arch vnto my house,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firme foundation.

Adam. Tis some prodigall.

Seba. Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

Alex. No city monster neither, no prodigall,
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiuelesse),
An excellent husband, and such a traueiler,
He has more tongues in his head then some haue
teeth.

S. Dap. I haue but two in myne.

Gosh. So sparing and so wary.
What then could vex his father so.

Alex. Oh a woman.

Seb. A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

Alex. A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated :
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the sex of woman. . . It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.

S. Dap. A Monster, tis some Monster.

Alex. Shee's a varlet.

Seb. Now is my cue to bristle.

Alex. A naughty packe,

Seb. Tis falſe.

Alex. Ha boy.

Seb. Tis falſe.

Alex. Whats falſe, I ſay ſhee's nought.

Seb. I ſay that tongue

That dares ſpeake ſo (but yours) ſtickes in the throate
Of a ranke villaine, ſet your ſelfe aſide. . . .

Alex. So fir what then.

Seb. Any here elſe had lyed.

I thinke I ſhall fit you——aſide.

Alex. Lye.

Seb. Yes.

Sir Dap. Doth this concerne him.

Alex. Ah firra boy.

Is your bloud heated : boyles it : are you ſtung,
Ile pierce you deeper yet : oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that ſonne,
That fees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.

Adam. Will you loue ſuch a poyſon.

S. Dap. Fye, fye.

Seb. Y'are all mad.

Alex. Th'art ficke at heart, yet feelſt it not : of all
theſe,

What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his diſeaſe
Mortall, would ſhun the cure : oh Maſter *Greeneſuit*,
Would you to ſuch an Idoll bow.

Greene. Not I fir.

Alex. Heer's Maſter *Laxton*, has he mind to a
woman

As thou haſt.

Lax No not I fir.

Alex. Sir I know it.

Lax. There good parts are ſo rare, there bad ſo
common,

I will haue nought to do with any woman.

Sir Dap. Tis well done Maſter *Laxton*.

Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,
Thou wouldſt with luſt an old mans life deſtroy,

Because thou feest I'me halfe way in my graue,
Thou shouldest dust vpon me : woud thou mightest haue
Thy wish, most wicked, most vnnaturall.

Dap. Why sir, tis thought, fir *Guy Fitz-Allards*
daughter

Shall wed your sonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*.

I haue vpon my knees, woud this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.

Seb. Harke you a word fir.

You on your knees haue curst that vertuous maiden,
And me for louing her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face : were not your knees
In such intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

Alex. Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

Seb. Well then you know

What dish I meane to feed vpon.

Alex. Harke Gentlemen,

He sweares to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my
gall.

Omnes. Maister *Sebastian*.

Seb. I am deafe to you all.

Ime so bewitcht, so bound to my desires,
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those
fires

That burne within me.

Exit Sebastian.

Alex. Her blood shall quench it then,

Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen.

Sir Dap. He shall be weand I warrant you.

Alex. Before his eyes

Lay downe his shame, my grieffe, his miseries.

Omnes. No more, no more, away.

Exeunt all but fir Alexander.

Alex. I wash a *Negro*,

Loosing both paines and cost : but take thy flight,

Ile be most neere thee, when I'me least in sight.

Wild Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run
on,

But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.

Enter Ralph Trapdore.

Now firra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.

Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

Trap. To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

Alex. Troth honest fellow . . humh . . ha . . . let me see.

This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I stumble, has a face that promifeth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.
Come hither firra, canst thou be secret, ha.

Trap. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

Alex. Didst never, as thou hast walkt about this towne

Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.

Trap. *Moll* cutpurse fir.

Alex. The same, dost thou know her then.

Trap. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Judes* day next, I will sift all the tauernes ith citty, and drinke halfe pots with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will fir Ile find her out.

Alex. That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.

Whats this, ist burnt?

Trap. No fir no, a little findgd with making fire workes.

Alex. Ther's money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

Trap. Oh fir that all the poore fouldiers in *England* had such a leader. For fetching no water *Spaniell* is like me.

Alex. This wench we speake of, fraies so from her kind

Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.

Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then : hunt her
forth,

Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes
To catch her to thy company : deepe spendings
May draw her thats most chaste to a mans bofome.

Trap. The gingling of Golden bells, and a good
foole with a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith
towne to dance in a morris.

Alex. Or rather, for thats best (they say sometimes
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, shee shall
follow me.

Alex. Beate all thy braines to serue her.

Trap. Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame,
till butter comes.

Alex. Play thou the futtle spider, weaue fine nets
To infnare her very life.

Trap. Her life.

Alex. Yes fucke

Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

Trap. Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

Alex. Trace all her steps : at this shee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter : let me play the sheepeheard
To faue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trap. This is the goll shall doot.

Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee :
How is thy name.

Trap. My name sir is *Raph Trapdore*, honest
Raph.

Alex. *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous
step

For her to venture on, but vnto me.

Trap. As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe sir.

Alex. Hence then, be little feene here as thou canst.

He still be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores fet.

Moll if you budge y'are gon : this me shall crowne,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe.

Alex. God a mercy, loofe no time. *Exeunt.*

*The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poti-
caries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a
Sempsters shop: Mistrresse Gallipot in the first,
Mistrresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Open-
worke and his wife in the third, to them enters
Laxton, Goshawke and Greenewit.*

Mi. Open. Gentlemen what ift you lacke. What ift
you buy, see fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine
cambrickes, what ift you lacke Gentlemen, what ift
you buy?

Lax. Yonders the shop.

Gosh. Is that shee.

Lax. Peace.

Green. Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I : shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell
you, tho it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian
pot-hearbes.

Gosh. Oh fir tis many a good womans fortune,
her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and
fet vp againe.

Lax. And indeed the rayfing of the woman is the
lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one florish,
tother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

Gosh. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I
grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may
chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Gosh. Go th'art a mifficall lecher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure fmoake.

Gosh. Make take vp an ell of pure fmock ; away go, tis the clofeste striker. Life I think he commits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable fmockster go to worke fo openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as aparantly feen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guift of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend when he puts moft trust in me (mafse yonder hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my acceffe to her, I fhould appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers fonne the firft day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glaffe windowes for a month together, and fome broken wayting woman for euer after. I find thofe imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I fhould want difcourfe and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet.—Hee fhall not fee me yet.

Green. Troth this is finely fhred.

Lax. Oh women are the beft mincers.

Mif. Gal. 'Thad bin a good phrafe for a Cookes wife fir.

Lax. But 'twill ferue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke ; as thus : Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all Englifh-women.

Mif. Gal. Nay you fhall ha'te fir, I haue fild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wifh mine alwaies fo.

Gree. But not to be vs'd a that fafhion.

Lax. O pardon me fir, I vnderftand no french. I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich fmoake.

Gosh. Rich fmoake ; that's 6. pence a pipe ift ?

Green. To me fweet Lady.

Mist. Gal. Be not forgetful ; respect my credit ; seem strange ; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspition :—pray be warie.

Lax. Puh, I warrant you :—come, how ist gallants ?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent ; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worse noyse i' the nose then a common fiddlers prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling ;—I must speake a word with you anone.

Mist. Gal. Make your way wisely then.

Gosh. Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good stoole in's chamber.

Gosh. But aboue all religious : hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant aboue measure ; h'as runne three streets from a Serieant.

Lax. Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

Green. *Gosh.* Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, so.

Mist. Gal. What's the matter now sir ?

Lax. I protest I'me in extreame want of money if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

Mist. Gal. What's the summe would pleasure ye sir ? Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st ; I put her off with opportunitie still : by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants ; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand still ; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to

consume the money : why how now ? what the chin-cough ?

Gosh. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I neuer use to fight with my friends, thou'l but loose thy labour in't.

Iacke Dapper !

Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.

Greene. Mounfier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

Gosh. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

Lax. So wel said : but is this of the same Tobacco mistresse *Gallipot* ?

M. Gal. The same you had at first fir.

Lax. I wish it no better : this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

Gosh. Shall we taste a pipe on't ?

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

Gosh. What not *Iacke dapper*.

Lax. Pardon me sweet *Iacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand : where art going *Iacke*.

Iac. Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

Iac. Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iac. Dap. Heer's three halpence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three fingle halpence ; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a

halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this shoves like small beere ith morning after a great surfet of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue bawdy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the eggs of there pound, Ile go sup 'em vp presently.

Exit Gul.

Lax. Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loves darkeness well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I am intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cofens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaister, how thinke you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

Goffh. No your a horder, you ingrofe bith ounces.

At the Fether shop now.

Iac. Dap. Puh I like it not.

M. Tiltyard. What fether ist you'd haue fir.
These are most worne and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone Riders.
The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool
Gentlemen,

I can enforme you tis the generall fether.

Iac. Dap. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.

Now a continuall *Simon* and *Judas* raine
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.

Shew me — — a ——— spangled fether.

Mist. Tilt. Oh to go a feasting with,
You'd haue for a hinchboy, you shall.

At the Sempsters shop now.

Maist. Open. Maffe I had quite forgot,
His Honours footeman was here last night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.

Mist. Open. Whats that to you fir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere such a snaille as you crept out of your shell.

Maist. Open. Oh 'twas well done good wife.

Mi. Op. I hold it better fir, then if you had don't
your selfe.

Ma. Op. Nay so say I; but is the Countesses
smocke almost donne moufe.

Mi. Op. Here lyes the cambricke fir, but wants I
feare mee.

Mi. Op. Ile resolue you of that presently.

Mi. Op. Haida, oh audacious groome,
Dare you perfume to noble womens linnen,
Keepe you your yard to measure sheepeheards
holland,
I must confine you I see that.

At the Tobacco shop now.

Gosh. What say you to this geere.

Lax. I dare the arrants criticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon't.

Enter Mol in a freeze Jerkin and a blacke fauegard.

Gosh. Life yonders *Mol.*

Lax. Mol which *Mol.*

Gosh. honest *Mol.*

Lax. Prithee lets call her——*Mol.*

All. *Mol, Mol, pist Mol.*

Mol. How now, whats the matter.

Goff. A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*

Mol. I cannot stay.

Goff. Nay *Mol* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

Mol. Well what ift.

Green. Prithee come hither firra.

Lax. Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, sh' as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drowne all the Citty, methinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke fops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh and bloud. Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Goff. Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ift not good?

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you fell an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistresse *Gallipot*.

Goff. Why, *Mol*, *Mol*.

Mol. I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

Goff. Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle:— I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimblenefse put together.

Lax. Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmans fingers:—Ile watch my time for her.

Mist. Gal. Some will not sticke to say shees a
man

And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Fether shop againe.

Moll. Saue you ; how does Miftresse Tiltyard ?

I. Dap. Mol.

Mol. Iacke Dapper.

I. Dap. How dost *Mol.*

Mol. Ile tel the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

I. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a goose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

The Sempler shop.

Mist. Open. Miftresse *Mary* that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

Mist. Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I fend you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiese, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Mist. Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can—*Moll.*

Mist. Open. Get you from my shop.

Mol. I come to buy.

Mist. Open. Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and shop.

Mol. You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing

And fowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,
Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock,
I wish thee for a minute but a man :
Thou shouldst neuer vie more shapes, but as th'art
I pitty my reuenge, now my spleenes vp,

Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.

I would not mocke it willingly—ha be thankfull.
Now I forgiue thee.

Mist. Open. Mary hang thee, I never askt forgiue-
nesse in my life.

Mol. You goodman fwinesface.

Fellow. What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember slaue, how you abusd me
t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue
trickes to saue your oathes, referuations haue you, and
I haue referued somewhat for you,—as you like that
call for more, you know the signe againe.

Fel. Pox ant, had I brought any company along
with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, 'twold ne're
haue grieu'd me, but to be strucke and nobody by, tis
my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worme they say
twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentleman should haue
more manners. *Exit fellow.*

Lax. Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully,
I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but
the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for
him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why should you be
prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No nor so much by a yard and a handfull
London measure.

Moll. Why do you speake this then, doe you
thinke I cannot ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead
him bith snaffle.

Lax. Yes and fit him brauely, I know thou canst
Mol, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile
make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plumpe
Mol, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Masse thats out a towne indeed, thou

hangft fo many ielts vpon thy friends ftill. I meane honeftly to *Brainford*, *Staines*, or *Ware*.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'll hire a^ccoach with foure horfes.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beaftly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horfes will ferue, if I play the iade my felfe.

Lax. Nay push th'art fuch another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

Mol. Tis hard but we fhall meete fir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you fee I do not trifle with you, do but fay thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand Ile meete you fir.

Lax. Oh good gold,—the place fweete *Mol*.

Mol. It fhall be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

Mol. In Graies-Inne fields then.

Lax. A match.

Mol. Ile meete you there.

Lax. The houre.

Mol. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to fup at *Braine-ford*.

Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of fuch a nature fir, I cannot endure the houfe when fhee fcolds, fh' has a tongue will be hard further in a ftill morning then Saint Antlings-bell, fhe railes vpon me for forraine wenching, that I being a freeman muft needs keep a whore ith fubburbs, and feeke to impouerifh the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you ftill to make all whole with my wife.

Goth. No trouble at all, tis a pleafure to mee to ioyne things together.

Mist. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty *Goshaweke.*

The Fether shop.

Iac. Dap. How lik'st thou this *Mol.*

Mol. Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookes for all the world with those spangled fethers like a noblemans bedpost: The purity of your wench would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleue as many wiles are in her——oh the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because shee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slackneffe then? many a poore soule would downe, and ther's nobody will push em: Women are courted but nere foundly tri'd, As many walke in spurs that neuer ride.

The Sempsters shop.

Mist. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosh. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith fubburbs.

Mist. Open. O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when you please fir.

Gosh. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Mist. Openworke. Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies seruice, where I was well beloued of the steward. I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a subberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.

Goff. There's waies enough to cry quite with him,
harke in thine eare.

Mist. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.

Mol. I'll try one speare against your chastity

Mist. Tillyard

Though it proue too short by the burgh.

Trap. Masse here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore.*
I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a
fluttish tricke. Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with
long life and great limbs, fend her the vpper hand of
al balifes, and their hungry adherents.

Mol. How now, what art thou?

Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would
gladly wait for the yong floud of your seruice.

Mol. My seruice! what should moue you to offer
your seruice to me sir?

Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and
masculine womanhood.

Mol. So sir, put case we should retaine you to vs,
what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomans
seruice.

Trap. Of two kinds right Worshopfull: moueable,
and immoueable: moueable to runne of arrants, and
immoueable to stand when you haue occasion to
vse me.

Mol. What strength haue you.

Trap. Strength Mistresse *Mol.* I haue gon vp into
a steeple, and staid the great bell as 'thas beene
ringing; stopt a windmill going.

Mol trips vp his heels he fals.

Mol. And neuer strucke downe your selfe.

Trap. Stood as vpriht as I do at this present.

Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no
disgrace to you: I haue strucke vp the heeles of the
high Germaines size ere now, — what not stand.

Trap. I am of that nature where I loue, I'll bee
at my mistresse foot to do her seruice.

Mol. Why well said, but fay your Mistresse should

receiue iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and droue feuen at a time before me.

Mol. I.

Trap. But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my troth. aside.

Mol. Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better consideration weele retaine you.

Trap. I humbly thanke your good Mistreship, Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

Exit Trapdore.

Mol meets Laxton.

Lax. Remember three.

Moll. Nay if I faile you hange me.

Lax. Good wench Ifaith.

then Openworke.

Moll. Whofe this.

Maisf. Open. Tis I *Moll.*

Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and preuent baf-tards.

Maisf. Open. Wele haue a pint of the same wine ifaith *Mol.*

The bel rings.

Goff. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

Iacke Dapper, where shals all munch.

Iac. Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.

Lax. Hec's a good guest to'm, hee deferues his boord,

He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,

Weele be your followers *Iacke*, lead the way,

Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well. *Exeunt Gallants.*

*Enter Maister Gallipot, Maister Tiltyard, and seruants
with water Spaniels and a ducke.*

Maist. Tilt. Come shut vp your shops, where's
Maister Openworke.

Mist. Gal. Nay aske not me *Maister Tiltyard.*

Maist. Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh—pift—hur
—hur—pift.

Maist. Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all
to Hogfden.

Mist. Gal. To Hogfden husband.

Maist. Gal. I to Hogfden pigsny.

Mist. Gal. I'me not ready husband.

Maist. Gal. Faith thats well—*spits in the dogs mouth.*
—hum—pift—pift
Come Mistresse *Openworke* you are so long.

Mist. Open. I haue no ioy of my life Maister
Gallipot.

Maist. Gal. Pufh, let your boy lead his water
Spaniel along, and wee le shew you the brauest sport
at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the
best ducke in England, except my wife, he, he, he,
fetch, fetch, fetch,
Come lets away
Of all the yeare this is the sportfulst day.

Enter Sebastian solus.

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where should
the vse
More perfect shine then in his will to loue.

Enter Sir Alexander and listens to him.

All creatures haue their liberty in that,
Tho else kept vnder seruile yoke and feare,
The very bondslaue has his freedome there,
Amongst a world of creatures voyc'd and silent.
Must my desires weare fetters ——— yea are you

So neere, then I muſt breake with my hearts truth ;
 Meete grieſe at a backe way — well : why ſuppoſe
 The two leaud tongues of flander or of truth
 Pronounce *Mol* loathſome : if before my loue
 Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,
 I haue the thing I like ? in all things elſe
 Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em proſper,
 Life what ſhould aile it now ? I know that man
 Nere truely loues, if he gaineſayt he lyes,
 That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.
 Ile keepe myne owne wide open.

Enter Mol and a porter with a viall on his backe.

Alex. Here's braue wilfulneſſe,
 A made match, here ſhe comes, they met a purpoſe.

Por. Muſt I carry this great fiddle to your chamber
 Miſtreſſe *Mary*.

Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, ſome of theſe
 porters beare ſo much for others, they haue no time to
 carry wit for themſelues.

Por. To your owne chamber Miſtreſſe *Mary*.

Moll. Who'le heare an Aſſe ſpeake : whither elſe
 goodman pagent-bearer : the're people of the worſt
 memories. *Exit Porter.*

Seb. Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue
 them carry things in their minds, and a' ther backs
 together.

Mol. Pardon me ſir, I thought not you ſo neere.

Alex. So, ſo, ſo.

Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that
 faſhion,
 That makes the beſt part of all creatures honeſt.
 No otherwiſe I wiſh it.

Mol. Sir I am ſo poore to requite you, you muſt
 looke for nothing but thankes of me, I haue no
 humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth ſides ath bed
 my ſelfe ; and againe ath' other ſide, a wife you know
 ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too head-

strong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well fir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore weelee nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worfe ith place.

Alex. The most comfortablest answere from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee, when tis the musicke that I loue thee for.

Alex. There's a boy spoyle all againe.

Mol. Beleeue it fir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

Alex. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Mol. But sleepe vpon this once more fir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue fir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see fir I speake against my selfe, and if euery woman would deale with their fute so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cofoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well fir.

Seb. Nay prethee one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girle, she puts him off still.

Mol. Thinke vpon this in cold blood fir, you make as much haft as if you were a going vpon a sturion voyage, take deliberation fir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to *Virginia*.

Seb. And so we parted, my too curfed fate.

Alex. She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor.

Taylor. Mistresse *Mol*, Mistresse *Mol*: so ho ho so ho.

Mol. There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fiddlings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the fashion, you say you'le haue the great Dutch slop Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Why sir I say so still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you.

Mol. Pray make em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch slop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go presently to your chamber Mistresse *Mary*, pray fend me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Mol. Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter presently.

Exit Mol.

Taylor. So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England.

Exit Taylor.

Seb. I haue examined the best part of man,
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is fwayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue
His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes
right

That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke.

Alex. So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.

Seb. The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.

Alex. But thou goest falser: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre
And stops againe when time is satisfied,
But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

Seb. I tast you bitterer then I can deserue sir.

Alex. Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or
drug,

Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowfy and enchanted flame,
Wherein thy foule sits with a golden dreame
Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne,
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier busi-
nesse of mine owne

Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.

Seb. Not honestly, not in the way of marriage.

Alex. What sayst thou marriage, in what place,
the Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, pre-
the, an inditement.

Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong
her.

Alex. Why, wouldst thou faine marry to be pointed at,

Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
 Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
 Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
 As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst
 To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,
 Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes
 Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
 Keepe on, thou canst not misse it: or to strike
 Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,
 Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
 Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
 Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,
 Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
 Me thinkes her very name should fright thee from her,
 And neuer trouble me.

Seb. Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall fir.

Alex. Many one fir, where suspect is entred,
 For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,
 More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

Seb. Whats that to her? let those blush for themselves.

Can any guilt in others condemne her?
 I've vowd to loue her: let all stormes oppose me,
 That euer beate against the brest of man,
 Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.

Alex. Oh folly that can dote on nought but shame.

Seb. Put case a wanton itch runs through one name

More then another, is that name the worse,
 Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
 Apppeare more excellent, and deserue more praise.
 When through foule mists a brightnesse it can raise.
 Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,
 And well descended, keepe an open house,
 And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.

He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,
For the name neither faues, nor yet condemnes,
And for her honesty, I haue made fuch prooffe an't,
In feuerall formes, fo neerely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father : here's her worſt,
Sh'has a bold ſpirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing elſe comes neere it : and oftentimes
Through her apparell ſomewhat ſhames her birth,
But ſhe is looſe in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Mols* were no worſe.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme
To infamy and ruine : he will fall,
My bleſſing cannot ſtay him : all my ioyes
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud
And will be wilfully ſwallowed : wilfully.
But why ſo vaine, let all theſe teares be loſt,
He purſue her to ſhame, and ſo al's croſt.

Exit Sir Alexander.

Seb. Hee is gon with ſome ſtrange purpoſe, whoſe
effect
Will hurt me little if he ſhoot ſo wide,
To thinke I loue ſo blindly : I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy fits with a full wiſh crownd,
Onely his moode excepted which muſt change.
By oppoſite pollicies, courſes indirec't,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,
Get her aſſiſtance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louers hearts, ſhee's a fit inſtrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduiſe, for in that craft ſhee's wiſe,
My loue and I may meete, ſpite of all ſpies.

Exit Sebastian.

*Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the
Coachman.*

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Heere fir.

Lax. There's a tetter more, prethee driue thy coach to the hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

Coach. Marybone parke fir.

Lax. I, its in our way thou knowst.

Coach. It shall be done fir.

Lax. Coachman:

Coach. A non fir.

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

Coach. The best in Smithfield I warrant you fir.

Lax. May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht veluet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are stopt with them.

Coach. My life for yours and baffle em to fir,—why they are the same iades beleuee it fir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to *Ware*.

Lax. Nay then they know their busineffe, they neede no more instructions.

Coach. The're so vfd to such iourneis fir, I neuer vfe whip to em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne like diuels.

Exit Coachman with his whip.

Lax. Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horfe.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I see her not, harke whats this, one, two, three,

The clocke striks three.

three by the clock at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place, shee swore she'd meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-men with one wench, but thats not shee, they walke toward Islington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must looke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a short fword, and a safeguard, or I get none: why *Mol*

prethee make haft, or the Coachman will curffe vs anon.

Enter Mol like a man.

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with their harlots, no bankrout would giue feuen score pound for a feriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deriued, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a seriant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready fir.

Lax. Ready, for what fir.

Mol. Do you aske that now fir, why was this meeting pointed.

Lax. I thought you mistooke me fir,
You seeme to be some yong barrifter,
I haue no suite in law—all my land's sold
I praise heauen for't: t'has rid me of much trouble.

Mol. Then I must wake you fir, where stands the coach.

Lax. Whose this, *Mol*: honest *Mol*.

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your eyes I see that.

Lax. Th'art admirably suited for the three pignons at *Brainford*, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

Mol. Ile sweare you did not: but you shall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the coach is better, come.

Mol. Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntruffe a point *Mol*.

She puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntruffe, 'thas but one tag, 'twill ferue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How.

Mol. There's the gold with which you hir'd your
 hackney, here's her pace,
 Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feelee
 it,
 Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine, win em, &
 weare em.

Lax. Hold *Moll*, Miftresse *Mary*.

Mol. Draw or Ile ferue an execution on thee
 Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane
Mol?

Mol. To teach thy bafe thoughts manners ; th'art
 one of thofe
 That thinkes each woman thy fond flexible whore,
 If ſhe but caſt a liberall eye vpon thee,
 Turne backe her head, ſhees thine, or amongſt com-
 pany,
 By chance drinke firſt to thee : then ſhee's quite gon,
 There's no meanes to help her ; nay for a need,
 Wilt ſweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers,
 That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at firſt
 fight
 Then her monkey all her life time,
 How many of our ſex, by ſuch as thou
 Haue their good thoughts paid with a blaſted name
 That neuer deſerued loofly or did trip
 In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
 But for the ſtaine of conſcience and of ſoule,
 Better had women fall into the hands
 Of an aſt ſilent, then a bragging nothing,
 There's no mercy in't—what durſt moue you fir,
 To thinke me whooriſh ? a name which Ide teare
 out
 From the hye *Germanes* throat, if it lay ledger
 there
 To diſpatch priuy ſlanders againſt mee.
 In thee I deſye all men, their worſt hates,
 And their beſt flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
 With which they intangle the poore ſpirits of fooles,

Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiuers.
Fishe that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,
Such hungry things as these may soone be tooke
With a worme fastned on a golden hooke.
Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches
For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,
Tis the best fish he takes : but why good fisherman,
Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet
Had angling rod cast towards me ? cause you'le say
I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust ?
O shame take all her friends then : but how ere
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yeeld, where I haue con-
quer'd.

I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to mee,
And so I greete thee.

Lax. Heare me.

Mol. Would the spirits of al my slanders, were
claspt in thine.

That I might vexe an army at one time.

Lax. I do repent me, hold. *They fight.*

Mol. You'l die the better Christian then.

Lax. I do confesse I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*

Mol. Confession is but poore amends for wrong,
Vnlesse a rope would follow.

Lax. I aske thee pardon.

Mol. I'me your hir'd whoore sir.

Lax. I yeeld both purse and body.

Mol. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life.

Mol. I scorne to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girle i'faith.

Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of
a fencer. Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this
a letcherous viage ? Here's bloud would haue seru'd

me this feuen yeare in broken heads and cut fingers,
 & it now runs all out together, pox athe three pigions,
 I would the coach were here now to carry mee to the
 Chirurgions. *Exit Laxton.*

Mol. If I could meete my enemies one by one
 thus,
 I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
 And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,
 May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,
 Or for apparell like your common dame,
 That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.
 Bafe is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,
 As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
 My spirit shall be Mistriffe of this house,
 As long as I haue time in't. — — oh

Enter Trapdore.

Heere comes my man that would be : 'tis his houre.
 Faith a good well fet fellow, if his spirit
 Be answerable to his vmbles ; he walkes stiffe,
 But whether he will stand to't stify, there's the point ;
 Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a
 woman
 Choofe him shee meanes to make her head, by his
 calfe ;

I do not know their trickes in't, faith he feesmes
 A man without ; I'le try what he is within.

Tray. Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three
 & foure,
 Ile fit her Mistrifhip with a peece of seruice,
 I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle.

Shee iustles him.

What a pox ailes you fir ?

Mol. He beginnes like a Gentleman.

Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-
 sight :

Life he comes back againe. *She comes towards him.*

Mol. Was this spoke to me fir.

Trap. I cannot tell fir.

Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.

Trap. Coxcombe.

Mol. Y'are a flaue.

Trap. I hope there's law for you fir.

Mol. Ye, do you fee fir. *Turne his hat.*

Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what house your off.

Mol. One of the Temple fir. *Philips him.*

Trap. Masse so me thinkes.

Mol. And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.

Trap. I like you the worfe because you shift your lodging so often, Ile not meddle with you for that tricke fir.

Mol. A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.

Trap. You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse fir.

Mol. Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I ha done, and glad to serue me too.

Trap. How fir, serue you, not if there were no more men in England.

Moll. But if there no more women in England I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,

Trap. Mistresse.

Mol. Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push fir,

Trap. What would your Worship haue me do.

Mol. You a fighter.

Trap. No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more maners.

Mol. As how I pray fir.

Trap. Life 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd shame of me for that.

Mol. Why but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

Mol. Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainment.

Trap. Thanke your good Mistreship.

Mol. How many suites haue you.

Trap. No more suites then backes Mistrisse.

Mol. Well if you deferue, I cast of this, next weeke,
And you may creepe into't.

Trap. Thanke your good Worship.

Mol. Come follow me to S. *Thomas Apostles*,
Ile put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing
I do.

Trap. I follow my deere Mistrisse. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mistrisse Gallipot as from supper, her husband
after her.*

Maiſt. Gal. What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

Miſt. Gal. What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the
baby would haue a teate it kyes fo, pray be not so
fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I'me vext
at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating
after me.

Maiſt. Gal. Nay hony *Pru* : how does your rising
vp before all the table shew? and flinging from my
friends so vnciuily, fye *Pru*, fye, come.

Miſt. Gal. Then vp and ride ifaith.

Maiſt. Gal. Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, thats
farre from my thought, ducke : why mouse, thy minde
is nibbling at something, what ist, what lyes vpon thy
Stomach?

Miſt. Gal. Such an affe as you : hoyda, y'are best
turne midwife, or Physition : y'are a Poticary already,
but I'me none of your drugs.

Maist. Gal. Thou art a sweete drug, sweetest *Pru*,
and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

Miſt. Gal. Must you be prying into a womans
secrets : say ye?

Maiſt. Gal. Womans secrets.

Miſt. Gal. What? I cannot haue a qualme come
vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your nose hang
ouer it.

Maiſt. Gal. It is my loue deere wife.

Mist. Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Maiſt. Gal. No *Pru*? why I hope I haue handled ——

Mist. Gal. Handle a fooles head of your owne,—
fiſh—fiſh.

Maiſt. Gal. Ha, ha, tis ſuch a waſpe; it does mee good now to haue her ſing me, little rogue.

Mist. Gal. Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide theſe aperne husbands: ſuch cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you ſcuruily.

Maiſt. Gal. Vpon my life ſhe breeds, heauen knowes how I haue ſtraind my ſelfe to pleaſe her, night and day: I wonder why wee Cittizens ſhould get children ſo fretfull and vntoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the moſt part as gentle as milch kine: ſhall I leaue thee my *Pru*.

Mist. Gal. Fye, fye, fye.

Maiſt. Gal. Thou ſhalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold ſweete *Pru*.

Exit Maiſt. Gallipot.

Mist. Gal. As your wit has done: now Maiſter *Laxton* ſhew your head, what newes from you? would any husband ſuſpect that a woman crying, Buy any ſcurui-graſſe, ſhould bring loue letters amongſt her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine conueyance? had iealouſy a thouſand eyes, a ſilly woman with ſcuruy-graſſe blinds them all;

Laxton with bayes

Crown I thy wit for this, it deſerues praiſe.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wife,

Lacke what poore ſhift is loue forc't to deuife?

(Toth' point.)

She reads the letter.

O Sweete Creature——(a ſweete beginning) *pardon my long abſence, for thou ſhalt ſhortly be poſſeſſed with*

my presence; though Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-darus was to Cref-sida: tho Eneus made an ass of Dido, I will dye to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man beneath the silver moone shall make more of a woman then I do of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must doe doe it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee, protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to liue so, as hitherto I haue and will.

Thy true Laxton euer.

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pittie him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.

Mist. Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp, ha, how, reading a letters? I smel a goole, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my life,—steale,—steale.

Mist. Gal. O bestrow your heart.

Mist. Gal. What letter's that? I'll see't.

She teares the letter.

Mist. Gal. Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see the downefall of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for euer I'me vndone.

Mist. Gal. What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tear'st?

Mist. Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peeces: for my soule
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me

Beyond a womans suffering.

Maist. Gall. What meanes this?

Mist. Gal. Had you no other vengeance to throw
downe,

But euen in heighth of all my ioyes?

Maist. Gal. Deere woman,

Mist. Gal. When the full sea of pleasure and con-
tent

Seem'd to flow ouer me.

Maist. Gal. As thou desirest to keepe mee out of
bedlam, tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at
nurse false sicke, or dead?

Mist. Gal. Oh no.

Maist. Gal. Heauens bleesse me, are my barnes
and houses

Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire,

I can build more, sweete *Pru.*

Mist. Gal. Tis worse, tis worse.

Maist. Gal. My factor broke, or is the *Jonas*
funcke.

Mist. Gal. Would all we had were swallowed in
the waues,

Rather then both should be the scorne of slaues.

Maist. Gal. I'me at my wits end.

Mist. Gal. Oh my deere husband,

Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,

Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,

I feare now I shall proue a wanderer,

Oh *Laxton, Laxton*, is it then my fate

To be by thee orethrowne?

Maist. Gal. Defend me wisedome,

From falling into frenzie, on my knees.

Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heauy
lyes on thy bosome.

Mist. Gal. I shall sure run mad.

Maist. Gal. I shall run mad for company then:
speake to me,

I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, . . *Pru*,—why *Pru*.

Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed

Thou wert about to aſt, didſt meane to rob me,
 Tuſt I forgiue thee, haſt thou on my bed
 Thrult my ſoft pillow vnder anothers head?
 He winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,
 Then what ſome neighbours neere thee, haue done
 before,

Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?

Miſt. Gall. Oh.

Maiſt. Gal. Out with him.

Miſt. Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,
 This hand which thou caſt thine, to him was giuen,
 To him was I made ſure ith fight of heauen.

Maiſt. Gal. I neuer heard this thunder.

Miſt. Gall. Yes, yes, before

I was to thee contracted, to him I ſwore,
 Since laſt I ſaw him twelue moneths three times told,
 The Moone hath drawne through her light ſiluer
 bow,

For ore the ſeas hee went, and it was ſaid,
 (But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.
 But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he ſent,
 That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
 Swearing with oathes moſt damnable to haue me,
 Or teare me from this boſome, oh heauens ſiue me.

Maiſt. Gal. My heart will breake,—ſham'd and
 vndone for euer.

Miſt. Gal. So blacke a day (poore wretch) went ore
 thee neuer.

Maiſt. Gal. If thou ſhouldſt wraſtle with him at the
 law,

Th'art ſure to fall, no odde flight, no preuention.
 He tell him th'art with child.

Miſt. Gal. Vmh.

Maiſt. Gall. Or giue out one of my men was tane
 a bed with thee.

Miſt. Gal. Vmh, vmh.

Maiſt. Gal. Before I looſe thee my deere *Pru*,
 He driue it to that puſh.

Miſt. Gal. Worfe, and worfe ſtill,

You embrace a mischiefe, to preuent an ill.

Maiſt. Gal. Ile buy thee of him, ſtop his mouth
with Gold,

Think'ſt thou twill do.

Maiſt. Gall. Oh me, heauens grant it would,
Yet now my fences are ſet more in tunc,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding vp and downe had ſpent,
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, fend that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Maiſt. Gal. Forty *Pru.*
Say thou the word tis done, wee venture liues
For wealth, but muſt do more to keepe our wiues,
Thirty or forty *Pru.*

Miſt. Gal. Thirty good ſweete
Of an ill bargaine lets faue what we can,
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man
When firſt I knew him of a meeke ſpirit,
All goodneſſe is not yet dryd vp I hope.

Maiſt. Gal. He ſhall haue thirty pound, let that
ſtop all :
Loues ſweets taſt beſt, when we haue drunke downe
Gall.

Enter Maſter Tiltyard, *and his wife*, Maſter Gof-
hawke, *and Miſtreſſe* Openworke.

Gods fo, our friends ; come, come, ſmoth your
cheeke ;

After a ſorme the face of heauen looks flecke.

Maiſt. Tilt. Did I not tell you theſe turtles were
together ?

Miſt. Tilt. How doſt thou firra ? why ſiſter *Galli-
pot* ?

Miſt. Open. Lord how ſhee's chang'd ?

Goffe. Is your wife ill fir ?

Maiſt. Gal. Yes indeed la fir, very ill, very ill,
neuer worſe.

Mist. Tilt. How her head burnes, feele how her pulses work.

Mist. Open. Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee good.

Mist. Tilt. In good sadnesse I finde best case in that too,

Has thee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

Mist. Gal. No, but I will lay something anon.

Maist. Tilt. Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe Maister *Goshawke*?

Gosh. Yes sweete Maister *Tiltyard*, firra *Rosamond* I hold my life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.

Mist. Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

Gosh. Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not beleue me that his bowles run with a wrong byas.

Mist. Open. It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

Gosh. What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at racke and manger?

Mist. Open. Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee kicke againe.

Gosh. Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

Mist. Open. Heere's my hand.

Gosh. No more; come Maister *Tiltyard*, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

Maist. Tilt. Yes, yes, come wife.

Mist. Tilt. Introth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mist. Gal. I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister *Goshawke*.

Maist. Gal. Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome fir.

Omnes. Thankes fir for our good cheere,

Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.

Mist. Gal. It shall be so, because a crafty knave
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,
I'll giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound :
Tush *Pru*, what's thirty pound ? sweete ducke looke
cheerely.

Mist. Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou
bui'll it deerely.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Vds light the tide's against me, a pox of
your Potticariſhip : oh for ſome glister to ſet him going ;
'tis one of *Hercules* labours, to tread one of theſe
Cittie hennes, becauſe their cockes are ſtil crowing
ouer them ; there's no turning tale here, I muſt on.

Mist. Gal. Oh, husband ſee he comes.

Mist. Gal. Let me deale with him.

Lax. Bleſſe you fir.

Mist. Gal. Be you bleſt too fir if you come in
peace.

Lax. Haue you any good pudding Tobacco fir ?

Mist. Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle fir, my
husband

Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concern-
ing you.

Lax. Zounes has ſhe ſhowne my litters.

Mist. Gal. Suppoſe my caſe were yours, what would
you do,
At ſuch a pinch, ſuch batteries, ſuch affaultes,
Of father, mother, kinred, to diſſolue
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him ?
How could you ſhift this ſtorme off ?

Lax. If I know hang me.

Mist. Gal. Beſides a ſtory of your death was
read
Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox meanes this ridding?

Mist. Gal. Be wise fir, let not you and I be tost
On Lawiers pens; they haue sharpe nibs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you fir
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,
And call your friends together fir to prooue
Your precontract, when sh'has confest it?

Lax. Vmh fir, . . . has she confest it?

Mist. Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me fir, vpon your letter
fending.

Mist. Gal. I haue, I haue.

Lax. If I let this yron coole call me flauie,
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'ſt thou vile
woman

I'll take theſe blowes and winke?

Mist. Gal. Vpon my knees.

Lax. Out impudencce.

Mist. Gal. Good fir.

Lax. You goatish flauies,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?

Mist. Gal. Alas fir,
You make her fleſh to tremble, fright her not,
She ſhall do reaſon, and what's fit.

Lax. I'll haue thee, wert thou more common
Then an hoſpitall, and more diſeaſed.—

Mist. Gal. But one word good fir.

Lax. So fir.

Mist. Gal. I married her, haue line with her, and
got

Two children on her body, thinke but on that;
Haue you ſo beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty diſh haue fed
To dine vpon my ſcraps, my leauings? ha fir?
Do I come neere you now fir?

Lax. Be Lady you touch me.

Mist. Gal. Would not you ſcorne to weare my
cloathes fir?

Lax. Right fir.

Maist. Gal. Then pray fir weare not her, for shee's
a garment

So sitting for my body, I'me loath
Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.
Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'll pay it ;
Shall that fir stop this gap vp twixt you two ?

Lax. Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke
you :

The mony being paid fir, I am gon :
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

Mist. Gall. Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

Maist. Gall. Yes deere wife : pray fir come in, ere
Maister *Laxton* part

Thou shalt in wine drinke to him.

Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.

Mist. Gal. With all my heart ; . . . how dost thou
like my wit ?

Lax. Rarely, that wile

By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill ;

Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers still. *Exit Laxton.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave : Sir Daui Dapper,
Sir Adam Appleton, *at one dore, and* Trap-
dore *at another doore.*

Alex. Out with your tale Sir *Daui*, to Sir *Adam*.

A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

Sir Da. Nay : if hee be a knaue fir, hold him
fast.

Alex. Speake softly, what egge is there hatching
now.

Trap. A Ducks egge fir, a ducke that has eaten a
frog, I haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other
will peep out presently ; the ducke that sits is the
bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Mistresse)
the drake that must tread is your sonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Be quicke.

Trap. As the tongue of an oyster wench.

Alex. And see thy newes be true.

Trap. As a barbars euery fatterday night . . . mad
Mol.

Alex. Ah.

Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your
backe gate.

Alex. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made baudy.

Alex. Good.

Trap. Shee comes in a shirt of male.

Alex. How shirt of male?

Trap. Yes fir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans
apparell.

Alex. To my sonne.

Trap. Close to your sonne: your sonne and her
Moone will be in coniunction, if all Alminacks lie not,
her blacke saueguard is turned into a deepe floppe,
the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her
waistcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient seate
of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with standing
collers.

Alex. Art sure of this?

Trap. As euery throng is sure of a pick-pocket, as
sure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas*
Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.

Alex. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

Alex. The day?

Trap. This.

Alex. Away ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud,
I'll watch her, do you catch her.

Alex. Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets;
harke.

Trap. They are made.

Alex. I told them thou didst owe mee money;
hold it vp; maintain't.

Trap. Stiffly; as a Puritan does contention,

Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfe penny halter.

Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet I'll make thee looke through a grate.

Trap. Ile do't presently, through a Tauerne grate,
drawer : pish. *Exit Trapdore.*

Adam. Has the knaue vext you fir?

Alex. Askt him my mony,
He sweares my sonne receiu'd it : oh that boy
Will nere leaue heaping forrowes on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?

Alex. As is a ruffian Beare.

Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.

Alex. Worfe still and worfe,
He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. Daui. My sonne *Iacke Dapper* then shall run
with him,
All in one pasture.

Adam. Proues your sonne bad too fir?

S. Daui. As villany can make him : your *Sebastian*

Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke : oh,
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches
fucke

My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on
smoake.

Alex. Tobacco?

S. Daui. Right, but I haue in my braine
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my sonne, and make him wise,
Or a starke foole ; pray lend me your aduise.

Both. That shall you good fir *Daui.*

S. Dany. Heere's the sprindge
 I ha fet to catch this woodcocke in : an action
 In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred
 I'th Counter to arrest *Jacke Dapper*.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

S. Dany. Thinke you the Counter cannot breake him ?

Adam. Breake him ?

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

S. Dany. I'll make him sing a Counter tenor
 fure.

Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee shall
 learne

What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

S. Dany. Hee's bridled there.

Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,
 Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,
 Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere
 There for there wit then any where ; a Counter
 Why 'tis an vniuersity, who not sees ?
 As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,
 And follow the same studies (all alike.)
 Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.
 So does a prisoner ; with fine honied speech
 At's first comming in he doth perfwade, beseech,
 He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy ;
 To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowfy,
 But when he has no money, then does he try,
 By subtile Logicke, and quaint sophiltry,
 To make the keepers trust him.

Adam. Say they do.

Alex. Then hee's a graduate.

S. Dany. Say they trust him not.

Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot
 And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd
 Be expulst from the Maisters side, to th' twopenny
 ward,

Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

Alex. When mony being the theame,
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts ;
Sir *Dauy* send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

S. Dauy. There Gallants study hard.

Alex. True : to get mony.

S. Dauy. 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thanks, thanks,
I ha fent for a couple of beares shall paw him.

Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder ?

S. Dauy. They looke like puttocks, these should
be they.

Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, fir wee'l leaue
you.

S. Dauy. My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

Both. Fare you well fir. *Exeunt Alex. and Adam*

Curt. This old muzzle chops should be he.

By the fellowes discription : Saue you fi .

S. Dauy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not
my man tell you I watcht here for you.

Curt. One in a blew coate fir told vs, that in this
place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing
contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery
wicked member in a Citty.

S. Dauy. You'l watch then for ten thousand,
what's thy name honesty ?

Curt. Seriant *Curtilax* I fir,

S. Dauy. An excellent name for a Seriant,
Curtilax.

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them ; Cittizens were orethrowne,
Thou dwel'ft hereby in Holborne *Curtilax.*

Curt. That's my circuit fir, I coniure most in that
circle.

S. Dauy. And what yong toward welp is this?

Hang. Of the same litter, his yeoman fir, my name's *Hanger*.

S. Dauy. Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villainous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

Curt. We are as other men are fir, I cannot fee but hee who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes blood; all that liue in the world, are but great fish and little fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of a man, they call vs knaues and cures, but many times hee that sets vs on, worries more lambes one ycare, then we do in feuen.

S. Dauy. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entred?

Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vnbeleeuers.

S. Dauy. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all prisoners names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, beleeuers to come out in haft.

S. Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allowes you to be.

Both. Oh fir.

S. Dauy. You know the vnthrif *Iacke Dapper*.

Curt. I, I, fir, that Gull? aswell as I know my yeoman.

S. Dauy. And you know his father too, *Sir Dauy Dapper*?

Curt. As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among Iewes; if hee were sure his fathers skinn would yeeld him any money, he would when hee dyes flea it off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bartholmew faire.

S. Dauy. What toades are thefe to spit poyson on

The Roaring Girl.

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a man to his face? doe you see (my honest rascals?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Jacke Dapper* will fall fa, fa : giue the counter, on, set vpon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo' th backe fir.

S. Dawy. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

Both. Braue fir.

S. Dawy. Cry arme, arme, arme.

Both. Thus fir.

S. Dawy. There boy, there boy, away : looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and so I vanish.

Exit S. Dawy.

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow, vpon my life, stand clofe.

Hang. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Curt. No nooke thou yonder.

Enter Mol and Trapdore.

Mol. Ralph.

Trap. What fayer my braue Captaine male and female?

Mol. This Holborne is such a wrangling streete.

Trap. That's because Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

Mol. Heere's such iustling, as if euey one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

Trap. Stand Mistresse do you not smell carrion?

Mol. Carryon? no, yet I spy rauens.

Trap. Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into fore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.

Mol. Stand vp.

Trap. Like your new maypoll.

Hang. Whist, whew.

Curt. Hump, no.

Mol. Peeping? it shall go hard huntfmen, but I'll

spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the stake.

Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

Hang. Whew.

Curt. Hemp.

Moll. Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

Iacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iacke Dap. Did'st euer see such an asse as I am boy?

Gul. No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honest Serieant fly, flie Maister *Dapper* you'll be arrested else.

Iacke Dap. Run *Gul* and draw.

Gul. Run Maister, *Gull* followes you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

Curt. You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

Mol. Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away, I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,

If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,
Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.

Alex. Vnhappy in the follies of a sonne,
Led against iudgement, fence, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleneffe and wit ;

Enter Trapdore

Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come ?

Trap. In mans apparell fir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Alex. Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions
rids her fir,
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred
constables.

Alex. Good *Trapdore* saist thou so, thou cheer'st
my heart
After a storme of sorrow,— my gold chaine too,
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to
light fir.
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lan-
thornes.

Alex. Place that a' the Court cubbart, let it lie
Full in the veiw of her theefe-whoorish eie.

Trap. Shee cannot misse it fir, I fee't so plaine
That I could steal't my selfe.

Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty ; what shee leaues,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight vpon her backe I'll lay.

Trap. You cannot assure that fir.

Alex. No, what lets it ?

Trap. Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire
 preffing,
 Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

Alex. Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.

Trap. You'r of my minde for that sir.

Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond
 at it,
 It may be shee'l like that best.

Trap. It's well for her, that shee must haue her
 choice, hee thinkes nothing too good for her, if you
 hold on this minde a little longer, it shall bee the first
 worke I doe to turne theefe my selfe; would do a
 man good to be hang'd when he is so wel pro-
 uided for.

Alex. So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee
 hung so too,
 The fight would please me more, then all their
 gillflerings :
 Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,
 That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page,
 and Mol.*

Seb. Thou hast done me a kind office, without
 touch
 Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

Mol. I'de scome to make such shift to bring you
 together else.

Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
 Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

Mary. Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

Mol. How strange this shewes one man to kisse
 another.

Seb. I'de kisse such men to chuse *Moll*,
 Me thinkes a womans lip tafts well in a dublet.

Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune
 then,
 Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,

If that will help 'em, as you thinke 'twill do,
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hofe too.

Seb. The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I fpcake
feriously,

As fome haue a conceit their drinke tafts better
In an outlandifh cup then in our owne,
So me thinkes euery kiffe ſhe giues me now
In this ſtrange forme, is worth a paire of two,
Here we are ſafe, and furtheſt from the eie
Of all ſuſpicion, this is my fathers chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer ſteps till night.
Here he miſtruſts me not, nor I his comming,
At mine owne chamber he ſtill pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he ſhall miſſe his purpoſe.

Mol. And what's your buſineſſe now, you haue your
mind fir ;

At your great ſuite I promiſd you to come,
I pittied her for names ſake, that a *Moll*
Should be ſo croſt in loue, when there's ſo many,
That owes nine layes a peece, and not ſo little :
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke ?

Seb. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpoſe,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And muſt liue ſtill beholding.

Mol. Any honeſt pittie
I'me willing to beſtow vpon poore Ring-doues.

Seb. I'll offer no worſe play.

Mol. Nay and you ſhould fir,
I ſhould draw firſt and prooue the quicker man.

Seb. Hold, there ſhall neede no weapon at this
meeting,

But cauſe thou ſhalt not looſe thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,
And end thy quarrell ſinging.

Mol. Like a ſwan aboue bridge,
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.

Seb. Hold on ſweete *Mol.*

Mary. I've heard her much commended fir, for

one that was nere taught.

Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes put vs together sir, Ile play my part as well as I can : it shall nere be said I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.

Seb. Why well said *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a shame for that Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung still, and nere offred thee it.

Mol. There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my selfe.

Seb. Pish let 'em prate abroad, th' art heere where thou art knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close dames that wil cal the viall an vnmanerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them fit wider to a worfe quality.

Mol. Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em sir, and thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithec let's heare thy dreame *Mol*.

Mol. *I dreame there is a Mistriffe,
And she layes out the money, 'The song.
Shee goes vnto her Sisters,
Shee neuer comes at any.*

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them

*Shee fayer fhee went to'th Burse for patternes,
You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with neuer a penny.*

Seb. That's a free Mistriffe 'faith.

Alex. I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosng.

Mol. But shall I dreame againe ?

*Here comes a wench will braue ye,
Her courage was so great,
Shee lay with one o' the Navy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.*

*Yet oft with him she cauel'd,
I wonder what shee ailes,
Her husbands ship lay grauel'd,
When her's could hoyse vp sailles.
Yet shee begonne like all my foes,
To call whoore first: for so do those,
A pox of all false tayles.*

Seb. Marry amen say I.

Alex. So say I too.

Mol. Hang vp the viall now fir: all this while I was in a dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

Alex. Now, now, shee's trapt.

Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musitian are cossen Germanes in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deserues to be dastht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what? a loofe chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now,

There's many a younger brother would be glad

To looke twice in at a window for't,

And wriggle in and oute like an eele in a sandbag,

Oh if mens secret youthfull faults should iudge 'em,

'Twould be the general't execution,

That ere was seene in England; there would bee but

few left to sing the ballets, there would be so much

worke: most of our brokers would be chosen for hang-

men, a good day for them: they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

Mary. No poyson fir but serues vs for some vse,
Which is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace,

Foot I did here him sure, where ere he be.

Mol. Who did you heare?

Seb. My father,
'Twas like a sight of his, I must be wary.

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes,—fir I beseech you
take it,

Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it foure pound, here's forty shillings fir.
I thinke I name it right : helpe me good *Mol*,
Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you shall pardon me,
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,
This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me,
You shall haue tother forty.

Alex. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whose sorrowes had blind eies,
But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,
With two cleere glasses—how now?

Seb. Sir.

Alex. What's he there?

Seb. You'r come in good time fir, I'ue a suite to
you,

I'de craue your present kindnesse.

Alex. What is he there?

Seb. A Gentleman, a musitian fir, one of excellent
fingring.

Alex. I, I thinke so, I wonder how they scapt her.

Seb. Has the most delicate stroake fir.

Alex. A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart.

Seb. Puts downe all your famous musitians.

Alex. I, a whoore may put downe a hundred
of 'em.

Seb. Forty shillings is the agrement fir betweene vs,
Now fir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe
on't.

Alex. And he stands vpon the whole.

Seb. I indeed does he fir.

Alex. And will doe still, hee'l nere be in other taile.

Seb. Therefore I'de stop his mouth fir, and I could.

Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs fucceed.
Now fir I vnderstand you professe musique.

Mol. I am a poore seruant to that liberall science fir.

Alex. Where is it you teach ?

Mol. Right against Cliffords Inne.

Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it : you haue many schollers.

Mol. And some of worth, whom I may call my maisters.

Alex. I true, a company of whooremaisters ; you teach to sing too ?

Mol. Marry do I fir.

Alex. I thinke you'll finde an apt scholler of my sonne, especially for pricke-song.

Mol. I haue much hope of him.

Alex. I am fory for't, I haue the lesse for that : you can play any lesson.

Mol. At first sight fir.

Alex. There's a thing called the witch, can you play that ?

Mol. I would be fory any one should mend me in't.

Alex. I, I beleue thee, thou hast so bewitcht my sonne,

No care will mend the worke that thou hast done,

I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,

I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.

Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them

Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,

These will I make induction to her ruine,

And rid shame from my house, grieve from my heart.

Here sonne, in what you take content and pleasure,

Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman

His latter halfe in gold.

Seb. I thanke you sir.

Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,
In her, life : shame, in him ; and grieve, in mee.

Exit Alexander.

Seb. Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers
guilt,
Neuer was man beguild with better shift.

Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male musitian,
I cannot choofe but make him my instrument,
And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistresse Gallipot, and Mistresse Openworke.

Mi. Gal. Is then that bird of yours (Maister *Goshawke*) so wild ?

Mist. Open. A Goshawke, a Puttocke ; all for prey,
he angles for fish, but he loues flesh better.

Mist. Gal. Is't possible his smoth face should haue
wrinkles in't, and we not see them ?

Mist. Open. Possible ? why haue not many hand-
some legges in silke stockins villanous splay feete for
all their great roses ?

Mist. Gal. Troth sirra thou saist true.

Mist. Op. Didst neuer see an archer (as tho' ast
walkt by Bunhill) looke a squint when he drew his
bow ?

Mist. Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward
Islington, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards
Pimlico.

Mist. Open. For all the world so does Maister
Goshawke double with me.

Mist. Gal. Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's
not for me.

Mist. Open. Because *Goshawke* goes in a shag-ruffe
band, with a face sticking vp in't, which shoves like
an agget set in a crampe ring, he thinks I'me in loue
with him.

Mist. Gal. 'Tis I thinke he takes his marke amisse
in thee.

Mist. Open. He has by often beating into me made mee beleue that my husband kept a whore.

Mist. Gal. Very good.

Mist. Open. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

Mist. Gal. That were wholesome.

Mist. Open. I beleue'd it, fell a fwearing at him, cursling of harlots, made me ready to hoyse vp saile, and be there as soone as hee.

Mist. Gal. So fo.

Mist. Open. And for that voyage *Goshawke* comes hither incontinently, but firra this water-spaniell diues after no duccke but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Braineford* to make mee cry quack.

Mist. Gall. Art sure of it?

Mist. Open. Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i' the teeth with the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit *Goshawke* i' the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.

Mist. Gal. Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* firra) but I am ridd of him now.

Mist. Open. Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

Mist. Gall. Troth meere shallow things.

Mist. Open. Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done) are sure to haue 'em in our pursnets at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

Mist. Open. Then they hang the head.

Mist. Gal. Then they droupe.

Mist. Open. Then they write letters.

Mist. Gal. Then they cogge.

Mist. Open. Then deale they vnder hand with vs, and wee must ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cosens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

Mist. Gal. And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Mist. Open. Oh if it were the good Lords wil, there were a law made, no Cittizen should trust any of 'em all.

Enter Gosshawke.

Mist. Gal. Hufh sirra, *Gosshawke* flutters.

Gosh. How now, are you ready ?

Mist. Open. Nay are you ready ? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

Gosh. Vs ? why, must thee make one i'the voiage ?

Mist. Open. Oh by any meanes, doe I know how my husband will handle mee ?

Gosh. 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going ? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee ; it's but lickering them both soundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions : come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

Mist. Gal. I beleeeue you'l eate of a coddles head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Gosh. So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare ?

Mist. Gal. Yes, I thanke my eares.

Lax. I must haue a bout with your Potticariship.

Mist. Gal. At what weapon?

Lax. I must speake with you.

Mist. Gal. No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Mist. Gal. Shall? away foust Sturgion, halfe fish,
halfe flesh.

Lax. 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'll cut your
tayle puf-cat for this.

Mist. Gal. 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's
cut already: your worst;

Lax. If I do not, — *Exit Laxton.*

Goff. Come, ha' you done?

Enter Maister Openworke.

Sfoote *Rosamond*, your husband.

Mai. Open. How now? sweete Maist. *Goffhawke*,
none more welcome,

I haue wanted your embracements: when friends
meete,

The musique of the spheares founds not more sweete,
Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:
Wife: how now sister?

Goff. Silence if you loue mee.

Mai. Open. Why maskt?

Mist. Open. Does a maske grieue you sir?

Mai. Open. It does.

Mist. Open. Then y'are best get you a mumming.

Goff. S'foote you'l spoyle all.

Mist. Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with
maskes

As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?

Ma. Op. No maskes, why, th'are theeuces to
beauty, that rob cies

Of admiration in which true loue lies,

Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?

Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered

To read the wild'st lookes ; many bad faces,
 (Because rich gemmes are treasured vp in cases)
 Passe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues
 Dambie misers Gold, so maskes are beauties graues,
 Men nere meete women with such muffled eies,
 But they curse her, that first did maskes deuise,
 And sweare it was some beldame. Come off with't.

Mist. Open. I will not.

Mist. Open. Good faces maskt are Iewels kept by
 spirits.

Hide none but bad ones, for they poyson mens fights,
 Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stuffe,
 (By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
 Prithee (sweete Rose) come strike this fayle.

Mist. Open. Saile ?

Mist. Op. Ha ? ycs wife strike saile, for stormes
 are in thine eyes :

Mist. Open. Th'are here fir in my browes if any
 rise.

Mist. Open. Ha browes ? (what sayes she friend)
 pray tel me why

Your two flagges were aduaunst ; the Comedy,
 Come what's the Comedy ?

Mist. Open. Westward hoe.

Mist. Open. How ?

Mist. Open. 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.

Gosh. Are you both madde ?

Mist. Open. Is't Market day at *Braine-ford*, and
 your ware not sent vp yet ?

Mist. Open. What market day ? what ware ?

Mist. Open. A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis
 drawne and slaies your cutting vp.

Gosh. As you regard my credit.

Mist. Open. Art madde ?

Mist. Open. Yes lecherous goate ; Baboone.

Mist. Open. Baboone ? then tosse me in a blancet.

Mist. Open. Do I it well ?

Mist. Gull. Rarely.

Gosh. Belike fir thee's not well ; best leaue her.

Maist. Open. No,

I'll stand the storme now how fierce so ere it blow.

Mist. Open. Did I for this loose all my friends ?
refuse

Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
A stale to a common whore ?

Maist. Open. This does amaze mee.

Mist. Open. Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerfion
now ?

A Strumpets leauing ?

Maist. Open. Rosamond.

Gosh. I sweate, wo'd I lay in cold harbour.

Mist. Open. Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers
through my heart.

Maist. Open. Not I by heauen sweete wife.

Mist. Open. Go diuel go ; that which thou swear'st
by, damnes thee.

Gosh. S'heart will you vndo mee ?

Mist. Open. Why flay you heere ? the flarre, by
which you faile,

Shines yonder aboue *Chelfy* ; you loose your shore
If this moone light you : seeke out your light whore.

Maist. Open. Ha ?

Mist. Gal. Puff ; your Westerne pug.

Gosh. Zounds now hell roares.

Mist. Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of
oares,

This very morning.

Maist. Open. Oares ?

Mist. Open. At *Brainford* fir.

Maist. Open. Racke not my patience ; Maister
Goshawke, some flauie has buzzed this into her, has he
not ? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman ? 'tis a
lie : What old baud tels thee this ? S'death 'tis a lie.

Mist. Open. 'Tis one to thy face shall iustify all
that I speake.

Maist. Open. Vd' foule do but name that rascall.

Mist. Open. No fir I will not.

Goff. Keepe thee there girl :—then !

Mist. Open. Sister know you this varlet ?

Mist. Gall. Yes.

Mist. Open. Swear true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd ? a second *Iudas* ? a common hangman ? cutting a mans throate ? does it to his face ? bite mee behinde my backe ? a cur dog ? sweare if you know this hell-hound.

Mist. Gall. In truth I do.

Mist. Open. His name ?

Mist. Gall. Not for the world ;

To haue you to stab him.

Goff. Oh braue girls : worth Gold.

Mist. Open. A word honest maister *Goshawke*.

Draw out his sword.

Goff. What do you meane sir ?

Mist. Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in some hid character : I'll ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head speak : or else shew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may sample it ; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne house) I'll kill him :—the streete. Or at the Church dore :—there—(cause he seekes to vnty

The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

Mist. Open. My husband titles him.

Mist. Open. Maister *Goshawke*, pray sir Sweare to me, that you know him or know him not, Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote besides my wiues.

Goff. By heauen that man I know not.

Mist. Open. Come, come, you lie.

Goff. Will you not haue all out ?

By heauen I know no man beneath the moone Should do you wrong, but if I had his name, I'de print it in text letters.

Mist. Open. Print thine owne then,
Did'st not thou sweare to me he kept his whoore ?

Mist. Gal. And that in sinfull *Brainford* they
would commit

That which our lips did water at fir,—ha ?

Mist. Open. Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web

In mine owne house t' insnare me : hast not thou

Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this rooffe,

And turned it all to poyson ? spitting it,

On thy friends face (my husband ?) he as t'were
sleeping :

Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,

That they might glance on thee.

Mist. Gal. Speake, are these lies ?

Gosh. Mine own shame me confounds :

Mist. Open. No more, hee's stung ;

Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell

Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)

Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all set,

In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfet :

I thought you none.

Gosh. Pardon mee.

Mist. Open. Truth I doe.

This blemish growes in nature not in you,

For mans creation flicke euen moles in scorne

On fairest cheeks, wise nothing is perfect borne.

Mist. Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Mist. Open. What's this whole world but a gilt
rotten pill ?

For at the heart lies the old chore still.

I'll tell you Maister *Goshawke*, I in your eie

I haue seene wanton fire, and then to try

The soundnesse of my iudgement, I told you

I kept a whoore, made you beleue t'was true,

Onely to feele how your pulse beat, but find,

The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.

Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,

This rub put by, our loue shall runne more euen.

Mist. Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no
more ?

Gosk. No :—you teach me a trick for that.

Mist. Open. Troth do not, they'l o're reach thee.

Mai. Open. Make my house yours fir still.

Gosk. No.

Mai. Open. I say you shall :

Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

*Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Sommer,
Laxton muffled a loose off.*

Omnes. How now ?

Mai. Gall. With mee fir ?

Greene. You fir ? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your dore this houre to watch for you.

Mist. Gall. What's the matter husband ?

Greene. — I haue caught a cold in my head fir, by sitting vp late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.

Mai. Gal. So fir.

Greene. I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Crasline*, doe you see, *Crasline sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in Bow Church.

Mai. Gal. Where fir ? what saies he ?

Greene. Bow : Bow Church, to answere to a libel of precontract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another ; y'are best fir take a copy of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

Omnes. A Citation ?

Mai. Gal. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slaue fees you to this ?

Lax. Slaue ? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare fir ?

Gosk. *Laxton* ist not ?—what sagary is this ?

Mai. Gal. Trust me I thought fir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fiftene pound, besides the thirty you had fir, —for then you fware.

Lax. Tush, tush fir, oathes,

Truth yet I'me loth to vex you, . . tell you what ;
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Maist. Gal. An hundred pound?

Mist. Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none :
what a 100 pound?

Maist. Gal. Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman
offers thus,

If I will make the monyes that are past
A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts,
And giue his bond neuer to vex us more.

Mist. Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las ; take fir but three-
score,

Do you seeke my vndoing?

Lax. I'lle not bate one sixpence, . . . I'lle mall
you puffe for spitting.

Mist. Gal. Do thy worst,
Will fourescore stop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Mist. Gal. Y'are a slaue,
Thou Cheate, I'lle now teare mony from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

Greene. Nay Gentlemen, seeing your woemen are
so hote, I must loofe my haire in their company
I see.

Mist. Ope. His haire sheds off, and yet he speaks
not so much in the nose as he did before.

Gosli. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maister
Greenewit, is your wit so raw as to play no better a
part then a Somners?

Maist. Gal. I pray who playes a knacke to know an
honest man in this company?

Mist. Gall. Deere husband, pardon me, I did dis-
semble,

Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no shift but that.

Maist. Gal. A very cleane shift : but able to make
mee lowfy, On.

Mist. Gal. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him flie more lofty.

Mist. Gal. A' the top of you wife : on.

Mist. Gal. He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,

Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose finne keeps him in breath : by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

Mist. Gal. My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-boord will serue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon : of that wee'l talke hereafter : y'are a villaine :

Lax. Heare mee but speake fir, you shall finde mee none.

Onnes. Pray fir, be patient and heare him.

Mist. Gal. I am muzzled for biting fir, vse me how you will.

Lax. The first howre that your wife was in my eye,

My selfe with other Gentlemen fitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoake, and speech being vsed,
That men who haue fairest wiues are most abused,
And hardly scapt the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,
Iustly, but by mens flanders : for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart ;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Mist. Gal. Yet *Pru* 'tis well :

Play out your game at Irish fir : Who winnes ?

Mist. Open. The triall is when shee comes to bearing :

Lax. I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,

And (which more vext me) a shee-citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gaue many a braue repulse, and me compell'd

With shame to sound retrait to my hot lust,
Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore
Nere to prsumne againe : she said, her cie
Would euer giue me welcome honestly,
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it runne low,
Shee would my state relieue, not to o'rethrow
Your owne and hers : did to ; then seeing I wrought
Vpon her meeknesse, mee she set at nought,
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
You see what streame I stroue with, but sir I sweare
By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,
I neither haue, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment :
Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,
When I had most power to do't I wrong'd you least.

Maisl. Gal. If this no gullery be sir,

Omnes. No, no, on my life.

Maisl. Gal. Then sir I am beholden (not to you
wife)

But Maister *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,
Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Maisl. Open. Brother, we haue a iest,
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

Maisl. Gal. Wee'l crowne our table with it : wife
brag no more

Of holding out : who most brags is most whore.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iacke Dapper, Moll, *Sir* Beautilous Ganymed,
and *Sir* Thomas Long.

Iacke Dap. But prethee Maister Capitaine *Iacke* be
plaine and perspicuous with mee ; was it your *Megge* of
Westminsters courage, that rescued mee from the Poul-
try puttockes indeed.

Mol. The valour of my wit I ensure you sir fetcht

you off brancely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those desperates, Sir *Beaumont Garmund* here, and sir *Thomas Long* heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) sing the note of your rancome from captiuitie.

Sir Bewt. Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speaks nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vsed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes. how, how?

Mol. Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyst, & away slid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbs I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra *Iacke Dapper*.

Iac. Dap. What sai'st *Tom Long*?

T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

Iack Dap. Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra *Iacke*,
Mol.

Mol. What saies my little *Dapper*?

Sir Bewt. Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

Iack Dap. *Mol* and I'll be i' the midst.

Mol. These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say you?

Iack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Davy* laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to set vpon mee.

Omnes. Your father? away *Iacke*.

Jack. Dap. By the taffels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke flratageme thinke you ? hee thought becaufe a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowfy prifon could make an affe of mee.

Omnes. A nasty plot.

Jack. Dap. I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which all the wilde beafts of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

Mol. Yonder comes my Lord *Noland*.

Omnes. Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Ganymed*, *Sir Thomas Long*? and how does Maister *Dapper*?

Jack. Dap. Thankes my Lord.

Mol. No Tobacco my Lord?

L. Nol. No faith *Jacke*.

Jack. Dap. My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of fpice-cakes.

L. Nol. Heeres fuch a merry ging, I could find in my heart to faile to the worlds end with fuch company, come Gentlemen let's on.

Jack. Dap. Here's moft amorous weather my Lord.

Omnes. Amorous weather. *They walke.*

Iac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

*Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with a patch
o're one cie, and Teare-Cat with him, all
tatters.*

Trap. Shall we fet vpon the infantry, thefe troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorifh Maifter and Miftrefle, wo'd I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

Teare-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discover me : wee'l on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the cares of commiseration, and let the found of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of filuer, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

Jacke Dap. Where are you maim'd ?

T. Cat. In both our neather limbs.

Mol. Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you ? by my troth I loue a souldier with my soule.

Sir Bewt. Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd ?

T. Long. In any part of the Low countries ?

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the siege of *Belgrad*.

L. Nol. Who seru'd there with you sirra ?

Trap. Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valachians*, and *Transiluanians*, with some *Sclauonians*, and retyring home fir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

Jack. Dap. You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

Trap. Oh fir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscan*, with all her Cities, as *Pistoia*, *Valeria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siemois*, and diuerse others.

Mol. Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

Jack. Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English, What art thou ?

T. Cat. Eek mine Here. Eek bin den ruffling Teare-Cat,

Den braue Soldado, Ick bin dorick all
Dutchlant.

Guerefen : Der Shellum das meere Iue
Beafa

Iue woert gaeb.

Ick slaag bin stroakes on tom Cop.

Bastick Den hundred touzum Binell
halle,

Frollick mine Here.

Sir Bewt. Here, here, let's be rid of their iob-
bering.

Moll. Not a crosse, *Sir Bewtious*, you bafe rogues,
I haue taken meafure of you, better then a taylor can,
and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue
fitted mee.

Trap. Your Worship will not abuse a fouldier.

Moll. Souldier ! thou deferu'ft to bee hang'd vp
by that tongue which dishonours fo noble a profession,
fouldier you skeldering varlet ? hold, stand, there should
be a trapdore here abouts. *Pull off his patch.*

Trap. The balles of these glafiers of mine (mine
eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of
seruice for my inuincible Mifresse.

Iacke Dap. I did not thinke there had bene fuch
knauery in blacke patches as now I fee.

Mol. Oh fir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of
dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite
like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you firra ? a bird of this feather
too.

T. Cat. A man beaten from the wars fir.

T. Long. I thinke so, for you neuer stood to fight.

Iac. Dap. What's thy name fellow fouldier ?

T. Cat. I am cal'd by those that haue seen my
valour, *Tear-Cat.*

Omnes. Teare Cat?

Moll. A meere whip-lucke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a slave, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discover more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

T. Cat. No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashierd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him saile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then myfelfe.

Jack. Dap. So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd soul-dier now.

Trap. Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Mol. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you sirra are an vpright man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

Mol. And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

T. Cat. Brother to this vpright man, flesh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

Mol. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Omnes. Doxy *Mol*, what's that?

Mol. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchen mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel,

and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

Jack. Dap. Here's old cheating.

Trap. My doxy staves for me in a boufing ken, braue Captaine.

Mol. Hee sayes his wench staies for him in an ale-houfe : you are no pure rogues.

T. Cat. Pure rogues ? no, wee fcorne to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire cuffin.

Mol. So, fir, no churle of you.

T. Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting ?

Jack. Dap. Zounds, I'll giue a schoolemaister halfe a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but strowle fir, halfe a haruest with vs fir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T. Long. Well sayd *Mol*, cant with her firra, and you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

Trap. I'll haue a bout if she please.

Mol. Come on firra.

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a hogthead vnder the Ruffemans, and there you shall wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent rascall.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your stampes.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, *Mol*, why art thou angry ? what was his gibberish ?

Mol. Marry this my Lord sayes hee ; Ben mort (good wench) shall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken, or nip a bung ? shall you and I rob a houfe, or cut a purse ?

Omnes. Very Good.

Mol. And then wee'l couch a hoghead vnder the
Ruffemans :

And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire Capitaine, as 'tis fit a
fouldier should lie.

Mol. And there you shall wap with mee, and I'll
niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Bewt. Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap?

Jack. Dap. Nay teach mee what nigging is, I'de
faine bee nigging.

Mol. Wapping and nigging is all one, the rogue
my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling : if it please you.

Sir Bewt. This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*.

Mol. Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-house
In a bouling ken of Rom-vile.

T. Cat. Is Benar then a Caster,
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans. *The song.*
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,
By the follamon vnder the Ruffemans.
By the follamon in the Hartmans.

T. Cat. And scoure the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my boufy nab might skew rome boufe
well

Auaft to the pad, let vs bing,
Auaft to the pad, let vs bing.

Omnes. Fine knaues i'faith.

Jack Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheels,
and the gruntling of five hundred hogs comming from
Rumford market, cannot make a worse noyse then
this canting language does in my eares ; pray my
Lord *Noland*, let's giue these fouldiers their pay.

Sir Bewt. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nor. Heere *Mol.*

Mol. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, looke you : my Lord *Noland* heere and these Gentlemen, bestowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings fixe pence.

Trap. Thankes to your Lordship.

T. Cat. Thankes heroicall Captaine.

Mol. Away.

Trap. Wee shall cut ben whiddes of your Maisters and Mistrefhip, wheresoeuer we come.

Moll. You'l maintaine firra the old Iustices plot to his face.

Trap. Else trine me on the cheats : hang me.

Mol. Be sure you meete mee there.

Trap. Without any more maundring I'll doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat.*

T. Cat. *I præsequor*, let us go mouse.

Exeunt they two manet the rest.

L. Nol. *Mol* what was in that canting song ?

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praise of good drinke, the onely milke which these wilde beasts loue to sucke, and thus it was :

A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,
More wholesome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,

To fill my drunken-pate, with that, I'de sit vp late,
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowly hedge die,
Let a slaue haue a pull at my whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor ; And a parcell of such stufte
my Lord

Not worth the opening.

*Enter a Culpurse very gallant, with foure or fve men
after him, one with a wand.*

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder ?

T. Long. Maffie I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

1. *Cut.* Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of Gallants, and strike?

2. *Cut.* 'Tis a question whether there bee any finer shels amongst them, for all their fattin out-fides.

Omnes. Let's try?

Mol. Pox on him, a gallant? shadow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

Omnes. Is't possible?

Mol. This braue fellow is no better then a foyst.

Omnes. Foyst, what's that?

Mol. A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foysting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i' the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i' the streetes, whil'st shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimbleness of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or fise ringes mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

2. *Cut.* Zounds wee are smoakt.

Omnes. Ha?

2. *Cut.* Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

1. *Cut.* All the diseases of fixteene hospitals boyle her: away.

Mol. Blesse you sir.

1. *Cut.* And you good sir.

Mol. Do'st not ken mee man?

1. *Cut.* No trust mee sir.

Mol. Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'me bound for many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play

i' the Swanne, seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best ; do you see ? no more.

r. Cut. A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistresse *Mary*, disgrace mee not : *paucis palabris*, I will coniure for you, farewell :

Mol. Did not I tell you my Lord ?

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villaines.

T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurffe ? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol* ? I must confesse,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,
I haue sat amongst such adders ; seene their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houfes
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that streame met an ill name :
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his close villanies ; and you your selfe shall cant
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foyfts, puggards, curbers,
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be discouered to a noble wit.
I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raise their owne damnation in.

Jack Dap. How do'st thou know it ?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.

Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

L. Nol. Well.

Mol. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close trickes of curtizans ; would not you
Hearken to such a fellow ?

L. Nol. Yes.

Mol. And here,

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend most deare
 That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
 Your knowledge in those villanies, to save
 Your friend from their quicke danger: must you have
 A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,
 Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* out purle fo.
 How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?
 How many chaste, whose names fill scandalers bookes?
 Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their
 scornes

Cal fo, we should not walke for goring hornes,
 Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,
 I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

Omnes. A braue minde *Mol* i'faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary?

L. Nol. I, 'tis noone sure.

Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne
 me to you or to the world: A fencer I hope may be
 cal'd a coward, is he so for that? If all that haue ill
 names in London, were to be whipt, and to pay but
 twelcupence a peece to the beadle, I would rather
 haue his office, then a Constables.

Jack. Dap. So would I Captaine *Moll*: 'twere a
 sweete tickling office i'faith. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and
 Greenewit, and others.*

Alex. My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent
 girle,

Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon?

Greene. How will your care preuent it?

Gozh. 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, their gone, but none knows whe-
 ther.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-
 strings

Enter a seruant.

Held out so long from breaking: now what newes sir?

Servant. They were met vppo'th the water an houre
fince, fir.

Putting in towards the Sluce.

Alex. The Sluce ? come Gentlemen,
'Tis *Lambith* workes against vs.

Greene. And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad
matches, then your fixe wet townes, twixt that and
Windfor-bridge, where fares lye foaking.

Alex. Delay no time sweete Gentlemen : to Blacke
Fryars,
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe
my mistresse,
Are landed now at Tower.

Alex. Hoyda, at Tower ?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Alex. Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my
care ?
I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter sir Fitz-Allard.

Fitz-Alla. Sir *Alexander*.
You'r well met, and most rightly ferued,
My daughter was a fcorne to you.

Alex. Say not so fir.

Fitz.All. A very abiect, fince poore Gentlewoman,
Your houle had bene dishonoured. Giue you
ioy fir,
Of your fons Gaskoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather
shortly

To a fine crew of roaring fonnies and daughters,
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbes passing well fir.

Alex. O play not with the miferies of my heart,
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vent, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,

And scornfull aire let in : rather let pittie
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

Fitz-All. Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.
Like one that giues almes to a curling beggar,
Had I but found one sparke of goodnesse in you
Toward my deseruing child, which then grew fond
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should haue come neere your
house,

Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart.

Alex. If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.

Greene. You vrge a thing past sense, how can he
helpe you ?

All his assistance is as fraile as ours,
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em ?
One brings vs water newes ; then comes an other
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
And he reports the Tower ; whose sounds are truest ?

Goffe. In vaine you flatter him sir *Alexander.*

Fitz-All. I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee
grossly.

Green. Hee doe's it well i'faith.

Fitz-All. Both newes are false,
Of Tower or water : they tooke no such way yet.

Alex. Oh strange : heare you this Gentlemen, yet
more plundges ?

Fitz-Alla. Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet
more close, then if they were further off.

Alex. How am I lost in these distractions ?

Fitz-Alla. For your speeches Gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashnesse ; fore you all,
I will engage my state to halfe his wealth,
Nay to his sonnes reuencwes, which are lesse,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him ;
That I could (if my will stucke to my power)
Preuent this mariage yet, nay banish her
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.

Alex. Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap
vpon me

Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter :
I'de willingly resigne vp halfe my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

Greene. Hee talkes impossibilities, and you belecue
'em.

Fitz-Alla. I talke no more, then I know how to
finish,

My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pitty :
And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring
Of his affection was my daughters first,
Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him
In those possessions, which your loue and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,
To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her :
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,
I'le forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

Greene. Troth but you shall not vndertake such
matches,

Wee'l perswade so much with you.

Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleuee this token : fore these Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully : all those lands,
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse
In that refusal.

Fitz-All. If I change it not, change mee into a
beggar.

Green. Are you mad sir ?

Fitz-All. 'Tis done.

Goff. Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies ?

Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.

Fitz-All. I, I, sir I.

I aske no fauour ; trust to you for none,

My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son.

Exit Fitz-Allard.

Greene. Hee holds it vp well yet.

Gosh. Of an old knight i'faith.

Alex. Curst be the time, I laid his first loue
barren,

Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had sprung forth fruites, of comfort and of honour ;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

Enter Moll.

Gosh. Life, heere's *Mol.*

Green. *Jack.*

Gosh. How dost thou *Jacke* ?

Mol. How dost thou Gallant ?

Alex. Impudence, where's my sonne ?

Mol. Weakenesse, go looke him.

Alex. Is this your wedding gowne ?

Mol. The man talkes monthly ;

Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,
I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting.

Exit Moll.

Gosh. Why fir, take comfort now, there's no such
matter,

No Priest will marry her, fir, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one :
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.

Alex. What ere' she be, she has my blessing with
her,

May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.

Green. Glad y'are so penitent, for your former
sinne fir.

Gosh. Say he should take a wench with her smocke-
dowry,

No portion with her, but her lips and armes ?

Alex. Why ? who thriue better fir ? they haue most
bleffing,

Though other haue more wealth, and leaſt repent,
Many that want moſt, know the moſt content.

Greene. Say he ſhould marry a kind youthfull ſinner.

Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft
and drunkenneſſe,
Nothing but death can wipe away.

There finnes are greene, euen when there heads are
gray,

Nay, I diſpaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentle-
men,

No face can come vnfortunately to me,
Now fir, your newes ?

Enter a ſeruant.

Seruant. Your ſonne with his faire Bride is neere
at hand.

Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.

Green. Now you'r reſolu'd fir, it was neuer ſhe.

Alex. I finde it in the muſicke of my heart.

*Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastian's hand, and Fitz-
Allard.*

See where they come.

Goſh. A proper luſty preſence fir.

Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies coun-
ſeld him

To chooſe a goodly perſonable creature,
Juſt of her pitch was my firſt wife his mother.

Seb. Before I dare diſcouer my offence,
I kneele for pardon.

Alex. My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue
could aſke it,

Riſe, thou haſt rais'd my ioy to greater height

Then to that feat where griefe deieſted it,
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,
Hide not mine happineſſe too long, al's pardoned,
Here are our friends, ſalute her, Gentlemen.

They vnmaſke her.

Omnes. Heart, who this *Mol* ?

Alex. O my reuiuing ſhame, is't I muſt liue,
To be ſtrucke blind, be it the worke of ſorrow,
Before age take't in hand.

Fitz-All. Darkeneſſe and death.
Haue you deceau'd mee thus ? did I engage
My whole eſtate for this.

Alex. You aſkt no fauour,
And you ſhall finde as little, ſince my comforts,
Play falſe with me, I'l be as cruell to thee
As griefe to fathers hearts.

Mol. Why what's the matter with you ?
Leſſe too much joy, ſhould make your age forgetfull,

Are you too well, too happy ?

Alex. With a vengeance,

Mol. Me thinkes you ſhould be proud of ſuch a
daughter,

As good a man, as your ſonne.

Alex. O monſtrous impudence.

Mol. You had no note before, an vnmarkt Knight,
Now all the towne will take regard on you,
And all your enemies feare you for my ſake,
You may paſſe where you liſt, through crowdes moſt
thicke,

And come of brauely with your purſſe vnpickt,
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or
knife,

While y'au'e a roaring girle to your ſonnes wife.

Alex. A diuell rampant.

Fitz-Alla. Haue you ſo much charity,

Yet to releafe mee of my laft rafh bargaine ?
And I'le giue in your pledge.

Alex. No fir, I ftand to't, I'le worke vpon aduan-
tage,
As all mifchiefes do vpon mee.

Fitz-All. Content, beare witneffe all then
His are the lands, and fo contention ends.
Here comes your fonnes Bride, twixt two noble
friends.

*Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Bewtious Gany-
med, with Mary Fitz-Allard betweene them, the
Citizens and their wiues with them.*

Mol. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke
me for't,
I'de a fore-finger in't.

Seb. Forgiue mee father,
Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,
This ftill was thee, for whom true loue complain'd.

Alex. Bleffings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,
Beginne your peace heere, to be fign'd in heauen,
How fhort my fleepe of sorrow feemes now to me,
To this eternity of boundleffe comforts,
That finds no want but vtterance, and expreffion.
My Lord your office heere appeares fo honourably :
So full of ancient goodneffe, grace, and worthineffe,
I neuer tooke more ioy in fight of man,
Then in your comfortable prefence now.

L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to
vertue,
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your fonnes Bride,
Noble *Fitz-Allards* daughter, to whose honour
And modeft fame, I am a feruant vow'd,
So is this Knight.

Alex. Your loues make my ioyes proud,
Bring forth thofe deeds of land, my care layd ready,
And which, old knight, thy nobleneffe may challenge,
Ioyn'd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prize now,

As decreely as that flesh, I call myne owne.
 Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse
 When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,
 Sorrow and wilfull rasknesse grew like filmes
 Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere
 I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

Mary. Duty and loue may I deserve in those,
 And all my wishes haue a perfect close.

Alex. That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so
 sweete,

Here honest sonne, receiue into thy hands,
 The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,
 Which my first care provided, thei'r thine owne,
 Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,
 That can in worldly shap'es to man betide,
 Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,
 Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Seb. I hope so too fir.

Mol. Father and sonne, I ha' done you simple
 seruice here.

Seb. For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vnre-
 quited.

Alex. Thou art a madde girle, and yet I cannot
 now condemne thee.

Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you should fir,
 I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,
 I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the
 people.

Heard you this iest my Lord?

L. Nol. What is it *Jacke*?

Mol. He was in feare his sonne would marry
 mee,

But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

L. Nol. Why? thou had'st a suiter once *Jacke*,
 when wilt marry?

Mol. Who I my Lord, I'll tell you when ifaith,
 When you shall heare,
 Gallants voyd from Sericants feare,
 Honesty and truth vnlandred,

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,
Cheates bootred, but not coacht,
Veffels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,
Next day following, I'le be married.

L. Nol. This founds like domef-day.

Mol. Then were marriage beft,
For if I fhould repent, I were foone at reft.

Alex. Introth tho' art a good wench, I'me forry
now,
The opinion was fo hard, I conceiu'd of thee.
Some wrongs I'ue done thee.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Is the winde there now?
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confefse firft,
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele it,
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon miftrefie.

Mol. Pardon? for what fir? what ha's your rogue-
ship done now?

Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to con-
found you, by this old Gentleman.

Mol. How?

Trap. Pray forgiue him,
But may I counsell you, you fhould neuer doo't.
Many a fnare to entrapp your Worships life,
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Iewels,
And when hee faw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to faue you.

Alex. To all which fhame and grieve in me cry
guilty,
Forgiue mee now, I caft the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:
I fee the moft of many wrongs before thee,
Caft from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,

That deceives mans opinion ; mockes his trust,
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.

Mol. Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were
giuen me

As a Musitian, I pursue no pittie,
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

Alex. So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Allard*,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling pre-
fence,

Are glories fet in mariage, beames of society,
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,
The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,
At the returne of euery smiling spring :
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.



Epilogus.

A Painter hauing drawne with curious Art
 The picture of a woman (euery part,
 Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell :
 People (who pass'd along) veiwing it well,
 Gaue feuerall verdicts on it : some dispraifed
 The haire, some sayd the brows too high were
 raifed,
 Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,
 Some wisht her nose were shorter ; some, the eyes
 fuller,
 Others sayd rofes on her cheekes should grow,
 Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
 The workeman still as fault was found, did mend
 it,
 In hope to please all ; (but this worke being ended)
 And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
 So monstrous and so vgly all men did smile
 At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
 Is this our Comedy. Some perhaps do floute
 The plot, saying ; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too
 meane,
 Some for the person will reuile the Scène.
 And wonder, that a creature of her being
 Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing
 In the worlds cie, none weighes so light : others
 looke
 For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,

Epilogus.

(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) or Cut-
purse,
Of Nips and Foyfts, nastie, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,
For any honest care or eye vnfit.
And thus,
If we to euey braine (that's humerous)
Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter)
shall
In strriuing to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons : if what both haue
done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The *Roring Girl* her selfe some few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence.
Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does
woc you,
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her
to you.

FINIS.

Troia-Noua Triumphans.

London Triumphant,

OR,

The Solemne, Magnificent, and Memorable Receiving of that worthy Gentleman, Sir IOHN SWINERTON Knight, into the Citty of LONDON, after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudas day, being the 29. of October. 1612.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Devices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully expreffed.

By *Thomas Dekker.*



LONDON,

Printed for *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be sold by *John Wright* dwelling at Christ Church-gate. 1612.



To the Deferuer of all those Honors,
Which the Customary Rites of this Day,
And the generall Loue of this City bestow vpon
him, Sir Iohn Swinerton, Knight, Lord
Maior of the renowned City
of London.

Onor (*this day*) takes you by the Hand, and
giues you welcomes into your New Office of
Pretorship. A Dignity worthie the Cities
bestowing, and most worthy your Re-
ceiuing. You haue it with the Harts of many people,
Voices, and Held-up hands: they know it is a Roabe
fit for you, and therefore haue clothed you in it. May
the Last-day of your wearing the same, yeeld to your
Selfe as much Ioy, as to Others does this First-day of
your putting it on. I swimme (for my owne part) not
onely in the Maine Full-sea of the General praise and
Hopes of you. But powre out also (for my particular)
such a streame as my Prayers can render, for a successe
answerable to the On-set: for it is no Field, unlesse it
be Crowned with victory.

I present (Sir) vnto you, these labours of my Pen, as
the first and newest Congratulatory Offerings tendered
into your hands, which albeit I should not (of my selfe)
deferue to see accepted, I know notwithstanding you will

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

giue to them a generous and gratefull entertainment, in regard of that Noble Fellowship and Society, (of which you Yesterday were a Brother, and This Day a Father) who most freely haue bestowed these their Loues vpon you. The Colours of this Peece are mine owne; the Cost theirs: to which nothing was wanting, that could be had, and euery thing had that was required. To their Lasting memory I set downe This; And to your Noble Disposition, this I Dedicate. My wishes being (as euer they haue bene) to meete with any Obiect, whose reflexion may present to your Eyes, that Loue and Duty, In which

I stand Bounden

To your Lordship.

Thomas Dekker.



Troia Noua Triumphans.

London Triumphing.

Ryumphes, are the most choice and daintiest fruit that spring from *Peace* and *Abundance*; *Loue* begets them; and *Much Cost* brings them forth. *Expectation* feeds vpon them, but feldome to a furfeite, for when she is most full, her longing wants something to be satisfied. So inticing a shape they carry, that *Princes* themselues take pleasure to behold them; they with delight; common people with admiration. They are now and then the *Rich* and *Glorious Fires* of *Bounty*, *State*, and *Magnificence*, giuing light and beauty to the *Courts* of *Kings*: And now and then, it is but a debt payd to *Time* and *Custom*: and out of that dept come *These*. *Ryot* hauing no hand in laying out the *Expences*, and yet no hand in plucking backe what is held decent to be bestowed. A *sumptuous Thriftinesse* in these *Ciuiil Ceremonies* managing *All*. For it were not laudable, in a City (so rarely gouerned and tempered) superfluously to exceed; As contrariwise it is much honor to her (when the *Day* of *spending* comes) not to be *sparing* in any thing. For the *Chaires* of *Magistrates* ought to be adorned, and to shine like the Chariot which carries the *Sunne*; And *Beames* (if it were possible) must be thought to be shot from the *One* as from the *Other*: As well to dazle and amaze the common *Eye*, as to

make it learne that there is some *Excellent*, and *Extraordinary Arme* from heauen thrust downe to exalt a *Superior* man, that thereby the *Gazer* may be drawne to more obedience and admiration.

In a happy houre therefore did your Lordship take vpon you this insepable burden (of *Honor and Cares*) because your selfe being *Generous* of mind, haue met with men, and with a *Company* equall to your selfe in *Spirit*. And vpon as fortunate a *Tree* haue they ingrafted their *Bounty*; the fruites whereof shoot forth and ripen, are gathered, and taste sweetly, in the mouthes not onely of this *Citty*, but also of our best-to-be-beloued friends, the *Noblest strangers*. Vpon whom, though none but our *Soueraigne King* can bestow *Royall welcomes*; yet shall it be a *Memoriall* of an *Exemplary Loue* and *Duty* (in those who are at the *Cost* of these *Triumphs*) to haue added some *Heightning* more to them then was intended at first, of purpose to do honor to their Prince and Countrey. And I make no doubt, but *many worthy Companies* in this City could gladly be content to be partners in the *Disbursements*, so they might be sharers in the *Glory*. For to haue bene leaden-winged now, what infamy could be greater? When all the streames of *Nobility* and *Gentry*, run with the *Tide* hither. When all *Eares* lye listning for no newes but of *Feasts* and *Triumphs*: All *Eyes* still open to behold them: And all harts and hands to applaud them: When the heape of our *Soueraignes Kingdomes*, are drawne in *Little*: and to be seene within the Walles of this *City*. Then to haue tied *Bounty* in too straight a girdle: *Proh scelus infandum!* No; she hath worne her garments loose, her lippes haue bene free in *Welcomes*, her purse open, and her hands liberall. If you thinke I set a flattering glasse before you, do but so much as lanch into the *Riuer*, and there the *Thames* it selfe shall shew you *all the Honors*, which this day hath bestowed vpon her: And that done, step againe vpon the *Land*, and *Fame* will with her owne *Trumpet* proclaime

what I speake ; And her I hope you cannot deny to beleuee, hauing at least twenty thousand eyes about her, to witnesse whether she be a *True-tong'd Fame* or a *Lying*.

By this time the Lord Maior hath taken his oath, is seated in his barge againe ; a lowd thundring peale of *Chambers* giue him a *Fare-well* as he passes by. And see ! how quickly we are in ken of land, as suddenly therefore let vs leap on shore, and there obserue what honorable entertainment the Citty affoordes to their new *Prætor*, and what ioyfull salutations to her noble *Visitants*.

The first Triumph on the Land.

THE Lord Maior, and *Companyes* being landed, the first *Deuice* which is presented to him on the shore, stands ready to receiue him at the end of *Pauls-Chayne*, (on the south side the Church) and this it is.

A *Sea-Chariot* artificially made, proper for a God of the sea to sit in ; shippes dancing round about it, with *Dolphins* and other great *Fishes* playing or lying at the foot of the same, is drawne by two *Sea-horses*.

Neptune.

In this Chariot sits *Neptune*, his head circled with a *Coronet* of siluer *Scollup-shells*, stucke with branches of Corall, and hung thicke with ropes of pearle ; because such things as these are the treasures of the *Deepe*, and are found in the shels of fishes. In his hand he holds a siluer *Trident*, or *Three-forked Mace*, by which some Writers will haue signified the three *Naturall qualities* proper to *Waters* ; as those of fountaines to bee of a delitious taste, and Christalline colour : those of the Sea to bee saltish and unpleasant, and the colour fullen, and greenish : And lastly, those of standing Lakes, neither sweet nor bitter, nor

cleere, nor cloudy, butal together vnwholefome for the tasle, and loathfome to the eye. His roabe and mantle with other ornaments are correspondent to the quality of his perfon; Buskins of pearle and cockle-shells being worne vpon his legges. At the lower part of this Chariot sit *Mer-maids*, who for their excellency in beauty, aboue any other creatures belonging to the sea, are preferred to bee still in the eye of *Neptune*.

At *Neptunes* foot sits *Luna* (the *Moone*) who beeing gouernesse of the sea, and all petty Flouds, as from whose influence they receiue their ebbings and flowings, challenges to herselfe this honour, to haue rule and command of those Horfes that draw the Chariot, and therefore she holds their reynes in her hands.

She is atired in light roabes fitting her state and condition, with a siluer *Crescent* on her head, expressing both her power and property.

The whole Chariot figuring in it selfe that vast compasse which the sea makes about the body of the earth: whose *Globicall Rotundity* is *Hieroglyphically* represented by the wheele of the Chariot.

Before this *Chariot* ride foure *Trytons*, who are feyned by poets to bee Trumpeters to *Neptune*, and for that cause make way before him, holding strange Trumpets in their hands, which they sound as they passe along, their habits being Antike, and Sea-like, and sitting vpon foure seuerall fishes, *viz.* two *Dolphins*, and two *Mer-maids*, which are not (after the old procreation), begotten of painted cloath, and browne paper, but are liuing beasts, so queintly disguised like the natural fishes, of purpose to auoyd the trouble and pestering of Porters, who with much noyse and little comelinesse are euery yeare most vnneccessarily employed.

The time being ripe when the scope of this *Deuice* is to be deliuered, *Neptunes* breath goeth forth in these following *Speeches*.

Neptunes Speeches.

*Whence breaks this warlike thunder of lowd drummes,
(Clarions and Trumpets) whose shrill echo comes
Vp to our Watery Court, and calles from thence
Vs and our Trytons? As if violence
Weere to our Siluer-footed Sifter done
(Of Flouds the Queene) bright Thamefis, who does
runne*

*Twice euery day to our bosome, and there hides Ebbe
*Her wealth, whose Streame in liquid Chrifall &
glides Flow.*

*Guarded with troopes of Swannes? what does beget
These Thronges? this Confluence? why do voyces
beate*

*The Ayre with acclamations of applause,
Good wifhes, Loue, and Praifes? what is't drawes
All Faces this way? This way Rumor flies,
Clapping her infinite wings, whose noyse the Skyes
From earth receiue, with Muscally rebounding,
And strike the Seas with repercussive founding.*

*Oh! now I see the cause: vanish vaine feares,
*Isis no danger fees: for her head weares Thamefis.
Crowns of Rich Triumphes, which This day puts on,
And in Thy Honor all these Rites are done.
Whose Name when Neptune heard, 'twas a strange
Spell,*

*Thus farre-up into th' Land to make him swell
Beyond his Bownds, and with his Sea-troops wait
Thy wish't arriuall to congratulate.*

*Goe therefore on, goe boldly: thou must saile
In rough Seas (now) of Rule: and euery Gale
Will not perhaps befriend thee: But (how blacke
So ere the Skyes looke) dread not Thou a Wracke,
For when Integrity and Innocence sit
Steering the Helme, no Rocke the Ship can split.
Nor care the Whales (neuer so great) their Iawes
Should stretch to fwallow thee: Euery good mans
caufe*

Is in all stormes his Pilot : He that's found
 To himfelfe (in Conscience) nere can run a-ground.
Which that thou mayst do, neuer looke on't still :
For (Spite of Fowle gusts) calmer Windes shall fill
Thy Sayles at last- And see ! they home have brought
A Ship which Bacchus (God of Wines) hath fraught
With richest Juice of Grapes, which thy Friends shall
Drinke off in Healths to this Great Festiuall.
If any at Thy Happineffe repine
They gnaw but their Owne hearts, and touch not
 Thine.

Let Bats and Skreech-Owles murmur at bright Day,
Whiles Prayers of Good-men Guid Thee on the way.
Sound, old Oceanus Trumpeters, and lead on.

The *Trytons* then fownding, according to his command, *Neptune* in his *Chariot* passeth along before the *Lord Maior*. The foure *Windes* (habilimented to their quality, and hauing both *Faces* and *Limbes* proportionable to their blustering and boisterous condition) driue forward that *Ship* of which *Neptune* spake. And this concludes this first *Triumph* on the Land.

These two Shewes passe on vntill they come into *Pauls-Church-yard*, where standes another *Chariot*; the former *Chariot* of *Neptune*, with the *Ship*, beeing conveyd into *Cheap-side*, this other then takes the place; And this is the *Deuice*.

The second Land-Triumph.

It is the *Throne* of *Vertue*, gloriously adorned & beautified with all things that are fit to expresse the *Seat* of so noble and diuine a *Person*.

Vpon the height, and most eminent place (as worthiest to be exalted) fits *Arcté* (*Vertue*) herselfe; her temples shining with a *Diadem* of starres, to shew that her *Descent* is onely from heauen: her robes are rich, her mantle white (figuring *Innocency*) and pow-

dred with starres of gold, as an *Embleme* that she puts vpon *Men*, the garments of eternity.

Beneath *Her*, in distinct places, sit the *Seauen liberall Sciences*, viz. *Grammer*, *Rhetoricke*, *Logicke*, *Musicke*, *Arithmetike*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*.

Hauiug those roomes allotted them, as being *Mothers* to all *Trades*, *Professions*, *Mysteries* and *Societies*, and the readiest guide to *Vertue*. Their habits are *Light Roabes*, and *Loofe* (for *Knowledge* should be free.) On their heads they weare garlands of *Roses*, mixt with other flowers, whose sweet *Smels* are arguments of their cleere and vnspotted thoughts, not corrupted with uice. Euery one carrying in her hand, a *Symbole*, or *Badge* of that *Learning* which she professeth.

At the backe of this *Chariot* sit foure *Cupids*, to signifie that vertue is most honored when she is followed by *Loue*.

This *Throne*, or *Chariot*, is drawne by foure *Horses*, vpon the two formost ride *Time* and *Mercury*: the first, the *Begetter* and *Bringer forth* of all things in the world, the second, the *God* of *Wisedome* and *Eloquence*. On the other two *Horses* ride *Desire* and *Industry*; it beeing intimated hereby, that *Tyme* giues wings to *Wisedome*, and sharpens it, *Wisedome* sets *Desire* a burning, to attaine to *Vertue*, and that *Burning Desire* begets *Industry* (earnestly to pursue her.) And all these (together) make men in *Loue* with *Arts*, *Trades*, *Sciences*, and *Knowledge*, which are the onely staires and ascensions to the *Throne of Vertue*, and the onely glory and vpholdings of Cities. *Time* hath his wings, *Glasse*, and *Sythe*, which cuts downe *All*.

Mercury hath his *Caduceus*, or *Charming Rod*, his fethered *Hat*, his *Wings*, and other properties fitting his condition, *Desire* carries a burning heart in her hand.

Industry is in the shape of an old *Country-man*, bearing on his shoulder a *Spade*, as the *Embleme* of *Labour*.

Before this *Chariot*, or *Throne* (as *Guardians* and

Protectors to Vertue, to Arts, and to the rest; and as Afsistants to Him who is Chiefe within the City for that yeare) are mounted vpon horsebacke twelue Persons (two by two) representing the twelue superior Companies, euery one carrying vpon his left arme a faire Shield with the armes in it of one of the twelue Companies, and in his right hand a launce with a light streamer or pendant on the top of it, and euery horse led and attended by a Footman.

The Lord *Maier* beeing approached to this *Throne*, *Vertue* thus salutes him.

The Speech of ARETE (Vertue).

HAile (*worthy Pretor*) stay, and do Me grace,
 (*Who still haue cald thee Patron*) In this place
 To take from me heap'd welcomes, who combine
 These peoples hearts in one, to make them thine.
 Bright Vertues name thou know'st and heau'nly birth,
 And therefore (*spying thee*) downe she leapt to earth
 Whence vicious men had driuen her: On her throne
 The Liberrall Arts waite: from whose breasts do runne
 The milke of Knowledge: on which, Sciences seed,
 Trades and Professions: And by Them, the seed
 Of Ciuill, Popular Gouernment, is sowne;
 Which springing vp, loe! to what heighth tis growne
 In Thee and *These is seene. And (to maintaine

The Aldermen.

This Greatnesse) Twelue strong Pillars it sustaine;
 Vpon whose Capitals, *Twelue Societies stand,

The twelue Companies.

Graue and well-ordred) bearing chiefe Command
 Within this City, and (with Loue) thus reare
 Thy fame, in free election, for this yeare.
 All arm'd, to knit their Nerues (in One) with Thine,
 To guard this new Troy: And, (that She may shine
 In Thee, as Thou in Her) no Misers kay
 Has bard the Gold vp; Light flies from the Day
 Not of more free gift, than from them their Cost:
 For whats now spar'd, that only they count Lost.

*As then their Ioynd-hands lift Thee to thy Seate.
(Changing thereby thy Name for one More *Great),
Lord Maior.*

*And as this City, with her Loud, Full Voice,
(Drowning all spite that murmures at the Choice,
If at least such there be) does Thee preferre,
So art thou bound to loue, both Them and Her.
For know, thou art not like a Pinnacle, plac'd
Onely to stand aloft, and to be grac'd
With wondring eyes, or to haue caps and knees
Heape worship on thee: for that Man does leese
Himselfe and his Renowne, whose growth being Hye
In the weale publicke like the Cypres tree)
Is neither good to Build-with, nor beare Fruit;
Thou must be now, Stirring, and Refolute.
To be what thou art Sworne, (a waking Eye)
Afarre off (like a Beacon) to descry
What stormes are comming, and (being come) must then
Shelter with spread armes, the poor'st Citizen.
Sit Plenty at thy Table, at thy Gate
Bounty, and Hospitality: hee's most Ingrate
Into whose lap the Publick-weale hauing powr'd
Her Golden shewers, from Her his wealth should hoord.
Be like those Antient Spirits, that (long agon)
Could thinke no Good deed sooner than twas Don;
Others to pleasure. Hold it Thou more Glory,
Than to be pleas'd Thy Selfe. And be not sory
If Any strue (in best things) to exceed thee,
But glad, to helpe thy Wrongers, if they need thee.
Nor feare the stings of Euny, nor the Threates
Of her inuendm'd Arrowes, which at the Seates
Of those Who Best Rule euermore are shot,
But the Aire blowes off their fethers, and they hit not,
Come therefore on, nor dread her, nor her Sprites,
The poyson she spits vp, on her owne Head lights.
On, on, away.*

This Chariot or Throne of Vertue is then set forward, and followes that of *Neptune*, this taking place

iust before the Lord Maior : And this concludes the second Triumphant shew.

The third Deuice.

THE Third Deuice is a Forlorne Castle, built close to the little Conduit in Cheap-side, by which, as the Throne of *Vertue* comes neerer and neerer, there appeare aboue (on the battlements) *Enuy*, as chiefe Commandresse of that infernall Place, and euery part of it guarded with persons representing all those that are fellowes and followers of *Enuy*: as *Ignorance*, *Sloth*, *Oppression*, *Disdaine*, &c. *Enuy* herselfe being attired like a *Fury*, her haire full of snakes, her countenance pallid, meagre and leane, her body naked, in her hand a knot of snakes, crawling and writhen about her arme.

The rest of her litter are in as vgly shapcs as the dam, euery one of them beeing arm'd with black bowes, & arrows ready to bee shot at *Vertue*. At the gates of this Fort of Furies, stand *Ryot* and *Calumny*, in the shapcs of Gyants, with clubs, who offer to keep back the Chariot of *Vertue*, and to stop her passage. All the rest likewise on the battlements offering to discharge their blacke Artillery at her: but she onely holding vp her bright shield, dazzles them, and confounds them; they all on a sudden shrinking in their heads, vntill the Chariot be past, and then all of them appearing againe: their arrowes, which they shoote vp into the aire, breake there out in fire-works, as hauing no power to do wrong to so sacred a Deity as *Vertue*.

This caue of Monsters stands fixed to the Conduit, in which *Enuie* onely breathes out her poyson to this purpose.

The speech of Enuy.

Enuy. **A**DDers shoote, hyffe speckled snakes;
Sloth craule up, see *Oppression* wakes;
(Baine to learning,) *Ignorance*,

Shake thy Affes eares, *Disdaine*, aduance
Thy head *Luciferan* : Ryot split
Thy ribbes with curfes : *Calumny* fpit
Thy rancke-rotten gall vp. See, See, See,
That witch, whose bottomlefle Sorcery
Makes fooles runne mad for her, that Hag
For whom your Dam pines, hangs out her flag
Our Den to ramfacke : *Vertue*, that whoore ;
See, fee, how braue fhee's, I am poore.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are fo bright,
They dazzle *Enuy*, on : the Hag's put to flight.

Enuy. Snakes, from your virulent fpawne ingender
Dragons, that may peece-meale rend her :
Adders, shoote your ftings like quilts
Of Porcupines (Stiffe) ; hot Aetnean hils,
Vomit fulphure to confound her,
Fiends and Furies (that dwell vnder)
Lift hell gates from their hindges : come
You cloven-footed broode of Barrathrum,
Stop, ftay her, fright her with your fhreekes,
And put frefh bloud in *Enuies* cheekes.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are fo bright,
They dazle *Enuy* : the Hag's put to flight.

Omnes. Shoote, shoote, &c. *All that are with Enuy.*

Either during this fpeech, or elfe when it is done,
certain Rockets flye vp into the aire ; the Throne of
Vertue paffing on ftill, neuer ftaying, but fpeaking ftill
thofe her two laft lines, albeit, fhee bee out of the
hearing of *Enuy* : and the other of *Enuies* Faction
crying ftill, shoote, shoote, but feeing they preuaile not,
all retire in, and are not feene till the Throne comes
backe againe.

And this concludes this Triumphant affault of *Enuy* :
her conquest is to come.

The fourth Deuice.

THIS Throne of *Vertue* paffeth along vntill it comes
to the Croffe in *Cheape*, where the presentation of

another Triumph attends to welcome the *Lord Maior* in his passage ; the Chariot of *Vertue* is drawne then along, this other that followes taking her place, the Deuice bearing this Argument.

Vertue hauing by helpe of her followers, conducted the *Lord Maior* safely, euen, as it were, through the iawes of *Enuy* and all her Monsters : the next, and higheft honour thee can bring him to, is to make him ariue at the house of *Fame*, and that is this Pageant. In the vpper seat sits *Fame* crowned in rich attire, a Trumpet in her hand, &c. In other feuerall places fit Kings, Princes, and Noble perfons, who haue bene free of the *Marchant-tailors* : A particular roome being referued for one that represents the perfon of *Henry* the now *Prince of Wales*.

The onely speaker heere is *Fame* herfelfe, whose wordes found out these glad welcomes.

The speech of Fame.

WElcome to *Fames* high Temple : here fix fast
 Thy footing ; for the wayes which thou hast past
 Will be forgot and worne out ; and no Tract
 Of steps obseru'd, but what thou *now* shalt Act.
 The booke is shut of thy precedent deedes,
 And *Fame* vnclaspes another, where thee reades
 (Aloud) the Chronickle of a dangerous yeare,
 For Each Eye will looke through thee, and Each Eare
 Way-lay thy wordes and workes. Th' hast yet but
 gon
 About a Pyramid's foote ; the top's not won,
 That's glasse ; who slides there, fals, and once falne
 downe,
 Neuer more rises : no art cures renowne,
 The wound being sent to th' heart. 'Tis kept from
 thence
 By a strong armor, *Vertues* influence ;
 She guides thee, follow her. In this Court of *Fame*
 None else but *Vertue* can enrole thy name.

Erect thou then a serious eye, and looke
What worthies fill vp *Fames* voluminous booke,
That now (thine owne name read there) none may
blot

Thy leafe with foule inke, nor thy margent quotate
With any act of thine, which may disgrace
This Cittie's choice, thy selfe, or this thy place :
Or that which may dishonour the high Merits
Of thy renown'd society : roiall spirits
Of Princes holding it a grace to weare
That crimfon badge, which these about them beare,
Yea, Kings themselues 'mongst you haue fellowes
bene,

Stil'd by the name of a free-citizen :
For instance, see, seuen English Kings there plac'd,
Cloth'd in your liuery, the first feat being grac'd
By second *Richard* : next him **Bullingbrooke* :

Henry the 4.

Then that Fift (thundring) *Henry*, who all France
shook :

By him, his sonne (sixth *Henry*) by his side
Fourth *Edward*, who the *Roses* did diuide :
Richard the third next him : and then that King
Who made both *Roses* in one branch to spring :
A sprig of which branch (highest now but one)
Is *Henry Prince of Wales*, followed by none :
Who of this brotherhood, last and best steps forth,
'Honouring your Hall : to heighten more your worth.
I can a register show of seuentene more
(Princes and Dukes all) : entomb'd long before,
Yet kept aliue by Fame ; Earles thirty-one,
And Barons sixty-six that path haue gone :
Of Viscounts onely one your order tooke :
Turne ouer one leafe more in our vast booke,
And you may reade the names of prelates there,
Of which one Arch-bishop your cloth did weare.
And Bishops twenty-foure : of Abbots seuen
As many Priors, to make the number euen :
Of forty Church-men, I one sub-prior adde,

You from all these, these from you honour had.
 Women of high blood likewise laid aside
 Their greater state so to be dignified :
 Of which a *Queen* the first was, then a paire
 Of Dukes' wiues : and, to leaue the roll more faire,
 Five Countesses and two Ladies are the last,
 Whose birth and beauties haue your order grac'd.
 But I too long spin out this thrif of gold ;
 Here breakes it off. Fame hath them all en-roll'd
 On a large file (with Others), And their story
 The world shall reade, to adde vnto thy glory,
 Which I am loath to darken : thousand eyes
 Yet aking till they enjoy thee : win then that prise
 Which Vertue holds vp for thee, And (that done),
 Fame shall the end crowne, as she hath begun.
 Set forward.

Those Princes and Dukes (besides Kings nominated before) are these.

John Duke of Lancaster.	} In the time of Richard the Second.
Edmund Duke of Yorke.	
The Duke of Gloster.	
The Duke of Surrey.	} In the time of Henry the Fifth.
Humfry Duke of Gloster.	
Richard Duke of Yorke.	
George D. of Clarence.	} In the time of Edward the Fourth.
Duke of Suffolke.	
Iohn D. of Norfolke.	} In the time of Richard the Third.
George D. of Bedford.	

Edward D. of Buckingham, In the time of Henry the 7. with others, whose Rol is too long here to be opened.

The Queene spoken of, was Anne, wife to Richard the 2. Dukes wiues these, viz :—

The Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of Richard the 2.

Elionor Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of H. the 5.

Now for Prelates I reckon onely these,
The Prior of Saint Bartholmewes.
And his Sub-Prior.
The Prior of Elfinge-spittle.
Thomas Arundell, Arch-bishop of Canterbury.
Henry Bewfort, Bishop of Winton.
The Abbot of Barmondsey.
The Abbot of Towrchill.
Philip Morgan, Bishop of Worster.
The Abbot of Tower-hill.
The Prior of Saint Mary Overy.
The Prior of Saint Trinity in Cree-Church.
The Abbot and Prior of Westminster.
Kemp Bishop of London.
W. Wainfleete, B. of Winchester.
George Neuill, Bishop of Winchester, and Chauncelor
of England.
Iohn May, Abbot of Chertfay.
Laurence, Bishop of Durham.
Iohn Ruffell, Bishop of Rochester.

If I should lengthen this number, it were but to trouble you with a large index of names onely, which I am loath to do, knowing your expectation is to be otherwise feasted.

The speech of *Fame* therefore being ended, as 'tis set downe before, this Temple of her's takes place next before the *Lord Maior*, those of *Neptune* and *Vertue* marching in precedent order. And as this Temple is carryed along, a song is heard, the musicke being quaintly conueyed in a priuate roome, and not a person discouered.

THE SONG.

H *Onor*, eldest child of *Fame*,
Thou farre older then thy name,

London Triumphant.

Waken with my song, and see
 One of thine, here waiting thee.
 Sleepe not now,
 But thy brow,
 Chac't with Oliues, Oke, and Baies
 And an age of happy dayes
 Vpward bring,
 Whilst we sing
 In a Chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Longing round about him flay,
 Eyes, to make another day,
 Able with their vertuous light,
 Vtterly to banish night.
 All agree,
 This is hee,
 Full of bounty, honour, flore,
 And a world of goodnesse more
 Yet to spring
 Whilst we sing
 In a Chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Envy, angry with the dead,
 Far from this place hide thy head ;
 And *Opinion*, that nere knew
 What was either good or true ;
 Fly, I say,
 For this day
 Shall faire *Iustice*, *Truth*, and *Right*,
 And such happy sonnes of *Light*,
 To us bring,
 Whilst we sing
 In a Chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Goe on nobly, may thy name,
 Be as old and good as fame,
 Euer be remembered here,
 Whilst a blessing, or a teare
 Is in store,
 With the pore,
 So shall *Swinerton* nere dye,
 But his vertues vpward flye,
 And still spring,
 Whilst we sing,
 In a Chorus ceasing neuer,
 He is liuing, liuing euer.

And this concludes this fourth *Triumph*, till his lordships returne from the *Guild-hall*.

In returning backe from the *Guild-hall*, to performe the ceremoniall customes in *Pauls Church*, these shewes march in the same order as before; and coming with the Throne of *Vertue*, *Envy* and her crue are as busie again, *Envy* uttering some three or foure lines at the end of her speech onely: As thus:

Envy. F lends and furies, that dwell vnder,
 Lift hell-gates from their hindges: come,
 You clouen-footed brood of *Barathrum*,
 Stop, stony her, fright her with your shreekes,
 And put fresh blood in *Enuyes* cheekes.
Vertue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are so bright,
 They dazzle *Envy*; on, the Hag's put to
 flight.

This done, or as it is in doing, those twelue that ride armed discharge their pistols, at which *Envy* and the rest vanish, and are seene no more.

When the *Lord Maior* is (with all the rest of their Triumphs), brought home, *Iustice* (for a fare-well) is mounted on some couenient scaffold close to his entrance at his gate, who thus salutes him;—

The speech of Iustice.

MY this-dayes-sworne-protector, welcome home,
 If Iustice speake not now, he shc euer dumbe :
 The world giues out shee's blinde ; but men shall see
 Her light is cleere, by influence drawne from thee.
 For one-yeare therefore, at these gates shee'll sit,
 To guid thee in and out : thou shalt commit
 (If shee stand by thee) not one touch of wrong :
 And though I know thy wifdome built up strong,
 Yet men (like great ships) being in storms, most
 neere

To danger, when vp their failes they beare.
 And since all Magistrates tread still on yce,
 From mine owne schoole I read thee this aduice :

Do good for no mans sake (now) but thine owne,
 Take leaue of friends and foes, both must be knowne
 But by one face : the rich and poore must lye
 In one euen scale : all suiters, in thine eye,
 Welcome alike ; euen hee that seemes most base,
 Looke not vpon his clothes, but on his case.
 Let not *Oppression* wash his hands i' th' teares
 Of widowes, or of orphans : widowes prayers
 Can pluck downe thunder, and poore orphans cries
 Are lawrels held in fire ; the violence flies
 Vp to Heauen-gates, and there the wrong does tell,
 Whilst *Innocence* leaues behind it a sweet smell.
 Thy Conscience must be like that scarlet dye ;
 One fowle spot stains it all : and the quick eye
 Of this prying world, will make that spot thy scorne.
 That Collar (which about thy necke is worne)
 Of Golden Eſſes, bids thee so to knit
 Mens hearts in loue, and make a chayne of it.
 That sword is seldome drawne, by which is meant,
 It should strike seldom : neuer th' innocent.
 'Tis held before thee by anothers hand,
 But the point vpwards (heauen must that command)
 Snatch it not then in wrath ; it must be giuen,
 But to cut none, till warranted by Heauen.

The head, the politicke body must aduance
For which thou hast the cap of maintenance,
And since the most iust magistrate often erres,
Thou guarded art about with officers,
Who knowing the pathes of others that are gone,
Should teach thee what to do, what leaue vndone.
Nights candles lighted are, and burne amaine,
Cut therefore here off thy officious traine,
Which *Loue* and *Custome* lend thee ; all delight
Crowne both this day and City : a good night
To thee, and these graue fenators, to whom
My last fare-wels in these glad wishes come,
That thou and they, (whose strength the City beares),
May be as old in goodnesse as in yeares.

The Title-page of this Booke makes promise of all the shewes by water, as of these on the land ; but *Apollo* hauing no hand in them, I suffer them to dye by that which fed them ; that is to say, powder and smoake. Their thunder (according to the old gally-foyst-fashion), was too lowd for any of the *Nine Muses* to be bidden to it. I had deviz'd *one* altogether musically, but *Time's* glasse could spare no sand, nor lend convenient howres for the performance of it. Night cuts off the glory of this day, and so consequently of these triumphes, whose brightnesse beeing ecclipsed, my labours can yeeld no longer shadow. They are ended, but my loue and duty to your Lordship shall neuer.

——— *Non displicuisse meretur,
Festinat (Prætor) Qui placuisse tibi.*

FINIS.



IF
IT BE NOT GOOD,

The Diuel is in it.

A

Newv Play,

AS IT HATH BIN

lately Acted, vvith great
applause, by the Queenes Maiesties
Seruants : At the Red Bull.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.

LONDON,

Printed for I. T. And are to be sold by *Edward Marchant*,
at his shop against the Crosse in *Pauls*
Church-yarde. 1612.



TO MY LOVING, AND LOVED FRIENDS

and fellowes, the Queenes

Maiesties seruants.

Knowledge and Reward dwell far a-funder. Greatnes lay once betweene them. But (in his stead) Couetousnes now. And ill neighbour, a bad Benefactor, no pay maister to Poets. By This Hard-Houskeeping, (or rather, Shutting vp of Liberalities Doores),

Merit goes a Begging, & Learning starues. Bookes, had wont to haue Patrons, and (now,) Patrons haue Bookes. The Smuffe hat is Lighted, consumes That which Feeds it. A Signe, the World hath an ill Eare, when no Musick is good, vnles it Strikes-up for Nothing. I haue Sung so, but wil no more. A Hue-and Cry follow, his Wit, that sleeps, when sweete Tunes are sounding. But tis now the Fashion. Lords, look wel : Knights, Thank well ; Gentlemen, promise well ; Citizens, Take well ; Gullies, Swear well : but None, Give well, I leaue therefore All, for You : And All (that This can be) to You. Not in hope to Haue ; but in Recognition of What I Haue (as I think) Already (your Loues.)

Acknowledgement is part of payment sometimes, but it neither is, nor shall be (betweene you and me) a Cancelling. I haue cast mine eye vpon many, but find none more fit, none more worthy, to Patronize this, than you, who haue Protected it. Your Cost, Counsell, and Labour, had bin ill spent, if a Second should by my hand snatch from you This Glory. No : When Fortune (in her blinde pride) set her foote vpon This imperfect Building, (as scorn- ing the Foundation and Workmanship :) you, gently raized it vp

(on the same *Columnnes*;) the *Frontispice* onely a little more *Garnished*: To you therefore deferredly, *Whole Frame* is the consecrated: For I durst sweare, if *Wishes* and *Curses* could haue become *Witches*, the necke of this *Harmles Diuell* had long a goe bin broken.

But I am glad that *Ignorance* (so insolent for being flattered) is now stript naked, and her deformities discouered: And more glad, that *Enuie* sits maddlingly gnawing her owne *Snakes*, whose *Stinges* she had armed to strike *Others*. *Feede* let her so still. So, still let the *Other* be laughed at. Whilst I (*pittyng* the *One*, and not *Dreading* the *Other*;) send these *my Wishes* flying into your *Bosomes*; That the *God* of *Poets*, may neuer pester your *Stage* with a *Cherilus*, nor a *Suffenus*, (*Malus*, *Eminent* in nothing but in *Long Eares*, in *Kicking* and in *Braging* out *Calumnies*) vpon whose *Cruppers* may be aptly pind, *That Morrall* of poore *Ocnus* making *Ropes* in *Hell*, whilst an *Asse* stands by, and (as he twists) bites them in funder. But if *His Versifying Deity*, sends you *Any*, *I wish* they may be such, as are worthy to sit, *At the Table of the Sun*. None els.

I wish a *Faire* and *Fortunate Day* to your *Next New-Play* for the *Makers-sake* and your *Ownes*;) because such *Braue Triumphes* of *Poesie*, and *Elaborate Industry*, which my *Worthy Friends Muse* hath there set forth, deserue a *Theater* full of very *Muses* themselves to be *Spectators*. To that *Faire Day* I wish a *Full*, *Free*, and *Knowing Auditor*. And to that *Full Audience*, *One Honest Doore-keeper*. So, *Fare-well*.

Yours. Tho: Dekker.



Prologue.

WOULD t'were a Custome that at all New-playes
The Makers sat o'th Stage, either with *Bayes*
To haue their *Workes Crownd*, or beate in with
Hissing,

Pied and bold *Ideotes*, durst not then sit *Kissing*
A *Muses* cheeke : *Shame* would base *Changelings* weane,
From *Sucking* the mellifluous *Hypocrene* :

Who write as blinde-men shoote, (by *Hap*, not *Ayme*,)
So, Fooles by lucky *Throwing*, oft win the Game.

Phœbus has many Bastards, *True Sonnes* fewe,
I meane of those, whose quicke cleare eyes can viewe
Poesies pure *Essence*, It being so diuine

That the *Suns Fires*, (euen when they brightest shine)
Or *Lightning*, when most subillie *Ioue* does spend it,
May as soone be approchd, weyed, touchd, or com-
prehended.

But tis with *Poets* now, as tis with Nations,
Thil-fauourdst *Vices*, are the brauest *Fashions*.
A Play whose *Rudenes*, *Indians* would abhorre,
Itt fill a house with Fishwiues, *Rare*, *They All Roare*.
It is not Praise is sought for (Now) but *Pence*,
Tho dropd, from Greasie-apron *Audience*.
Clapd may he bee with *Thunder*, that plucks *Bayes*,
With such *Foule Hanas*, & with *Squint-Eyes* does
gaze

On *Pallas Shield* ; not caring (so hee *Gaines*,
A Cramd *Third-Day*, what *Filth* drops from his *Braines*.
Let *Those* that loue *Pans pipe*, daunce still to *Pan*,
They shall but get long *Eares* by it : Giue me *That*
Man,

Who when the *Plague* of an Impostumd *Braynes*
 (*Breaking* out) infects a *Theater*, and hotly raignes,
 Killing the *Hearers* hearts, that the vast roomes
 Stand empty, like so many Dead-mens toombes,
 Can call the *Banishd* Auditor home, And tye
 His Eare (with golden chaines) to his Melody :
 Can draw with *Adamantine Pen* (euen creatures
 Forg'de out of th' *Hammer*, on tiptoe, to *Reach* vp,
 And (from *Rare silence*) clap their *Brawny hands*,
 T' *Applaud*, what their *charmd* soule scarce vnder-
 stands.

That Man giue mee ; whose Brest fill'd by the *Muses*,
 With Raptures, Into a second, them infuses :
 Can giue an Actor, Sorrow, Rage, Ioy, Passion,
 Whilst hee againe (by selfe-same Agitation)
 Commands the *Hearers*, sometimes drawing out
Teares,

Then smiles, and fills them both with *Hopes & Feares*.
 That Man giue mee : And to bee such-a-*One*,
 Our *Poet* (this day) strives, or to bee *None* :
 Lend not (*Him*) hands for *Pittie*, but for *Merit*,
 If he *Pleasse*, hee's *Crownd*, if *Not*, his *Fate* must beare
 it.



IF THIS BE NOT
A GOOD PLAY, THE
DIVELL IS IN IT.

Enter (at the found of hellish musick,) Pluto, and Charon.

Plu. **H**A !
Cha. So.

Plu. What so.

Cha. Ile be thy slaue no longer.

Plu. What slaue ?

Cha. Hells drudge, her Gally-slaue. I ha' wore
My flesh toth' bones, bones marrowles, at the *Oare*
Tugging to waft to' thy Stygian empire, Soules,
Which (but for *Charon*) neuer had come in Sholes,
Yet (swarmde they nere so) them on shore I set,
Hell gets by *Charon*, what does *Charon* get ?

Plu. His fare.

Cha. Scuruy fare, ile first cry garlick.

Plu. Doe ;

And make hel stinck, as that does hither.

Cha. If I doe

Some like that smell, my boate to shore ile pull ;
Not worke a stroake more.

Plu. How ?

Cha. Not touch a Scull.

Plu. Why ?

Cha. I ha' no doings : Graucs-end-barge has
more,

And caries as good as any are in hell ;
I feare th' infernall riuers are frozen or'e
So few by water come : els the whores that dwell
Next dore to hell, goe about : besides, tis thought,
That men to find hell, now, new waies haue fought,
As Spaniards did to the Indies. *Pluto*, mend
My wages, or row thy selfe.

Plu. Vgly, grumbling slaue,
Haue I not raide thy price ? yet still do'st craue ?
Such bold braue beggers (heard off ner'e before,
Are thy fares now, they teach thee to beg more.
Thy fare was (first) a halfe-peny, then the foulcs gaue
thee

A peny, then three-halfe-pence, we shall haue thee
(As market-folkes on darth,) so damned deere,
Men will not come to hell, crying out th'are heere
Worse racke then th'are in tauernes : why doest howle
for mony ?

Cha. For mony : Ile haue ij.d. for each foule
I ferry ouer ; I'me old, craz'd, Stiffe, and lam'de,
That foule thats not worth ij.d. wou'd twere damb'd.

Plu. Thou shalt not.

Cha. I will haue it, or lye still,
If *Charon* fill hell, hell shall *Charon* fill :
For Ghosts now come not thronging to my boate,
But drop by one and one in ; none of note
Are fares now : I had wont braue fellowes to ply,
Who, (hack't and mangled) did in battailes dye.
But now these gallants which doe walke hells
Rowndes,
Are fuller of diseases, than of woundes.
If wounded any take my boate, they roare,

Being stabd, either drunke, or flaine about some
whore.

Thats all the fight now.

Prod. Charon.

Within.

Plu. Get thee gon :

That call'd for.

Prod: Charon.

Cha. Ball not. Ile come anon.

Haggas of hell gnaw thee with their fowle furd-
gummes.

Plu. Pluto, no wonder if fo few hither comes ?

Cha. Why :

Gingerly : See See,

One of thine owne promooters, (with hawkes eyes,
That should for prey be watching) here fnoing lyes.

Plu. With a mischife ! cabind ! a fury.

Char. Ile Ferret out more.

Ruffman comes vp, Furie Enters.

Cha. Another : looke : dancing a bawde on's
knee.

Enter Shackle-foule comes vp.

Shack. I doe enquire if rich bawdes Carted bee
On earth as well as poore ones : I sleepe not *Pluto.*

Plu. Twift stronger-knotted whips, Ile wake you
(flaues !)

Cha. Two of thy Summers dead-drunke here too.

Lur. Thou lyeft.

Charon.

Lurchall and another Spirit comes vp.

Cha. I come : If I muft worke, let thefe
Thy Prentices, plye their occupation,
T'vphold hells Kingdome, more muft worke then one.

Exit.

Plu. Ha ; Are there whipping-pofts for fuch as
dwell

In Idleness on Earth, and yet shall Hell
 (As if wee tooke bribes here too,) let such passe !
 Ile haue you tawde ; Is not the world as t'was ?
 Once mother of Rapes, Incests, and Sodomies,
 Atheisme, and Blasphemies, plump Boyes indeed.
 That fuck'd (our Danis brest) is shee now barren ?
 Ha !

Is there a dearth of villaines ?

Omn. More now then euer ?

Plu. Is there such penurie of man-kinde Hell-
 houndes ?

You can lye snoring.

Ruff. Each Land is full of Rake-hells.

Shac. But sholes of Sharkes eate vp the Fish at
 Sea.

Lur. Braue pitchy villaines there.

Plu. Yet you playing here.

Omn. No, No ; most awfull *Pluto*.

Plu. Were you good Hell-hounds, euery day
 should bee

A *Symon-and-Iude*, to crowne our bord with Feasts

A blacke-eyde foules each minute : were you honest
 diuels

Each officer in hell should haue at least,

A brace of whores to his break-fast : aboue vs dwell,

Diuelles brauer and more subtile then in Hell.

Omn. Weele fill thy pallace with them.

Plu. Ile trye that : goe :

Rufman, take instantly a Courtiers shape

Of any country : choose thine owne disguise

And returne swiftly.

Ruf. Yes.

Exit,

Plu. *Shackle-foule* weare thou

A Friers graue habit.

Shac. Well.

Exit.

Plu. *Grumshall* walke thou

In trebble-ruffles like a Merchant.

Lur. So : tis don.

Exit.

Plu. The barres of our latigious Courts had wont

To crack with thronging pleaders, whose lowde din
Shooke the infernall hell, as if 't had bin
An earth-quake bursting from the deepe Abisse,
Or els *Ioues* thunder, throwne at the head of Dis
(The God of gold,) for hiding it below,
Thereby to tempt churles hither. Nor did we know
What a Vacation ment : continuall terme
Fattend hels Lawyers, and shall so againe.

Enter *Rufman*, *Shackle-soule* and *Lurchall*.

Ruf. Here.

Shac. Here.

Lur. Command vs.

Plu. Fly into the world :

As y'are in shapes transformde be so in name,
For men are out-fides onely : be you the same ;
Hye thee to *Naples*, (*Rufman*), thou shalt finde
A Prince there (newly crownde,) aptly inclinde
To any bendings ; leaft his youthfull browes
Reach at Stars only, wey down his loftiest boughes
With leaden plomets, poifon his best thoughts with
taft

Of things most sensuall ; if the heart once waft
The body fees consumption ; good or bad kings
Breede Subiects like them : cleere streames flow from
cleere springs.

Turne therefore *Naples* to a puddle : with a ciuill
Much promising face, and well oylde play the court
diuell.

Ruff. Ile doo't in brauery : if as deepe as hell,
Thy large eares heare a Land curse me, my part's
playd well.

Plu. Fly *Shackle-soule*

Shac. Whither ?

Plu. To the Friery,
Best-famde in *Naples* for strict orders : throw
What nets thou seeft can catch them : Amongst
'em sow

Seedes of contention, or what euer fin
They most abhor, sweate thou to bring that in.

Shac. A wolfe in lambe skin leapes into the rout,
Bell, booke, or candle cannot curse me out ;
He curse faster than they.

Plu. Doc : *Grumball.*

Lur. Here.

Plu. Be thou a cittie-diuell, make thy hands
Of Harpyes clawes, which being on courtiers lands
Once fastend, ne're let loofe, the Merchant play,
And on the Burse, see thou thy flag display.
Of politicke banck-ruptisme : traine vp as many
To fight vnder it, as thou canst, for now's not any
That breake, (theile breake their necks first) if, beside
Thou canst not through the whole citie meete with
pride,

Riot, lechery, enuy, Auarice, and such stufte,
Bring 'em all in coach'd, the gates are wide enough.
The spirit of gold instruct thee : hence all.

Omn. Fly.

Plu. Stay, least you should want helpers at your
calling
Any diuels shall come, (Starch hound, Tobacco
spawling,
Vpshotten, Suckland, Glitterbacke, or any
Whom you shall neede to imploy, but call not many,
The's but few good in hell. And stay, remember
We all meete to heare how you prosper.

Omn. Where ?

Plu. The Tree
Blasted with Goblins, that about whose roote
5. Mandrakes growe, i'th Groue by *Naples* there,
Meete there.

Omn. Wee shall.

✓ *Plu.* Our blessings with you beare.

Ruff. Dread King of Ghosts, wee le pley our thrift
so well,

Thou shalt be forc'd to enlarge thy Iayle of Hell.

Plu. Be quicke th'at best, let sawcy mortals know,

How ere they sleepe, there's one wakes here below.

Exeunt.

¶ *Enter Alphonso (King of Naples) Crownde, wearing Robes Imperiall, Swordes of State, Maces, &c., being borne before him, by Octavio Aftolfo, (2. vnckles) Narcisso, Iouinelli, Brisco, (Counts with others, Counte Spendola meeting them.*

Spem. One of thofe gallant Troupes went forth to meete

Your admirde Mistresse (*Erminhild* the faire)
Hath left your Conuoy with her on the way.

K. And brings glad newes of her being here (this day)

Let Canons tell in Thunder her Arriuall,
Flourish When thee's at hand our felfe will meete her.

Omn. On.

Hee takes his Seate; All kneele.

K. Pray rife; vntill about our browes were throwne,

Thefe fparkling beames, fuch adoration
Was not beftowde on vs: whom does the knee
Thus louely worfhip? this Idoll, (Gold) or mee?
Indeed t'is the worlds *Saynt*, if that you adore,
Goe, pray to your coffers. None to vs fhall bow,
Giue God your knees.

Oct. Whofe owne voice does allow
That Subiects fhould to thofe who are *Supreme*,
Bend, as to God, (all Kings being like to him)

Aft. Thou wonder of thy time, Ile pay no more
To thee of dutie than has bene before
And euer fhall be payd to thofe fit Hye.

K. Pray mocke not mee with fuch Idolatry,
Kings, Gods are, (I confeffe) but Gods of clay,
Brittle as you are, you as good as they,

Onely in weight they differ, (this poore dram)
 Yet all but flesh and bloud ; And such I am.
 If such, pray let mee cate, drinke, speake, and walke,
 Not look'd cleane through, with superstitious eyes,
 (Not star'de at like a Comete.) As you goe
 Or speake, or feede (vn wondered at) let mee so.

Off. Not Kings of Ceremonie.

K. Vncle what then ?

Still are they Kings.

Off. But shew like common men.

K. Good vncle know, no Sunne in this our
 Spheare,
 Shall rule but Wee, let others shine as cleare,
 In goodnes, None in greatnes shall.

As. Blest raigue !

The Golden worlde is molding new againe.

K. All that I craue is this, and tis not newe,
 Pay vnto *Cæsar* onely *Cæsars* due.

Off. We owe thee loyall hearts, and those weele
 pay,
 Each minute (Mirrour of Kings.)

Iou. Marke, the olde Lords promise their hearts,
 but no money.

Off. Here are the names of bold conspirators,
 (Yong *Catilines*, and farre more desperate)
 Who in your Fathers dayes kindled the fires
 Of hote Rebellion.

K. Which are now burnt out.

Off. Who knowes that ? embers in dead Ashes
 lye.

King, Set thy hand to this let Traytors dye.

As. Tis fit you should doe so.

Off. Sound Pollicie.

K. Men many things hold fit, that are not good,
 A yong Beginner and fet vp in blood !
 (Butchers can doe no more.) Shall Recordes say
 Being Crownde, he playd the Tyran the first day,
 How should that Chronicler be curs'd ? your paper.
 When such a fatall booke comes in my fight,

Ile with *Vespasian* with I could not write,
Their bond is canceld. I forgiue the debt,
See that at liberty, they all be fet.

Omn. A Princely Act.

Off. If wisely tis well done.

Spn. That raigne must boſt, which mercy has
begun.

K. Beare witnes all, what pace the Chariot
wheeles

Of our new gilded Soueraigntie ſhall run.

Ruf. A mayne gallop I hope.

K. And here I vow to end as tis begun.

Aſt. Heauen fill thee full of dayes, but (being all
told)

Ending no worfe, their ſumme weeles write in gold.

Off. The courſe youle take deere Lord.

K. This : pray obſerue it.

Iou. Call you this Coronation day ? would I were
ith ſtreetes where the conduites run claret wine, there's
ſome good fellowſhip.

Off. Peace.

K. Each weeke within the yeere ſhall be a booke
Which each day ile reade o're : I well may doe't,
The booke being but fix leaues (fix dayes,) the
ſeuenth

Be his that owes it ; Sacred is that and hye ;
And who prophanes one houre in that, ſhall dye.

Spn. How manie wilbe left aliue then this day
fortnight ?

Off. Firſt, beate all Tauernes downe then, Soules
are loſt

(Being drownde in Surfets) on that ſeuenth day moſt.
Stay (beſt of Kings) mine owne hand ſhall fet downe
What lawes thou mad'ſt firſt day thou wor'ſt a
Crowne.

Begin, begin thy weeke.

K. Write Monday.

Off. So ſo,-Monday.

Iou. They say Monday's Shooemakers holliday,
He fall to that trade.

Off. I haue writ it downe my liege.

Iou. Peace, harken to your lesson.

K. That day, from morne till night, He execute
The office of a Iudge, and wey out lawes
With euen scales.

Iou. Thats more than grocers doc.

K. The poore and rich mans cause
He poize alike : It shall be my chiefe care
That bribes and wrangling be pitch'd o're the barre.

Iou. We shall haue old breaking of neckes then.

K. Downe with that first.

Off. O for a pen of gold !
Youle haue no bribes.

K. None.

Off. Yet terme-time all the yeere !
A good strong law-suite cannot now cost deere.

K. Haue you done ?

Off. I'me at bribes, and wrangling done presently.

Nar. We must all turne pettifoggers, and in stead
of gilt rapiers, hang buckram bags at our girdles.

Iou. All my clients, shall be women.

Spn. Why ?

Iou. Because they are easiest fetched ouer : there's
something to be gotten out of them.

Off. Thy monday's taske is done : whats next ?

Iou. Sunday if the weeke goes backward.

King. Tuesdays wee'le fit to heare the poore-
man's cryes,

Orphans and widowes : our owne princely eyes
Shall their petitions reade : our progresse then
Shall be to hospitalls which good minded men
Haue built to pious vse, for lame, sicke, and poore
Weele see whats giuen, what spent, and what flowes
or'e

Charles (with Gods mony) shall not feast, swill wine,

And fat their rancke gutts whilest poore wretches
pine.

Iou. This is a brauc world for beggers, if it hold.

Off. Poore wretches pine, So are they left : tot'h
next.

Kin. Wednesdaies weele spend—

Iou. In fish dinners.

Kin. In th' affaires

Of farren states, treat with embassadors,
Heare them and giue them answeres. Thursday, for
warres.

Iou. That's well : better be together by th' eares,
then to goe halting to hospitalls.

Kin. Our Neapolitane youths (that day) shall try
Their skill in armes, poore scorned Soldiers
Shall not be suffer'd beg here (as in some landes)
Nor stoope slaue-like to Captaines proud commands,
Starue, and lie nastie, when the selfe-same pay,
The Souldier fights for, keepes the Leaders gay.
Nor shall he through ice and fire make gray his
head,

Weare out new Moones, onely to earne his bread,
Wade vp to'th beard in torrents ; and be drown'd
All saue the head ; march hard to meete a wound
I'th very face, and euen his heart-strings cracke,
To win a towne, yet not to cloath his backe :
And the blacke storme of troubles being gon,
Shund like a creditor, not looked vpon,
But as court-pallats (when bright day drawes nye)
Rold vp in some darke corner is throwne by.
Vncle write that.

Off. Fast as my pen can trot.

Spem. What a number of tottred roagues wilbe
turn'd into braue fellows a this new change of the
moone.

Iou. The brauer they are, the sooner are mercers
vndon.

Off. Souldiers are downe too.

Kin. Downe with Learning next.

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For friday shalbe spent it'h reuerend Schooles,
 Where wee lef't branne from floure, (hisfe babling
 tooles,
 But crowne the deepe-braind disputant) none shall
 hold
 Three or four Church-livings (got by *Symonious*
 gold)
 In them to fat himsef'e as in a flye,
 When greater Schollers languish in beggery :
 And in thin thred-bare cassacks weare out their age,
 And bury their worth in some by vicorage :
 This wee le see mended.

Enter Iouenella.

Iou. Tyth pigges you'l'e smoake for this.
Kin. So fet it downe.
Off. Schollers languish in beggery—So :
 Thy fridaies law is writ ; for Satterday, what ?
King. I mary fir, All our cares now for that.
 Well to begin, and not end so were base,
 The winning of the gole crownes each mans race.

Narcisso stepping in before in the Scene, Enters here.

Nar. Sir, theres a stranger newly ariu'de your
 court,
 And much importunes to behold your Highnes.
Kin. What is he ?
Nar. Of goodly preface.
Kin. Let him see vs.

Rufman brought in by all.

Ruff. The powers that guide me, guard thee, I
 haue heard thy name
 In regions fur hence, where it does resound
 Lowder than here at home ; to touch this ground
 I ha pass'd through countries, into which none here

Would willingly faile I thinke, and with me bring,
My loue and seruice, which to your grace I tender.

Kin. What are you, and whence come you ?

Ruff. From *Heluctia*.

Spem. What hell sayes hee ?

Iou. Peace you shall know hot hell time enough.

Ruff. I am an Heluetian borne, the house from
which I am descended, ancient and well knowne to
many princes : Bohor is my name.

Iou. Zounds ! Bohor ! has struck two of my teeth
out with his name ;

Ruff. A Shalkan Tartar being my grandfather
Men call me *Shalkan Bohor*. About the world
My trauailes make a girdle (perfect round :)
So that, what wonders Kings on earth euer found
I know, and what I know, Is yours.

K. Braue Heluetian,

We giue you thanks and welcome : your arriual
Is faire and to our wish, of all those dayes.
Which Time sets downe, to number vp a weeke,
Euery day haue we tasked ; saue only one,
How in these courts of Kings (through which you
haue gon,)

Doe Princes waite their howres ?

Ruff. How but in that,

For which they are borne Kings ? (Pleasure :) euery
man's ayme,

Is to hit pleasure : onely tis change in name,
Thats all the difference ; Are Kings Tirants ? Blood
Is then their pleasure : thirst they after warres !
Ambition tickles them : that for which man most
cares,

Good or bad, tis his pleasure, and to gaine it,
His soule must compasse it, tho hell restraine it :
To this marke all mens thoughts, Creation drew,
That all might strue for a thing, thats got by fewe :
Who are those few but Kings ? and tis fit they
Should haue it, because true pleasure does soone de-
cay.

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K. How like you his counsell?

Omn. Rarely.

Oct. What ruffians this?

K. Bohor tha'll warm'd our yong blood; Al cares
of state,

Shall that day sleepe, to our selfe weeke Saterdag
haue,

Pleasure (the slaue of Kings shall then be our slaue,

Lords let there be a proclamation drawne,

What man foener (strange or natiue borne,)

Can feast our spleene, and heigthen our delight,

He shall haue gold and be our fauorite.

Tilts, turneys, masques, playes, dauncing, drinking
deepe

Tho ere noone all *Naples* lye dead-drunke a sleepe.

Oct. How King?

Kin. Wee haue it so vncke.

Omn. Downe with that too.

Iou. Print Saterdag in great text letters.

Oct. Well, well, it shall.

Our swan turnes crow, poisond with one drop of
gall.

Kin. Ile haue this proclamation forthwith drawne.

Nar. And publish al the daies.

Prif. And Saterdag.

Iou. Especially that at large if you can in red, like
a Dominicall letter.

Kin. Goe see it don.

Iou. My taske. *Exit.*

Kin. Why sigh you? Of six dayes wo'd you not
spare me one?

Oct. Thine owne lawes from thine owne mouth,
weele proclaime,

If thine owne words thou c'atst, bee't thine owne
shame.

Enter Louinelli hastily.

Iou. Your long expected happines is arriu'd,

The princeffe of Calabria.

Kin. Thou crown'ft me agen :
Deere vncle, honored Lords, with our whole court
Honor her hither ; I am rapd with Ioy,
And loft till I behold her : fetch me my loue.

Off. I feare deepe whirlepooles tho it run fsmooth
aboue.

Kl. To our worthy friend your welcomes.

Exit Off. & Aft.

Iou. But pray Sir tell vs, meane you that we
indeed
Shall haue but one playing day through the whole
weeke ?

Kin. All *Iouinelli*, weelee be Iouiall all.

Brif. Till Satterday came, we liu'de in terrible
feare.

Thanke *Bohor*, who your dead fpirits vp did reare.

Kin. Had I (as firft I did begin) gon on,
I like a Schoole-boy should haue worne my crowne,
As if I had borrowed it.

Ruff. Had bin moft vile.

Kin. Ile be a Sea, (boundles.)

Spem. Thou art a funne,
And let no bafe cloudes muffle thee.

Kin. Braue Kings all !
Crowne, Scepter, Court, Cittie, Country, are at your
call.

Iou. There fpake young *Ioue* indeede.

Prif. The tyde now turnes.

Nar. And now weelee fwim.

Kin. And laugh, tho the whole world mournes.

Florish. *Omn: Tantara, hey. Trumpets.*
Erminghild brought in.

Enter Oclavio and Aftolphe, vffering Erminhild,
attended by Ladies and others.

Nar. Call vp your luftieft fpirits: the Lady's
come.

K. O my earthly blisse ! embraces ! kisses ! how
sweete

Are you to parted Louers when they meete ?
That entertainment which the Duke your Father,
Lent royellie (late to mee,) I now can pay
At a Kings charge : to our *Neapolitane* Court,
None (brightest *Erminhild* can come longd for
More then your selfe.) You haue stolne vpon vs
(Ladie)

Erm. You haue good Law against me, (playing
the thiefe)

Your Grace may keepe mee prisoner.

K. In these Armes ;
From whence not *Ioue* shall raunsome thee ; We
Twaine
Will wed, and bed, and get a Prince shall raigne
In *Naples* brauely, when wee both lye dead :
Till then, Pleasures wings, to their full bredth be
spread. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scumbroth, *ringing a Bell* ; *Alphege, a Fryer*
& *Shackle-soule, in a Friers weede, with cloth to lay.*

Scum. A mangier, a mangier, a mangier, I must
needs haue a mangie voice, when I doe nothing but
ball for a company of hungry Scabs ; a mangier.

Alph. You must be nimble *Rush.*

Sha. As a drawer in a new Tauern, first day the
bush is hung vp.

Scum. A mangier, a manger, a mangier. *Exit.*

Alp. So : the Lord Priors napkin here, there the
Sub-priors : his knife and case of pick-tooths thus :
as for the couent, let them licke their fingers in stead
of wiping, and fuck their teeth in steede of picking.

Shac. What other dutie Sir, must I call mine ?

Alp. As you are nouice, you are to say grace de-
murely, waite on the Priors Trencher soberly, steale
away a mouthfull cunningly, and munch it vp in a
corner hungerly. Ply your office, *Rush.* *Exit*

Shack. Thankes good Frier Alphege : yes, Shackle-
foule will play
The taske hee's set to : Diuels neuer idle lye :
Frier Russh ! ha, ha : y'haue now an excellent quire,
To sing in hell, the Diuell and the Frier.

*Enter Prior, Subprior, Alphege, Hillary, Russh,
and other Friars. All sit: dishes brought in
before.*

Pri. Where's *Russh*, our *Iunior Nouice* ?

Ru. Here Lord Prior.

Pri. Stand foorth, and render thankes.

Ru. Hum, hum :

For our bread, wine, ale and beere,
For the piping hot meates heere :
For brothes of fundrie tafts and fort,
For beefe, veale, mutton, lamb, and porke.
Greene-sawce with calves head and bacon,
Pig and goofe, and cramd-vp capon.
For past raiz'd stiffe with curious art,
Pye, custard, florentine and tart.
Bak'd rumpes, fried kidneys, and lam-stones,
Fat sweete-breads, luscious maribones,
Artichoke, and oyfter-pyes,
Butterd Crab, prawnes, lobsters thighes,
Thankes be giuen for flesh and fishes,
With this choice of tempting dishes :
To which proface : with blythe lookes fit yee,
Ru bids this Couent, much good do't yee.

Pri. How dar'st thou mock vs thou ill nurtur'd
slaue ?

Sub. Contemn't thou our order and religious
fare ?

Shac. He has spoken treason to all our stomaches.

Omn. Downe with the villaine.

Sub. Mischiefe on vs waites
If wee feede so vile a wretch.

Pri. Thrust him out at gates.

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Shac. I doe coniure you by my hallowed beades
To heare me speake.

Pri. Canst thou excuse thy selfe?

Shac. Alas (my Lord) I thought it had bin here
As in the neighbouring Churches, where the poor'st
Vicar

Is filled vp to the chin with choice of meates,
Yet seekes new wayes to whet dull appetite,
As there with holy spels mens foules they cherish,
So with delicious fare, they themselues nourish.
Nor want they argument for sweete belly-chicere
To proue it lawfull.

Sub. Most prophane and fearefull.

Shac. But since your order (pious and reuerend)
Tyed to religious fasts, spends the sad day
Wholy in meager contemplation,
I absolution beg on both my knees,
For what my tongue offended in : las ! poore *Rush*
(See't by his cheekes) eates little : I can feede
On rootes, and drinke the water of the Spring
Out of mine owne cup : make an Anatomy
Of my most sinfull carcas : then pardon mee.

Pri. Thy ignorance is thy pardon, wee beloeue
thee.

Shac. *Gratias reuerende domine Prior.*

Pri. But do our brethren in parts more remote,
Feede so delicious faist thou?

Shac. *Rush* cannot lye.

Sub. Thou falsely doest accuse those holy men.

Pri. How can it stand with their profession?

Sub. Thou faist (vile yongman) they haue argu-
ments

To proue it lawfull gluttonously to feede.

Omn. *Rush*, answere the Sub-prior.

Shac. *Audite fratres*, they doe not onely proue it
lawfull, but make it palpable, that hee who eates not
good meate is damde.

Sub. *Benedicite.*

Scu. What shall become of all vs then?

Pri. Thou art diftracted, whence canst thou force argument?

Shac. From fillie reason, would you heare me speake?

Pri. Speake freely and be bold, listen.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Shac. He that eats not good meate is dambd :

Sic Disputo.

If he that feedes well hath a good foule, then &

Contra.

No, he that feedes ill, hath a bad and a poore foule.

Scu. Thats wee.

Shac. And so consequently is dambd, for who regards poore foules? and if they be not regarded they are cast forth, and if cast forth, then they are dambde.

Sub. I deny your minor, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Shac. *Sic probō* : the foule followes the temperature of the body, hee that feedes well hath a good temperature of body, *Ergo*, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Pri. A ful and edyfying argument.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Sub. I deny that the foule followes the temperature of the body.

Shac. *Anima sequitur temperaturam Corporib;* It is a principle, & *contra principia non est disputandum.*
All wee.

Pri. Its most apparent.

Scu. O most learned *Rush*!

Sub. A shallow Sophister, heare me farder.

Pri. Subprior, wee heare the rest disputed at our leifure : you take too much vpon you.

Scu. Shall I take this vpon me my Lord?

Pri. Hence with this trash, we haue too long forborne to tast heauens blessings fully, which to our dutie had more enabled vs, *Rush* thart some Angel.

Sub. Rather some diuell sent to bewitch our foules.

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Pri. Sub-prior no more.

Sub. I must speake, heare me brethren,
Shall we (bound by folemne oathes) t' abiure the
world,

And all her forceries : to whom night and day
Are as one hower of prayer ? whose temperance makes
vs

Endure what ful-fild bellie Gods admire ;
Shall we (by zealous patrons) tyde to obserue
Dirges and *Requiems* for their peacefull foules,
In glottonous riot bury sacred almes ;
Turne Sanctimonious zeale and Charitie
To loathsome surfet ? and those well-got goods
Our benefactors sau'd, by their owne fasts
And moderate liuing, shall we feede vpon
Ful-gorging vs till we vomit ? fore-fend it heauen ?
By all the Saints, by him first taught our order
What temperance was, here shall poore *Clement* feede,
Till his ore-wearied life, takes her last leaue
Of this all tempting world where all finnes breede.

Pri. Howes this ? are you become our confessor ?
Best thrust vs out at gates, locke vp the Cloister,
And cal in whom you like : be you the Prior.
Speake are you agreed, *Rush* be our maister-cooke ?

Scu. You haue my voice.

Alp. And mine.

Pri. Doe you all consent ?

Omn. Yes, all.

Sub. First fend this fiend to banishment.

Pri. We haue most voices on our side.

Sub. You may ;

Las ! most men couet still the broadest way.

Pri. Giue *Rush* his charge then, *Scumb* : you must
resigne.

Scu. With a good maw, I shal haue a fatter office
to be his scullion.

Shac. Worthy Lord Prior, heare me yet,
I must not my profession let,
To *Scumbroath*, what I know ile teach,

To make caudels, Iellies, leach,
 Sirrup of violets, and of roses,
 Cowflip fallads, and kick chofes,
 Preferue the apricock, and cherry,
 Damfin peare-plom, rafpis berry;
 Potates ike if you fhall lack,
 To corroborate the back :
 A hundred more fhall *Ruff* deuiſe,
 And yet to early mattins riſe,
 Our ladies office, ſing at prime,
 At euen-ſong, and at compline time.
 Chant Anthems, Aniuerſaries, Dirges,
 And the dolefull *de profundis*.

Pri. Thou ſhalt not change thy order : Sirra,
 cooke,
 From *Ruff* take leſſons againſt night, for fare
 Abundance and delitious.

Scu. I ſhall be greedy to learne of him fir, ſince
 your lordſhip is turnde, our very Iack and his ſpits
 ſhall turne too. *Exit.*

Enter 2. Pilgrimes.

Pri. What men are theſe ?

Sub. Welcome good holy father.

Both. Thankes reuerend maiſter.

1. Pil. Bleſt fir, according to the Churches rite
 We (Pilgrimes, to Ieruſalem bound) this night
 Deſire reſpoſe, and pious charitie
 In your moſt holy Couent.

Pri. You are moſt welcome.

Alphege, goe lead 'em in.

Shac : By no meanes.

Pri. Why.

Shac. Tis mortall ſin.

Sub. O black impietie !

Pri : How ? ſin to feed religious votaries !

Shac : Rather to nourish idle vagabonds :
 The Cleargy of other lands, haue with much pietie

And thrift destroyde those drones, that lazily
 Liue eating vp the labours of the bee.
 A churchman there cares but to feede the foule,
 He makes that charge his office. Alsinifdeeds ! alas !
 They through the Lawyers hands are fitt'st to passe.

Sub. Can you heare this Diuell ?

Shac. Besides my reuerend Lord,
 These manderers here as spies, and soone beare word
 To Princes eares of what they heare and see.

Pri. Ha *Ruff* ! thou speak'st right.

Sub. Damnd iniquitie !

Pri. Hence with those runnagates.

Omn. Come, hence.

Pri. Spurne 'em away.

Sub. Oh had mine eyes drop'd out ere seene this
 day.

Stay comfortles poore foules, my pittying teares
 Shall speake what my tongue dares not, here holy men,
 You nere shall say when next we meete againe,
 Frier *Clement* to the hungrie grutch'd his meate,
 Or to the weary pilgrim lodging, this makes you cate,
 And when you haue relieu'd your fainting limbes,
 Commend me in your prayers, and midst your
 hymmes

Thus wish, that he who did your Iorney furdur,
 May neuer liue, to breake his holy order.

Pri. Old superstitious dotard ; beate hence these
 beggers.

1. *Pil.* Many old mans curses will on his foule be
 spent,

Who thus defaces, Charities monument : *Exeunt.*

Shac. I told you they were curs, that cease to
 barke, no longer then you feede them.

Pri. Frier, thou speak'st right :

Make hast with fare delitious, wee le crowne the night.

Exeunt. Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ha ha, laugh Lucifer, dance grim fiends of
 hell,

Of foules thou iudge iust, but most terrible,
 I must exact a double pay from thee,
 Nere hadst thou Iorney man deferude such fee,
 Let me cast vp my reckonings, what I ha won
 In this first voiage : Charity ! shees vndon :
 Fat gluttony broke her back : next her step'd in
 Contention (who shakes Churches) now the sweete sin
 (Sallow lechery,) should march after : Auarice,
 Murder, and all finnes els, hell can deuce,
 Ile broach : the head's in, draw the body after,
 Begin thy feast in full cuppes, end in slaughter.
 That damnedst fury : oh, but Frier *Clement's* free !
 True : ha'st no snare t' intrap him ? let me see.
 Hees old, choake him with gold ; hold on thy
 Reuells,

Pluto makes Shackle-foule president of Diuels. Exit.

Enter K. Octauio, Narcisso, Iouinelli, Spendola.

K. What pictar's that (Vncle *Octauio* ?)

Oct. The picture of thy state, (drawne by thy
 selfe,)

This is that booke of statutes, were enacted
 In the high Parliament of thy roiall thoughts
 Where wisedome was the speaker. And because
 Thy subiects shall not be abusde by lawes
 Wrap'd vp in characters, crabbed and vnknowne,
 These thine owne language speake.

K. Hang 'em vp vncle.

Oct. What sayes the King ?

Iou. You must hang vp the lawes.

Oct. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through
 which great flies

Breake through, the lesse being caught bith wing,
 there dies.

No no, thy lawes ile fix full in thy sight,

Hangs a table vp.

(Like sea-markes,) that if this great ship of sway
 And kingly ventures, loose her constant way.

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I'th bottomles gulph of flate, (beaten by the stormes
Of youthfull follie, raging in monstros formes)
Shee may be sau'de from sinking and from wrack,
(Steerd by this compasse, for the points of it
Shall guide her so, on rockes she cannot split.

Kin. You are our carefull pilat. In this voiage
Of Gouernment, be you our Admirall.
Wifedome and Age being props, realmes feldome fall.

Enter Brisco.

Oct. Oraculous is thy voice.

Kin. How now count *Brisco*?

Me thinkes I read a comedy in thy lookes.

Nar. Has met some merry painter, hees drawne
so liuely.

Omn. Come count your newes.

Brisf. I shall bestow them freely :

The phyckie of your proclamation workes :
Your gilded pills (roll'd vp in promises
Of princely fauours to his wit, who highest
Can raise your pleasures) slip so smoothly downe
Your Subiects throates, that all (vpon a sudden)
Are loofely giuen.

Kin. How? loofely giuen? why count?

Br. Name but what sport, your Highnes would
haue Acted

I'me prologue toot; your court must haue more gates
To let in rusling Saturday : without (now) waites
Muficke in some ten languages : each one sweares
(By *Orpheus* fiddle-case) they will tickle your eares
If they can doo't with scraping.

Bri. Theres feuen score Noife at least of english
fidlers.

Io. 7. score! they are able to eate vp a citie in
very scraps.

Bri. Very base-viall men most of 'em : besides
whole swarmes of welsh harpes, Irish bag-pipes, Jewes
trompes, and french kitts.

All these made I together play :
But their dambd catter-wralling, frighted me away.

Off. These sports to please
A Princes eyes?

Bri. How like you then of these?
The cittie-waterbearers (trimly dight)
With yellow oaker-tankerds (pind vpright)
Like brooches in their hatts; In their fresh loues
A may-game bring, All, wearing dog-skin gloues.
Made not to shrinke it'h wetting.

Kin. Bid these poore men drinke well, and so be
gon.

Bri. What will you haue then?
Will you see the Turners shew, brauely preparede
With colours, drummes, and gunnes (with rust halfe
mar'de

Bearing that, of which they long haue bin depriu'de.

Kin. What if?

Bri. Their daring Giant, (newly reu'de)

Omn. For Ioues sake lets see that.

Off. O fie (Prince) fie!

In thy court painted monsters, they come not here,
Ride forth, thou shalt meete Giants euery where.
Me thinkes (yong Lords) your foules being new re-
finde

With beames of honor, should not be declin'de
To sports so low and vulgar: but since the King
Of birdes (the Eagle) lets you spread a wing
So neere his owne, you should put vp such game
As fits an Eagle, and pursue the fame.
And not like rauens, kites, or painted Iayes
Soare high, yet light on dunghills, for flinking preyes.

Iou. Old Lord you raue.

Nar. What sports wood you deuise?

Off. Most fit for Kings. Were I (before his eyes)
To present obiects, they should all be rare,
Of Romane triumphs, laden w'th the spoiles of warre:
Or Lions, and wilde-Boares kill'd by actiue force:
Or sea-fights: or land-battailes on foote, or horse:

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Such fights as these, kindle in Kings braue fire,
And meeting spirits that dare mount, mount 'em
higher,

Where apish pastimes lay our foules downe flat,
Groueling on earth, base and effeminate.

Bri. I haue bowles of this bias too, for your
Lordships alley.

King. Trundle 'em out before him.

Bri. The wodden-leg Souldier,
Waites to present you with his shew of warre.

Off. I mary my liege.

Bri. The Scholler has his deuice, the Mariner his.

Off. These are Kings sports indeed.

Bri. Will you see these?

Kin. Faith be it so; because wee le now rather
please

Our vncler than our selfe, pray fetch in these.
The rest cashere.

Spem. Send the fidders merily home.

Bri. And yet pa 'em scuriously! tis impossible.

Iou. And bid the water-bearers cleanse the citie
Ther's many a foule thing in it.

Off. Marshall 'em in.

Bri. Ile fetch these worthy spirits in my selfe.

No, no, wee le ayde you fir.

Iou. March: and giue vs roome. *Exeunt.*

Ki. Sdeath! if these doting gray-beards might
haue their wills,

We neuer shall haue ours: let vs crosse them
As they crosse vs.

Omn. How, how!

Kin. Euery deuice
Their Ningles bring in, abuse with scurvie iest,
Beet nee're so good.

Omn. Agreed.

Nar: If *Ninies* bring away the Nest.

Ki. Teach *Iouinelli* and *Brisco* when to giue fire.
Dromes and *trompets* founding.

*Enter Octauio, Iouinelli, Brisco, Rufman, the Souldier,
Scholler, Mariner.*

Sol. I am a Souldier.

Iou : We know that by your legges.

Sol. Does my stump grieue you ?

Bri. Not if you bestir your stumps nimble fir.

Nar. What hot shot's this ?

Sol. A Souldier fir : thats all :

Thats more than fir I thinke you dare be. Zounds !
baffull for my limbes lost in seruice ! your noble
father

Has clapt this buff-ierkin, when this Stump of wood
Has vp tot'h knee stucke three howres in french blood :
When such as you, with your Spangled roses, that day
Brauely bestird their heeles, and ran away :
He stand toot, I.

Spen. With one leg.

Sol : Yes : with one.

Oct. Yong Lords, thus to scorne Souldiers, tis ill
don.

Kin. Vncle, heres no man scornes 'em ; must we
be brau'de

By a staring fellow, for a little fighting ? goe.

Sol. Fighting ! I cannot halt I, but speake plaine,
No King on earth baffalls me, ide baffall againe,
Th' whole race of great turkes, had iem ith field : I ha
brought

With me a hundred Souldiers, (old Seruitors)
Poore as my felfe in clothes ; picke out fve hundred
Of such filke-stocken men, if they beate vs, hang vs,
S'bloud if we tosse not them, hang's agen : a fort
We ha built without, and mand it, this was the sport
A Souldier wood ha giuen thee : my one hundred
Had taught thee all the rules i'th Schoole of warre.

Kin. All this ile read without mayne, wound or
scarre.

Sold. What say you to an Engine, that at once
Shall spoile some thirtie men ?

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Iou. Thirtie men : nothing.

Sold. If nothing ! hast thou bin beate for this ?
farewell.

Iou. I can fetch twenty scriueners haue don more
With a bare goofe-quill.

Sold. Maist thou but liue, to need a Souldiers
arme,

That laught to see him bleed. *Exit.*

Bri. You haue lost the day sir, for your Souldiers
fly.

Kin. Fly to the diuell let 'em.

Iou. Your leaders before.

Spen. You fight all vnder one cullors ? doe you
not ?

Scho. Sir :

These pleasures to the King which I prefer,
Flow from *Ioues* braine.

Nar. Heyda ! heres one has beaten out *Ioues*
braines.

Spen. Wud I had thee hung vp at our maine kit.

Sch. No Sir *Ioues* braine, (*Minerua* queene of
wit)

If all the *Muses* and the Arts can fit
With their high Tunes, such choice and Princely cares,
Apollo (Father to them all)—appeares——

Iou. *Apollo* was an Affe ; he let a wench whom he
lou'de to be turnd into a Bay-tree, and now shees glad
for a peny to stick Ale-house-windowes, and wynde
dead coarfes.

Bri. Let *Apollo* goe and lye with his owne
Daughters.

K. Are you a Scholler Syr ?

Iou. A school-master as I take it, and comes to
present a verie prettie shew of his schollers in broken
Latin.

Of. Can wee be dumb and see this ?

Sch. O haples Learning !

Flie and complaine, to Heauen (where thou wert
borne)

That thou (whome Kings once nurfde,) art now their
fcorne.

Exit.

Nar. How blowes the winde Syr?

Seaf. Wynde! is *Nore-Nore-West.*

Nar. To hoyfe your fayles vp too, I thinke tis
bef.

Sea. A blacke Guft is comming; vp a-low-there
hey: A young-man vp toth Top-maft-head, and looke-
out: ftand to your Sayles: ftand to your Top-failes:
let goe your Harriars, let goe, amaine louere amaine,
quicke, quicke, Good fellowes.

Omn. Hees mad.

Sea. Whoes at Helme? beare vp hard: and hard
vp: and thou beeft a man beare vp; Star-borde, Port-
agein: off with your Drablers, and your Banners;
out with your Courfes: Ho,—I fpie two Shippes
yonder, that yaw too and agen, they haue both fprung
a Leake, I thinke the Diuell is fucking Tabaccho,
heeres fuch a Mift: out with your boate, and you
Besmen, cut-downe Maft-bith borde; beare vp,
Ime a Blunt-fellow you fee, All I fay is this,
You that fcorne Sea-men, fhall a Sea-man miffe. *Exit.*

Off. Now by my life I haue patient ftood too long.
To fee rich merit and loue, payde with bafe wrong:
Learning! and Armes! and Traffique! the triple wall
That fortifies a Kingdome, race em downe All!
This Seaman, (hee that deareft eames his bread)
Had rigd and mann'd 4. Gallies brauely furnifht,
With Souldiers, Rowers, and Fire-workes for a Sea-
fight.

K. You are full of Squibs too, pray goe fire em all.

Off. Muft I bee then cashierde too? mary and
fhall.

To faue thy finking Honour, Ile fend hence
Thefe men with thankes, with praife, and recompence.
Exit.

Omn. Pray doe.

K: Braue *Shalcan-Bohor*, all this while
Our eye has followed yours, and feene it fmile,

(As twere in scorne) of what these men could doe,
Which made vs slight them off; to ingrosse you
(Our best and richest prize :) ith Courts of Kings
Through which you ha passd, you ha seene wonders,
shew em.

Ruff. I shall at opportune howers. If your Grace
Arride the toyes, they bragd of (Fire-workes,
And such light stufes) Sit fearelesse without danger
Of murthering shot, which villaines might discharge
In (idle counterfet Sea-fights) you shall see
At opening of this hand, a thousand Balles
Of wilde-Fire, flying round about the Aire—there.

Fire-workes on Lines.

Omn. Rare, Rare.

K. Tis excellent, Sdeath from whence flew they?

Bri. Hell, I thinke.

Iou. Hell! Nay, if any that are in Hell, skip vp
euer so nye Heauen, as these Diuells that spit fire did,
He drinke nothing but Gun-powder.

Ruff. Ha, ha, a trifle this. Your Scholler there,
Come with his Arts and Muses shallow, leaden braine,
Your swaggering Souldier, lead a tottered traine
Of ruffianly Boore-hallers: I noted all
These feasts for Kings: ith garden of varietie
The vast world! you are flur'de midst your satietie,
Plucke no one Apple from the golden Tree,
But shake the fruite of euerie pleasure downe.

K. Thanks *Bohor*; why else weares a King his
Crowne?

Shalcan, all *Naples* shall not buy thee from mee.

Ruff. Nor you and these from me.

K. Aske what thou wilt haue
But to stay here.

Ruff. Loe, this is all I craue.

K. Thou hast our fast embraces.

Ruff. Swift as mans thought,
Various delights shall bee each minute borne,

And dye as fast that fresh may rife ; we scorne
To serue vp one dish twice ; bee't nere so rare,
Will you that gainst to morrow I prepare
A Feast of strange Mirth for you ?

K. Deare *Bohor* doe.

Ruff. I shall ; Nor doe I thus your loue pursue,
With seruile hopes of Golde, I neede it not :
If out the jawes of Hell Golde may bee got
Blacke Artes are mine to doo't ; and what delights
Those worke bee yours.

K. Thou art gracious in our fight. *Exeunt.*

¶ *A Table is set out by young fellowes like Merchants men, Bookes of Accounts vpon it, small Deskes to write vpon, they sit downe to write Tickets, Lurchall with them.*

1. Come fellow *Lurchall* write.

Lur. Fuh, Stay not for mee,
I shall out-goe you all.

2. I hold 5. Crownes,
We all leaue you behinde vs.

Lur. Don ; but I
Must not leaue you behinde mee ; what paines a poore
Diuell

Takes to get into a Merchant ? hees so ciuill,
One of Hell must not know him, with more ease
A Diuell may win ten Gallants, then one of thefe,
Yet a Merchants wife, before thefe ten is wonne
To entertaine her Diuell, if Pride be one.
But *Lurchall*, now tha'rt in, and for yeares bound,
To play the Merchant, play him right : th'aft found
A Master, who more villenie has by hart,
Then thou by rote ; See him but play his owne part,
And thou doest Hell good seruice ; *Barteruile*,
Theres in thy name a Haruest makes mee smile.

Bart. *Lurchall* :—within.

Omn. My master calls.

Lur. I.

*Enter Barteruile.**Men two and fro bring in Bags, & haue Bills. Exit.**Bart:* Oh, art there?

This day twixt one and two a Gallants bound
 To pay 400. Crownes to free his Landes
 Fast morgag'de to mee, *Lurchall*, get thee vp hyc
 Into my Turret, where thou mayest espie
 All commers euery way; if by thy gueffe,
 Thou seeft the Gull make hither.

Lur. So Syr.

Bart. That, his Hower
 Lye gasping, at the last Minutes; let him beate at
 dore,
 Within Ile beate his heart out.

Lur. Ile let him stand.

Bart. Do, take my *Watch*, go faster. All his Land
 Is fund with these two Figures, (2. and 1.)
 At past one, (his,) strike but two, tis mine owne.

Lur. Ile turne the wheelcs: and spin the howers
vp faster.*Bart.* The Citie-clockes then strike, and kill thy
Master.

Would all the Citie Sextons, at my cost
 Were drunke this day 4 howres.

Lur: Troth so wud I,
 And wee their Iackes ath Clocke-houfe.

Bar. Wee'de strike merily.

Fly vp to'th top ath houfe,

Lur. There fir, Ile fit,
 And croake like a Rauens, to damb thee in hels pit.

*Exit.**Barteruile fet amongst his men reading a long scroll.**Bar.* How goes this moneth?*Omn.* Much shorter than the last.

Bar. Weddings this moneth 12. thousand: not
 worth the scoring,

But thinke ther's little marying, we ha so much
whoring.

Grynding milles so much vfe ; about the citie
Such grinding, yet no more mony ; suites in law,
Full brought to an end this moneth, no more but
ten :

This law will begger vs : had I the bags againe,
I bought this combrous office with, the King
Should make his best of't : hee that did farm't before
Had it for lesse than I, yet receiude more.
How much remaines of the salt tribute due ?

1. Ser. 7000. Crownes.

Bar. Thats well : a fauorie fumme :
These our Italian tributes, were well deuifde,
Me thinkes tis fit a subiect should not eate
But that his Prince from euery dish of meate
Should receiue nourishment : for (being the head)
Why should he pine, when all the body is fed ?
Besides, it makes vs more to awe a King,
When at each bit we are forc'd to thinke on him.

Enter a Brauo with mony.

1. Ser. What payment's this ?

Bra. The pension of the Stewes, you neede not
vntye it, I brought it but now from the sealers office :
ther's not a peece there, but has a hole in't, becaufe
men may knowe where twas had, and where it will be
taken againe : bleffe your worship ? Stew-mony fir,
Stew-Prune cash fir.

Bar. They are sure, tho not the foundest pay-
maisters,
Read whats the fumme.

1. Ser. But bare 200. crownes.

Bra. They are bare crownes indeede fir, and they
came from Animals and vermin that are more bare :
wee that are clarkes of these flesh-markets haue a great
deale of rotten mutton lying vpon our hands, and
finde this to bee a fore payment.

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Bar. Well, well, the world will mend.

Bra. So our furgeons tell 'em euery day ; but the pox of mendment I see.

Bar. Doe not your gallants come off roundly then ?

Bra. Yes fir, their haire comes off fast enough, we turne away crack't french crownes euery day. I haue a suite to your worship in behalfe of all our dealers in small wares, our free-whores fir, you know my meaning.

Bar. If your whores are knowne, whats thy suite ?

Bra. I should haue brought a petition from 'em, but that tis put off fir, till clensing-weeke, that they may all be able to fet to their hands, or else a whores marke.

Bar. Well, well, whats their request ?

Bra. Marry fir, that all the shee-tobacco-shops, that creepe vp daily in euery hole about the Citie, may bee put to silence.

Bar. Why pray thee honest fellow ?

Bra. I thanke your good worship, I had not such a sweete bit giuen me this 7 yeeres, honest fellow ; marry fir Ile open to you your suppliants cafes : they that had wont to spend a crowne about a smocke, haue now their delight dog-cheape, but for spending one quarter of that mony in smoake : besides fir, they are not contented to robbe vs of our customes only, but when their pipes are fowle with spitting and driueling in those foresaide shops, they haue no place to burne 'em in, but our houses.

Bar. Draw their petition, and weelee see all cur'de.

Bra. Let a frost come first fir : I thanke your venerable worship ; the pox gnaw out so many small guts as haue payde thee crownes. *Exit.*

Enter Lurchall running.

Lur. The tyd's against you fir, the crownes are come.

Bar. How goes my watch ?

Lur. As most watches vie to goe fir, sleepily,
heauily.

Bar. Not reach'd to one yet ; wert thou to be
hangd,

The hower had gallop'd.

Lur. I spurd it all that I could.

Bar. S'death keep his howre, heauen helpe poore
Citizens,

If Gentlemen grow thus warie : let him in.

Exit Lurchall.

Barren now, that haft in craft so fruitfull bin.

Your bufineffe fir to me.

Enter with 2. Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doe you not know me fir ?

Bar. No in good truth fir.

1. *Gent.* To know you I am bold fir,
You haue lands of mine in morgage, this is my day,
And heres your crownes.

Bar. Signior *Innocentio* ;
My memorie had quite loft you, pray fit both,
A bowle of wine here.

1. *Gent.* Sir it shall not neede :
Pleafe you to fetch my euidence, whil't we tell.

Bar. What needes this forward spring ? faith two
moneths hence
Had bin to me as welcome.

1. *Gent.* Sir I thanke you.

2. *Gent.* Your hower drawes on Signior *Inno-*
centio,

Bar. Goe beate a drumme ith garret, that no
tongues
Of clockes be heard but mine.

Lur. Little past one.

Bar. Winde, winde.

Lur. Thus wind't thou to damnation.

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2. *Gent.* Ile part with none fir, pardon me, till I
fee

Your writings : will you fetch the euidence fir.

Bar. What euidence fir, haue I of yours ?

1. *Gent.* My friend fir, whose mony hee lends me
to redeeme my morgage.

Bar. Which you would haue for your securitie.

2. *Gent.* Tis so fir ?

Bar. No fir *Innocentio*,

To morrow on your bare word will I lend you 30:
crownes more : I loue you fir, and with you beware
whose hands you fall into : the worlds a serpent.

2. *Gent.* This does but spend the hower fir, will
you take your mony ?

Bar. With all my heart.

1. *Gent.* Let me fee my writings then.

Bar. Haue you such couenant from mee ? I re-
member none.

1. *Gent.* Your conscience is sufficient couenant fir.

Bar. Ha ! whats that conscience ? I know no
law-terms I,

Talke to me as to Citizen.

2. *Gent.* Weele dally no longer ;

We knew what snake would sting vs, and therefore
brought

Our medicine gainst his venome : youle keepe the
writings,

And weele ith Court of conscience tender your
crownes,

Whither this writ does fummon you.

Lur. A fox, and ore-taken ?

Bar. Serue writs vpon me, yet keepe my mony
too ?

Dull flauie hast thou no braine ?

Lur. Braine ! trye this.

Bar. Peace.

2. *Gent.* Will you as fits a Christian giue vs in
What is our right, and take your crownes fir yet ?

Bar. Tis good to try mens patience, fetch me
downe *Exit Lur.*

Those writings on my pillow, there they ha slept
These two howers for you : must not friends iest ?
ha !

Both. Yes sir : let your men tell, iust 400.
crownes.

Bar. Besides the vse.

1. *Gent.* The vse is there too.

Bar. Hold :

Ile take it without telling, put it vp.

Both. Not till we see the writings.

Enter Lurchall.

Bar. Dare you touch it ?

Both. Dare ! yes sir, and dare stab him to the
heart,

Offers to take it from vs :

Bar. Who stabs first ? *Flings mony amongst it.*

Now touch it if you dare : ther's gold of mine,
And if they lay one finger on't, cry theeues,
They come to rob me, touch it if you dare :

1. *Gent.* Dambde wretch, thou wilt goe quicke to
hell I feare.

Bar. No sir, the diuell shall fetch me when I goe.

Lur. That all my errand.

2. *Gent.* We are cheated both.

Bar. Proceede, in your chancery fuite, I haue be-
gun your bill.

Humbly complayning.

1. *Gent.* Of thee villaine Ile complaine

That fels thy foule for mony, diuels on earth dwell,
And men are no where, all this world is hell.

Exeunt.

Bar. I kisse thy forehead, my wittie *Oedipus*
That canst vnfold such riddels :

One ringes. Exit. 1. Seruant.

Lur. Sir, I am bound

302 *If this be not a good Play,*

To doe you all seruice, till I you all confound.

1. *Ser.* Maister Siluerpen the procter fir, sends word, if you come not in to morrow and personally depose your payment of the 200. crownes, youle be non-suited.

Bar. That is a law-draught goes downe coldly.

Lur. Why fir? Tis but your fweareing the mony is payde.

Bar. If oathes had back-dores to come in at, without danger of damnation, to catch a mans foule bith back, fweareing were braue.

1. *Ser.* What answere shall I giue the Proctors man?

Lur. Tell him my maister shall come in and fweare.

Exit and Enters.

Bar. Doe, tell him: on thec Ile build: now all my feare

Is for apparance at the Chancellors Court.

No trick to faue that?

Lur. I haue a braue one fort.

Exit. 1. for wine: bring't in.

Bring in a pottle of wine: will Carlo here my fellow,

Depose a truth if he see it, to helpe his maister?

Bar. What thou not honest Carlo?

2. *Ser.* Yes fir.

1. *Ser.* Here's the wine. *Enter with wine.*

Lur. Set this to your head anon fir, when tis there

Away you, and to morrow thou mai'st fweare

Before the Chancelor, and fweare true, if hee

Were in that case thou leftst him, twere in vaine

To hope he could liue, till thou camst back againe.

Bar. All Knights a'th Post learne this trick: the fits vpon me now.

Lur. Take a good draught, twill helpe you fir : It
gulpes,

Hees almost breathles Carolo, away.

Car. I am gon. *Exit.*

Lur. Hees gon, hees gon fir.

Bar. One gulpe more had choaked me ;
This wine had washed my feares off, th'aft giuen mee
power

To make me doate vpon thee. Carolos gon.

Lur. Yes and will fweare his heart out, to your
good.

Sweare let him ; bee thy selfe and hee dambde too.

Bar. So I may get by it. In my bosome sleepe
(My doue, my loue,) prosper but thou and I.

Lur. And let all els finck.

Bvr. Let 'em : fo I kisse gold,
The yongmans whore, the faint of him thats old.

Exeunt.

*Enter Prior, Alphge, Hillary, and Friers with
pruning kniues, spades, &c., met by Subprior,
and Shackle-foule.*

Sub. Whither (mad-men) run you ?

Omn. To our Vines.

Sub. Your Vines ?

(The tree of fin and shame ?) this Serpent here,
Has with that liquorish poison, so fet on fire,
The braines of *Nicodeme* and *Siluester*,
That they in drunken rage haue stabd each other.

Pri. Stabd !

Shac. Yes, they bleede a little, but haue no
harne,
Their yong blood with the grapes Iuice being made
warne,

They brawld and struck, but I kept off the blowes,
Yet the Subprior faies from me their quarrell rose.

Sub. It did.

Shac. In very deede (for I not fweare)

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It did not fir : to me you malice beare,
As if that all such mischife don, were mine,
But caufe your felfe shall fee how I repine
To fee vice prosper, pardon me good Lord Prior,
If I a tell-tale be of what mine eyes
Beheld with water in them : fin will rife
In holy fircles I fee fometimes.

Pri. What fin ?

Sub. What haft thou feene ?

Shac. Wud present I had not beene,
But till I had vtter it, my clogd confcience beares
A man vpon a woman.

Omn. Ha !

Shac. I fpeak't in teares :

Scumbroth our cooke, and a female I beheld
Kiffing in our orchard : on her lippes he dwelld
I thinke fome halfe howre.

Sub. Shame to our reuerend order !

A woman in our couent ! Sin black as murder.

Pri. Our cooke fhallbe feuerely punifhed :
woman,

A tempter here.

Omn. Abhominable !

Rufh, thoult rebuke fin.

Shac. Though my Lord I'me bad, I'me not giuen
that way.

Pri. Let vs fome plagues inuent to lay on this
lecherous knaue.

Shac. Some light punifhment

(Good my Lord Prior) fuppofe twere your owne fault,
Whip as you would be whipt, the beft's naught.

Sub. He fhallbe punifht, and then loofe his place.

Pri. That fir fhall be as we will : to our Vines :
away.

Sub. For fhame giue or'e, dare you prophane this
day

That is to holy v'es confecrate ?

Pri. Why ? what day is this ?

Omn. Lambert the marter.

Pri. No matter,
To vex thee deeper, this whole day weelee spend,
Onely about our Vines.

Sub. You vex not me,
But heauen : what warrants you to this ?

Pri. Our will.

Sub. Thou hast thy will, thy wish thou ne're shalt
haue,
In fight of heauen who fees and punishes
Mens blacke impieties ; And in fight of these
(Sharers in thy full sin :) And in his fight,
T' expresse whose vilenes, there's no epithite.

Pri. No matter what he saies Ruff.

Shac. I'me knowne what I am.

Sub. To thee I prophecie, (vicious old man to
thee,
Who er't with lift-vp-hands, and downe-bowed knee,
Seemest to' haue had worke in heauen : now (full of
spite,
Onely to eate a liquorish appetite ;
Digft our religious wales vp, planting there
Luxurious fruits to pamper belly-cheere :
(For all thy paines to dresse it,) of this Vine
Thy lustfull lips shall neuer tast the wine.

Pri. Diftracted foole, in stead of my iust anger,
Thou onely hast my pittie : thou prophecie ?

Omn. Ha, ha.

Sub. Laugh on, but since nor prayers preuaile nor
teares,
Ile powre my grieve into my Princes eares. *Exit.*

Shac. Heele goe and complaine to the King.

Pri. Let him complaine,
Kings cannot Subiects of their fooode refraine.
Away.

Exeunt : Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ingender sin with sin ; that wines rich
heate

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May bring forth Lust, Lust murder may beget,
But here strike faile, this barke awhile hale in,
And lanch into the deepe, a brighter sin :
Ho, *Glitterbacke*, ascend, to shackle-soule,
To shackle-soule ascend, ho *Glitterbacke* ;
Thou richest spirit, thrust vp thy golden head
From hell thus hie : when ? art imprisoned
In misers chests so fast thou canst not come ?
Or fearst thou theeues, or cutpurfes ? here be
some
Can saue thee from their fingers : when ? Arise ;
And dazle th' approaching night with thy gliftring
eyes.

Glitt. Here.

A golden Head ascends.

Shac. How thou sweatst with comming ? Saue me
those drops
(Golds pure *Elisar*) filling from thy lockes :
Shake from thy browes and hayre that golden
showre,
So : get home : quicke : (to hell) least hell grow
poore,
If Rich mens pawes once fasten thee, and beware
It'h way thou meetst no Lawyers : theile pull thee
bare,
Hence : downe.

Glitt. Ime gon.

Descendit.

Shac. Coole night will call Frier *Clement* forth
anon :
Angels, be you his strong temptation :
Wines lustfull fires him warme not : At this spring,
(Scorde by the rest for him,) spread thy gilt wing,
Full in his eye ; As he drinks water downe,
In streames of *Auarice*, let his weake soule droune.

Exit.

*Enter the King, Narcisco, Brisco, Spendola, Founinelli,
Rufman, followed by Astolfo.*

Ast. I doe beseech your Highnes, yet turne backe
And comfort the sad Lady, whose faire eyes
Are worne away with weeping.

Iou. If her eyes be worne away, what should a man
doe with a blind wife? kill her with flyes?

Kin. I cannot abide a woman thats fond of me.

Spen. Nor I.

Nar. I would loue a woman but as I loue a walnut,
to cracke it, and peelee it, eate the meate, and then
throw away the Shell.

Iou. Or as noble-men vse their great hofes, when
they are past seruice: sell 'em to brewers and make
'em drey-hofes: So vse a woman.

Ast. So fo.

Ruf. The Indians are warme without clothes, and
a man is best at ease without a woman: or if your
Highnes must needs haue one, haue
Factors to buy the fairest, doate not any,
But like the turke, regard none, yet keepe many.

Kin. You heare the Iuries verdit.

Ast. Whose foreman's the diuell?
These counsell thee to thy destruction.

Kin. Destruction? why? the heauen can abide but
one fun,

I hope we on earth may loue many mens daughters:
Tell *Erminhilda* so: send her home to the duke her
father:

And tell him too, because the disease of mariage
Brings the stone with it, I hate a woman; I loue not
To be cut: inclosde grounds are too rancke.

Ruf. Best feeding on the Commons then,
Will you not mary this chaste Lady then?

Kin. No fir, and will you now my reason haue?
A womans is an insatiate graue
Wherein hee's dambd that lyes buried.

Omn. On, on, away.

308 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ruf. Braue battailes ! fight you, but ile win the
day. *Exeunt.*

Manet Asolpho. Enter Octauio and Ermynhilda.

Erm. I heard the storie, tell't not or'e againe,
Twere crueltie to wound men, being halfe flaine.

Oct. Tis crueltie too much, and too much shame
That one of your high birth, youth, beautie, name,
And vertues shining bright, should hence be sent
(Like some offender into banishment)
Abuse by a King, and his luxurious traine,
Of parasites, knaues, & fooles, (a kingdomes bane,)
For them, by him not carde for ; you came not so,
But as his bride, his Queene, and bedfellow.

Erm. And yet am neither, from my fathers court
Came I (being fude by Princes too) for this ?
To see him, his subiects scorne, and my selfe his ?
Once thought I that his loue had bin (as fate)
Vnmoueable ; and ist now turn'd to hate ?
Yes, yes, hees wauering as the running fireame,
And far more ydle than a mad-mans dreame.

Asl. Send to the duke your father, let him inforce
Your plighted mariage.

Erm. Worfe than a diuorce.
No : to his eyes since hatefull I am growne,
Ile leaue his Court and him, and dye vnknowne.

Exit.

Asl. All runnes I see to ruine.

Oct. If he persue,
These godles courtes, best we leaue him too,
That land to it selfe must a quick downefall bring,
Whose King has lost all, but the name of King.

Exeunt.

*Enter Subprior with an earthen pot, and a lanthorne ;
Scumbroath with him with a peice.*

Sub. Get thee to bed thou foolish man and sleepe.

Scu. How? Sleepe? no fir no, I am turnd a tyrant
and cannot sleepe :

I stand centinell perdu, and somebody dyes if I sleepe,
I am posselt with the diuell and cannot sleepe.

Sub. What diuell posselles thee ?

Scu. The fencers diuell, a fighting diuell ; Russh
has committed a murder vpon my body, and his car-
cas shall answere it ; the cock of my reuenge is vp.

Sub. Murder ! what murder ?

Scu. He has taken away my good name, which is
flat manslaughter, and halfe hangd me, which is as
much as murder, he told the Lord Prior and you that
I was kissing a wench : Its a lye, I giue him the lye,
and he shall fight with me at single pistall against my
caliuer, do I looke like a whore-monger ? when haue
you seene a wench thus hiary as I am : Russh thou
diest for this treason against my members concupiscen-
tiallitie.

Sub. Thou wut not kill him, wut thou ?

Scu. No, but Ile make him know what tis to boile
a cooke in's owne greafe.

I am scalding hot, I am chargd with furie, I carie
a heart-burning within me. I kisse a whore ? I shall
haue boyes cry out to me, now who kist Mary ? No
Russh, *Scumbroth* shall giue thee fuger pellets to eate, I
will not be danc'de vpon.

Sub. Let me perswade thy peace of minde to
night,
Get thee to rest, if Russh haue thee belide,
Reioyce, by wrongs to haue thy patience tride.
He shall forgiuenes aske thee.

Scu. Let me but haue one blow ats head with my
cleauer Ith kitchin, and I freely forgiue him, or let me
bownce at him.

Sub. These bloudie thoughts will dam thee into
hell.

Scu. Doe you thinke so ? what becomes of our
roaring boyes then that slab healths one to another,
doe you thinke they will be dambd vp too ?

310 *If this be not a good Play,*

Sub. I thinke so, for I know it, decre fonne to
prayer,
Two finnes beset thee, murder, and despaire,
I charge thee meete me at my cell anon,
To saue thee will I spend my orison.
In name of heauen I charge thee to be gon.

Scu. Well fir, the cold water of your counsell has
laid the heate of my furie : he had met with his
match, but I wil shoote off my anger, I will be gon,
and why ? Looke you, because the moone is vp and
makes hornes at one of vs ; As the noblemans coach
is drawne by foure horses, the knights by two, & the
cuckold by three, euen so am I drawne away with
none at all. *Vale, Bonos Noches* : I am possest still :
It buzzes, here. *Vale.* *Exit.*

Sub. Blest star of light, sticke there to illuminate
This world darkned or'e with sin : thou watchest late,
To guide mans comming home, shewing thereby
Heauens care of vs, seeing how we tread awry.
We haue two great lights for midnight and for noon,
Because blacke deeds at no time should be don.
All haile to thee (now my best guide) be giuen,
What needs earths candle, hauing the lamp of
heauen ?
Now *Benedicite* ? where am I ?

Enter Rus.

Rus. O whether am I going ? which way came I ?
Ah wellada, I come to fill my pot,
With water not with thee ; thou art mis-begot.
Else wouldst thou not lye there ; what Orphans blood
Hast thou suckt out, to make this golden flood ?
None drinke this well but I, how is it than
Thou thus way-lay'st me, (theefe to the soule of man ?
Would some poore wretch (by losse of law vndone)
Had thee : goe doe him good : me canst thou none.
My wholesome cup is poyfoud, it flowes or'e
With mans damnation (gold,) drinke there no more.

Shac. Not tast what all men thirst for ? old and
fo braue,
When many assaults, one combat more Ile haue.]

Enter Scumbroth.

Scu. So, ho, ho, father, Subprior.

Sub. Whoes there ? what art thou callst me ?

Scu. One that feedes the hungry, the cooke fir,
Scumbroth.

Sub. Come hither, I haue for thee a golden
prize.

Shac. Ha ha : heele take it.

Villaines and fooles will ha gold, (tho got from hell,)
But they who doe so, (as thou shalt) pay for't well.

Exit.

Scu. But stay, father Subprior, before we goe one
step farder, what doe you thinke I haue done since I
went from you ?

Sub. No hurt I hope, say hast thou ?

Scu. Hurt ? If I did hurt in that, how much
harme doe Almanake makers, wholye coldly quiuering
at it all the yeare long ? I did doe nothing but stand
staring at the man in the moone.

Sub. And what good thoughts bred that within
thee ?

Scu. This : I thought to my selfe, what a happy
fellow that man in the moone was, to see so many
fooles and knaues here below, and yet neuer to be
troubled with 'em, nor meddle with 'em.

Sub. Hees happy that meddles not with this world
indeed.

Scu. If that man in the moone should write a
prognostication, oh he should not neede to tell astro-
nomicall lyes to fill his booke, nor talke in gibrish no
man vnderstands, of *Quartiles, Aspects, Stations, Re-
trogradations, Peragratations ; Centricall, Eccentricall,
Cosmicall, Acronicall,* and such *Palquodicall, Solar,
Lunar, Lunaticall* vaulting ouer the railes of heauen,

that no Christian dare looke vpon their tricks, for
fcare his wit breake his necke.

Sub. Thou putt into a Sea, thou canst not found,
Ignorance still is foe to Arts profound.

Come hither man, come hither.

Scu. Arts profound, Arts make men as very asses
as women doe, I haue no Art, and yet I knowe this
Moone that shines to night, sees more than you or I
doe, for all your spectacles.

Sub. True, tis the eye of heauen.

Scu. Which of the eyes? tis but the left eye: and
the Sun is the right: and yet the left sometimes sees
more than the right, and the right as much as the left,
there's paxonifme for you father, globicall paxonifme.

Sub. I vnderstand thee not.

Scu. No, why heres the oyfter opend, I say the
Sun sees much knauery in a yere, & and the Moone
more in a quarter: the Moone sees men caryed by a
quarelling watch to prifon, and the Sun sees the con-
stable and the booke-keeper share sees the next
morning.

Sub. Thats not well.

Scu. Yes, but they fweare tis well: the Moone
sees bastards come bawling into the world, & the Sun
sees 'em shifted and shuftled in doffers, away to nurse,
& thats the cause we haue so many doffer-heads:
the Moone sees old curmudgeons come reeling from
Tauerns with sipping of halfe pintes of Sacke, and the
Sun sees the same churles the next day, soberly cutting
any mans throate for a pennie.

Sub. Enough of this: come hither: looke what
here lyes.

Scu. What here lyes: mary, father Subprior, the
diuell and some Vfurers mony haue bin here at their
lecherie, and see what goodly children they haue be-
got: if you will ile keepe the bastards at nurse.

Sub. I am content that halfe this gold be thine,
(If it bee ask'd for neuer, for tis not mine.)
So thou wilt promise tother halfe to giue

To such as I appoint.

Scu. By this gold I will lay it out brauely, as you appoint me.

Sub. Looke not to prosper ; if thou dealst amisse ;
Good workes are keyes opening the gates of blisse,
That golden key, thou in that heape maist find ;
If with it thou relieue the lame, sick, blind,
And hungry.

Scu. I will doe it I protest.

Sub. One halfe bestow'd so, take thy selfe the rest.
So fare thee well. *Exit.*

Scu. Farewell good father,—foole : Ile giue the
blinde a dog to lead 'em, the lame shall to the whip-
ping-post, the sick shall dye in a cage, and the hungry
leap at a crust : I feede roagues, the pox shall : the
world is change : a begger yesterday, and full of
gold to day : an asse to day, and a prow'd scab
to morrow.

Glit. Stay : stand. *Golden head ascends.*

Scu. Stand : cannot a Gentleman grow rich, but
he must keepe knaues about him ?

Glit. That gold is none of thine.

Scu. But all the craft in that great head of yours
cannot get it out of my fangers. Zounds who the
diuel art thou ?

Glit. A spirit sent vp from hell to make thee rich,

Scu. Thanke hell for it : hell makes worse fooles
rich in a yeere.

Glit. That gold I laide there for thee.

Scu. When doe you lay againe, that I may haue
more of these egges ?

Glit. Spend those I charge thee first.

Scu. Yes, Head.

Glit. And brauely I charge thee.

Scu. What neede you be at such charges, Ile
doe't : but shall the poore be a pennie the better for
me, as the old fellow charged me, yea, or no ?

Glit. No.

Shac. No.

Within.

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Scu. Whose that ?

Glit. Tis thine owne Genius cryes vnto thee no.

Scu. My Genius, I am a cooke, my Genius then belike is a scullion ; but when this is spent, can my Genius tell mee whither I shall haue more.

Shac. More.

Glit. More.

1. More.

2. More.

} *within.*

} *In a big voice.*

Scu. Because my Genius keepes company with a great man, Ile take all their wordes ; and his bond.

Glit. When thou hast spent all that : I charge thee come

To the blacke tree, that stands in Naples groue,
Clymbe boldly to the top, and keepe fast hold,
For there ile rayne on thee a showre of gold,
If what thou feest there, thou to any tell,
Diuels shall teare thee.

Shac. Away.

Omn. Away.

Scu. Farewell.

Exit.

Enter Shacklefoule laughing.

Shac. Ha, ha ! downe downe bright spirit, thou wut bee mist anon, hell mynt stands ydle.

Glit. Loofe not that foole.

Shac. Be gon.

Glit. Haue care to meete at next infernall court :
The day drawes nye.

Goes downe.

Shac. I thanke thee for this spirit.

Exit.

*Enter K. Rufman, Narcisso, Spendola, Brisco,
Iouinelli.*

K. You that complaine gainst *Barteruile*, (re-
ceiuer
Of all our tribute-monies) speake your wrongs ;
Nay you haue deafd our eares too much already,

Hee does confesse your crownes (payde and receiue)

But to giue backe your writings ther's no claufe,
If them youle win, fight it out by our lawes.

Bar. I humbly thanke your highnes. A gracious doome.

i. Gent. One day to try this plea, to hel thowlt come. *Ex. 2.*

K. Toth' next, we ha bufinesse of our owne, toth' next :

O *Barteruile* ! for these 200. crownes.

Bar. I payde 'em to that man.

Bar. Now afore the King

And his Lords here, thou liest : th'ast payde me none.

K. Your chollers firra too hye.

Far. Tho my collar stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.

Thou say'st thowlt sweare th'ast payd it : vds nailes sweare so,

And the fowle feende goe with't : 200. crownes ?

I ha lost as much at loggets : sweare but to reuel,

And spend't in hel, gallop thee and that toth' diuel.

Far. Man wherefore doest not sweare ?

K. Reach me a booke.

Bar. Let me before I sweare, on my notes look,

Ile tell you the very day ; pray hold my staffe,

Till I draw out my false eyes.

Far. Draw thy heart out an't wut : thou maist wel say thy false eyes.

Bar. The day : August, 14.

Far. That's now, be dambd, and so away.

Bar. On this day (August, 14.) I sweare I payde Into these handes, 200. crownes in gold.

Far. Zounds nor in siluer : by this booke I had none.

K. One of you two is periuriously forsworne.

Far. He, he, as I am true Christian man.

316 *If this be not a good Play,*

Iou. He sweares,
To your owne hands he payde them.

Bar. Else let that eye,
Which sees me play false, scourge my periury
With fearefull stripes.

Far. O iustice! false downe dead!

Lurchall & Rufman about him.

Wud I had lost all, tho I had bin cozened,
Rather than thou thy soule.

Omn. He bleedes at mouth.

Far. See his staffe (beating the earth, for heauen
loues truth

Is burst in shiuers, and that gold he swore
Was pay'd to me, lyes scattred on the flore.

Ruff. He comes againe, the diuell will not receiue
him.

K. Take him away, weele punish him for this
cryme.

Ruff. Beg his office : you a Courtier?

Spen. I haue a suite to your highnes.

K. What ist count *Spendola*?

Lur. Maister, looke vp man,
In this black trance had thy soule flyen away,
I had wrought hard and made a holliday.

Ruff. Loose not a minute (pue-fellow) leaue him
not yet,

I haue whales here too, lye playing in the net. *Exit.*

Far. Ile take this gold at venture, (sweete yong
King,)

For all this hel-hound owes me.

K. Doe, and be gone.

Far. I am pay'd : the diuels turn'd puritane I
feare,

He hates (me thinkes) to heare his own child sweare.

Exit.

K. The office of this periurde *Barteruile*,
I frankly giue away, diuiding it
To the Count *Spendola*, and our worthy friend
Braue *Bohor* here ; farme it to whom you please.

Both. We thanke your Highnes.

Spem. Who bids most, he buyes it.

K. If to his life, the diuel giues longer leafe,
To build more worke for hel; goe see, & from him
Exact a strict account of what he owes vs.

Ruff. That strict account ile take.

Exit.

K. Show him no fauour.

Enter Octauio with petitions.

Oct. If now thou art a iust King, keepe thy word,
With thy poore subiects.

K. How now vncke? why.

Oct. This is thy day to heare the poore mans
crye :

And yonders crying enough, at thy Court gates ;
Fieue hundred white heads, and scarce 10. good hats,
Yet haberdashers too, of all trades some,
Crying out they are vndon.

Omn. Vndon, by whom?

Oct. Mary, looke : by such as you are, who goe
gay,

Weare't out, booke downe more, fet to their hands but
neuer pay ;

Neuer in deare yeares was there such complainyng
Of poore staru'd seruants, or (when plagues are raign-
ing)

Mourne orphans so and widdowes, as those doe
That owe these forrowfull papers.

K. Pray how can I
To their complainings adde a remedy?

Oct. Ile tell thee how : are any here in debt
To Merchants, Mercers, Taylors? let 'em iet
In their owne fattins, pay for what they ha tane,
And these will goe lesse braue, tother lesse complaine.

Omn. Ha ha !

Oct. The mightie wrongs the weake, the rich the
poore,
This man should haue his owne, could he greaze more

His too-fat lawyer ; that wretch for's coat does fuc,
 But his coat's gon, and his skin flead off too,
 If his purfe bee ore-match'd : thefe groffe impure
 And ranck difeafes, long vnto thy cure,
 Thy word's in pawn fort, thefe are the poores cryes,
 How wilt thou ftop their throates ?

K. With halters.

Omn. Hang 'em.

Off. Hang 'em ! any halters here ! ift fo fet
 down ?

This law-booke fpeakes not fo, yet tis thine own.

K. Still brauing me with this ? burne it.

Off. Yes doe.

If you burne all the weeke, burne faterday too :
 Doe one good dayes-deed firft, read poore mens
 plaints.

K. Hells plagues confound 'em : in their heads and
 thine.

Vex me no more.

Off. I warrant thee ile faue mine. *Meetes the Sub.*
 Holy Saint pardon me, (las good father, my braine
 So wilde is I forgot thee, but ile to him againe,
 Tis but an old mans head off. King take it, ile
 fpeake whileft this ftands on my foulders.

K. But that you are——

Off. An honeft man, thoud't haue this, ô I
 befecke

Thy attention to this Reuerend fub-Prior,
 Who plaines againft diforders of this Houfe ;
 Where once Deuotion dwelt and Charitie,
 Ther's Drunkenneffe now, Gluttonie, and Lecherie,
 Tell thou the Tale.

Sub. Bad Storie foone is tolde ;
 Becaufe tis foule, that Leafe does all infolde,
 Their finnes grow hye, and fearefull, and ftrike at
 Heauen,

Punifh them *THO V*, whose power from thence is giuen.

K. Your Friers fo luftie !

Iou. All the Barbers in *Naples* tell newes of that Priorie.

Bris. I would your Grace would let me purge this house of her infection ; bestowe the Liuinges of it on mee, ile sweeten it in one Moneth.

Iou. Heele lay it in Lauender.

K. The Couent, the Demeafnes, Immunities, Rents, Customes, Chartres, what to this house of *Baall* foeuer is belonging—*Brisco* tis thine.

Of. Wut rob the Church too, (Now th'ast nothing left scarce for thy selfe ?)

Sub. O heauen for-fend such theft !

K. Bestowe it at thy pleasure.

Of. Woe to those dayes,
When to raise Vpstarts, the poore *CHVRCH* decayes.

Sub. Call backe thy gift (ô King) and ere these eyes

Behold vnhalloved hands to Tyrannize
Where many a good man has his Orifons said,
And many a *Requiem* bene sung out for the Dead,
(Till I am thrust out by Death) ô let mee haue
My dwelling there, there let me dig my Graue,
With mine owne Nayles, (shut vp from worldly Light,
Betweene two walls,) and dye an *Anchoryte*.

K. I referre you to your Patron there.

Bris. Thats I :

Shew mee first where your Abbey-gold sleeps, then goe dye.

Sub : I feare *RELIGIONS* Fall : Alacke I see
This world's a Cittie built by the most Hie,
But kept by man, (*GODS*) greatest enemy. *Exit.*

Of. Let ill-Newes flye together, thou art full of teares,
But I more full of woes, of cares, of feares. *Exit.*

Enter Asolophe.

K. S'death shall wee haue yet faire weather ?

Iou. Heeres one storme more.

320 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ast. Calabria's Duke demaunds of you a Daughter.

K. Let me but lye with's wife, Ile giue him a Sonne.

Ast. Hee fends for *Erminghild*.

K. Deliuier her.

Ast. Shees not to be found.

K. Ya're an olde Foole,
To aske for that which is not.

Ast. Thus hee faves,
Denie her and looke for warres.

K. So goe your wayes.

Ast. I'me quickly gone. *Exit.*

Enter Ruffman and Barteruile.

K. With Sacke ile sweare you are,
This was short and sweete,—Seemes then we shal ha warres,

Bohor, the Drumme must scolde, the Canon thunder :
Fighting about a wench.

Omn. Tush, thats no wonder.

K. Who bayld him out of Hell? dambd periurde
caytiffe !
Out of mine eye.

Ruff. I neuer begd before,
Pardon his crime (I intreate) and backe restore
Both your hye fauour to him, and his place.

Bar. Let me want life, rather then want your
Grace.

Spen. Doe you thinke Ile loose the Kings gift ?

Bar. Ile fend you Golde.

Spen. That stops my mouth, pray let him still Sir
hold,
This Office of *Receiver*, I resigne
That part which I haue in it.

Ruff. And I all mine.

K. Sirra, thanke these Lords.

Bar. I shal their loues deferue.

K. *Barteruile*, wee haue warres, Ile haue thee

lend mee some 30000. Chicquines at least.

Bar. Take all my Golde.

K. Wel, get you home with your bags fir, weele make bold.

Bart. Your Maiestie shall haue what bags you will,

Bags onely, but Ile keepe my money still. *Exit.*

Enter Octauio and Astolphe.

K. Now *Shalcan*, some newe Spirit.

Ruff. A thousand wenches

Stark-nak'd, to play at Leap-frog.

Omn. O rare fight !

Iou. Your vncke.

K. Sdeath, still haunted with this gray sprite.

Ofz. You need no Taylors now, but Armorers,

Theres a deere reckoning for you all to pay,

About a Ladie ; the *Calabrian* Duke

Is on a March : the Lightning flashes now,

Youle heare the cracke anone. Before the starre

To call whome vp, the wakefull Cocke doth sing

Bee twice more seene abroad ; At your Citie gates

The Diuells purfeuants will beate (the Canon)

Will these briske leaders (stucke with Estridge-
feathers)

Goe braue your enemie now, and beate him backe ?

Saue thee, thy Kingdome, and themselues from
wracke ?

K. Dotard, I scorne to take prescription

From any breath to which ours is supream,

Stood Diuels with fire-works on your battlements,

A thousand Armed *Ioues* at your proude walls

Hurling forked Thunder, and the gates rambd vp

With piles of Citizens heads, our spring-tyde pleasures

No aduerse windes, no *Torrent* shall resist :

Midst flames weele dance, and dye a *Neronist*. *Exit.*

Omn. Fight you, yare good for nothing else.

Exeunt.

322 *If this be not a good Play,*

As. They mocke vs.

Ol. All starke mad : let vs be wife,
And flye from buildings falling to'th furer side,
If wee can his safaty, if not, (our owne prouide.)

Exeunt.

Enter Barteruile like a Turke ;—Lurchall.

Bar. Thou hadst like t'ha sent mee swearing into
Hell,
Ile weaue my Nettes my selfe, how doest thou like
mee ?

Is not this habite *Turke-Merchant-like* ?

Lur. A meere *Turke* fir, none can take you for
lesse.

Bar. King borrow 30000. Chequines of mee !
ha, ha !

Lur. But pray fir, what ist turnes you into a
Turke ?

Bar. That, for which manie their Religion,
Most men their Faith, all chaunge their honestie,
Profite, (that guilded god) *Commoditie*.
Hee that would grow damnd-Rich, yet liue secure,
Must keepe a case of Faces, sometimes demure.
Sometimes a grum-furly fir, now play the Iewe,
Then the Precifian ; Not a man weelee viewe.
But varies so. My selfe, (of bashfull nature)
Am thus supplied by Arte.

Lur. Mine owne deere creature.
But fir, your Aymes, and endes in this.

Bar. Mary these——
A hundred thousand-Florens fill my Coffers,
Some of it is mine owne, and some the Kings,
Some taken vp at vse of fundry Merchants,
To pay at six six monthes, on mine owne band,)
Sue that, Ile keepe the monies in my hand.

Lur. Youle breake fir.

Bar. Not mine owne necke, but their backes ;
To get their monies, *Bartaruile* must die,
Make will, name an executer, which am I.

Lur. Rare !

Bar. Giuen out his kinfman, lately imployed him
in Turky.

Lur. What will hence befall ?

Bar. Like an executer will I cozen all.

Make creditors Orphans, and widowes spend those
teares

They sau'de from their late husbands burialls ;

They get not ij.d. it'h pound.

Lur. Theile tell the King.

Bar. The King ? ha ha : the King is going this
way ;

He meanes to borrow,

(If the warres holds) my gold : yes : when to morrow.

All debts of mine, on him shall be conferrd,

I ha breifes and tickets which from time to time

Shew what large summes his minions ha fetcht from
me,

His tribute mony has payd it, that's no matter,

The world bites these dead, whom aliue they flatter.

And so must I ; then giue it out I left

A compleate state, but the Kings death bereft

Me of those summes he owde.

Lur. Say the King preuailles.

Bar. With that wind must I likewise shift my
failes :

And where the fox gets nothing, will turne Ape,

Make legges, crouch, kisse my paw, present some stale

Deuice of vertues triumph to expresse

How much I ioy him safe, with nothing lesse.

Lur. But how can you excuse your turning Turke ?

Bar. Easiest of all : Ile sweare, this faude my
life,

Pursued by kennells of barking creditors :

For my much loue to him, and thus being forcde

To walke obscure, my credit fell to wracke,

Want of returne made all my factors breake,

In parts remote ; to recompence which losse,

324 *If this be not a good Play,*

And that with fafetie I may giue direktion
To my disturbd state, craue I the Kings protection.

Lur. Protection ! whats that ?

Bar. A merchant, and yet know'st not
What a protection is ? Ile tell thee.

Lur. Pray fir, for I neuer broke with any man.

Bar. It is a buckler of a large fayre compasse
Quilted within with Fox-skinnes : In the midft
A pike sticks out, (sometimes of two yeeres long,
And sometimes longer.) And this pike keeps off
Serieants and Bailiffs, Actions, and Arrests :
Tis a strong charme gainst all the noifome smels
Of Counters, Taylors, garnishes, and such hels ;
By this, a debtor craizde, so lustie growes,
He may walke by, and play with his creditors nose.
Vnder this buckler, here ile lye and fence.

Lur. You haue out-reacht me.

Bar. Ile out-reache the diuell :
But I tempt danger : goe thou and fetch some Frier
As if (at point of death,) I did desire,
(No, *Barteruile* did desire (to make confession :
If any creditors beate, or raile at dore,
Vpstarts this Turke and answers them.

Lur. Why fetch I a Frier ?

Bar. I haue a reaching plot in that (boy) hasten,
That we may smile in our securer port :
Seeing others sea-toft : why tis but a sport
For him thats safe, to see the proud waues swallow
Whole fleetes of wretched soules : it needes must
follow,
Nature sent man into the world, (alone,)
Without all company, but to care for one,
And that ile doe.

Lur. True Citie doctrine fir.

Bar. Away, thy hast, our richest loue shall
earne.

Lur. I came to teach, but now (me thinkes) must
learne.

Exeunt.

Enter Scumbroth like a begger.

Scu. What faies the prodigall child in the painted cloth? when all his mony was spent and gon, they turnd him out vnnecessary; then did hee weepe and wist not what to don, for he was in's hose and doublet verily, the best is, there are but two batches of people moulded in this world, thats to say Gentlemen and Beggers; or Beggers and Gentlemen, or Gentleman-like Beggers, or Beggerlike Gentle-men; I rancke with one of these I am sure, tag and rag one with another: Am I one of those whom Fortune fauours? No, no, if Fortune fauourd me, I should be full, but Fortune fauours no body but Garlicke, nor Garlike neither now, yet she has strong reason to loue it; for tho Garlicke made her smell abhominably in the nostrills of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stuncke worse but for garlike: One filthy sent takes away another. She once smilde vpon me like a lambe, when shee gaue me gold, but now she roares vpon me like a Lion. Stay: what said head? Spend this brauely, and thou shalt haue more: can any prodigall newcome vpstart spend it more brauely? and now to get more, I must goe into the groue of *Naples* thats here, and get into a blacke tree, heares a blacke tree too, but art thou he?

Glitt. He.—*within.*

Scu. Ha ha, where art thou my sweete great head?

Glitt. Head.

Scu. O at the head, thats to say at the top: how shall I get vp? for tis hard when a man is downe in this world to get vp, I shall neuer climbe hie.

Glitt. Hye.

Scu. I will hie me then, but I am as heauy as a fow of lead.

Glitt. Leade.

Scu. Yes, I will lead (big Head) whatfoeuer followes, Many a gallant for gold, has climbde higher on a gallowes.

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The storme euen as Head nodded) is comming :
Cooke, licke thy fingers, now or neuer.

Glitt. Now or neuer.

*Rayne, Thunder and lightning: Enter Lucifer and
Diuels.*

Omn. Oooh.

Luc. This is the tree.

Scu. On which would you were all hang'd, so I
were off it; and safe at home.

Luc. And this (I am fure tis this) the horrid
groue
Where witches broodes ingender, (our place of meet-
ing).

Scu. Doe witches ingender here: zounds I shall
bee the diuels bawde whilest he goes to his lecherie.

Luc. And this the hideous black infernall howre :
Ha ! no appearance yet ? if their least minute
Our vaffailes breake, finck shall these trees to hell.

Scu. Alas !

Luc. This groue ile turne into a brimstone lake
Which shall be euer-burning.

Scu. The best is, if I be a match in the diuels
tinderbox, I can flinck no worfe than I doe alreadie.

Luc. Not yet come ? Oooh !

*Enter Shacklesoule, Rufman and Lurchall, at severall
dores with other diuels.*

Omn. Oooh, oooh. *embrace.*

Scu. Sure these are no Christian Diuels, they fo
loue one another.

Luc. Stand forth.

Sits vnder the tree all about him.

Scu. Frier *Ruff* amongst 'em !

Luc. And here vnlade you of that pretious freight
For which you went, (mens foules ;) what voyage is
made ?

Omn. No fauing voyage, but a damning.

Luc. Good.

Scu. I thought the diuell was turnde Merchant,
theres fo many Pirates at Sea.

Ruff. Ith Court of Naples haue I prosfred well,
And braue foules fhall I shortly ship to hell.
In fenfuall streames, Courtier and King I ha crownde,
From whence warre is flowing, whose tyde fhall all
confound.

Scu. Are there gentlemen diuels too? this is one
of thofe, who studies the black Art, thats to fay, drinks
Tobacco.

Luc. Are all then good ith Citie?

Lur. No Lucifer.

Scu. No nor scarce ith fuburbes.

Lur. Great Prince of diuels, Thy hefts I haue
obayde,

I am bartring for one foule, able to lade
An Argocy; if Citie-oathes, if periuries,
Cheatings, or gnawing mens foules by vfuries,
If all the villanies (that a Citty can,)
Are able to get thee a fonne, I ha found that man.

Luc. Serue him vp,——*flands vp.*

Scu. Alas, now now.

Lur. Damnation giues his foule but one turne
more,

Cause he fhall be enough.

Scu. Its no meruaile if markets be deere, when the
Citie is bound to find the diuell roaft-meate.

Luc. Has *Ruff* lyen ydle?

Shac. Ydle? no *Lucifer.*

Scu. All the world is turnd diuell. *Ruff* is one
too.

Sha. Ydle? I haue your nimbleft diuell bin,
In twentie fhapes begetting fin.

Scu. One was to get me thrust out of the priory.

Sha. I am fifhing for a whole fchoale of Friers.
Al are gluttoning or muttoning, flabbing or fwelling,

328 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ther's onely one Lambe scapes my killing,
But I will haue him : then theres a cooke——

Scu. Whose arse makes buttons.

Sha. Of whom I fome reuenge haue tooke.

Scu. The diuell choake you fort.

Sha. He mickle scath has done me,

And the knaue thinkes to out-run me.

Scu. Not too fast.

Luc. Kick his guilty foule hither.

Sha. Ile driue him to defpaire,

And make him hang himfelfe.

Scu. For hanging I stand faire.

Luc. Goe, ply your workes, our Seffions are at
hand.

Fire. We fly to execute thy dread command.

Exeunt 3.

Scu. Would I could flye into a bench-hole.

Luc. But what haue you don ? nothing.

1. *Diu.* We haue all like bees

Wrought in that Hyue' of foule (the busie world :)

Some ha lyen in cheefmongers shops, paring leaden
waites.

Scu. Wud I were there but with a paring of
cheefe.

1. *Diu.* For one halfe ounce, we had a chandlers
foule.

Scu. If he melted tallow, hee smelt sweetly as I doe.

1. *Diu.* Walke round hels shambles, thou shalt see
there sticks

Some 4. butchers foules, puffed queintly vp with pricks.

Scu. 4. Sweete-breads I hold my life, that diuels an
affe.

1. *Diu.* Taylors ore-reachers, for to this tis
growne,

They scorne thy hell, hauing better of their owne:

Scu. They fear not fattin nor all his workes.

1. *Diu.* I haue with this fist beate vpon rich-mens
hearts,

To make 'em harder : and these two thumbes thrust,
(In open Churches) into braue dames eares.
Dammning vp attention ; whilst the loofe eye peeres
For fashions of gowne-wings, laces, purles, ruffles,
Fals, cals, tires, wires, caps, hats, and mufs, and pufs.
For so the face be fmug, and carkas gay,
Thats all their pride.

Luc. Twill be a festiuall day
When those sweete Duckes comes to vs : loofe 'em
not : goe :

More foules you pay to hell, the lesse you owe.
This Ewe-tree blaft with your hot-scorching breath,
A marke, (toth' witch who next sits here) of death.

Omn. Ooooh.—*Fireworkes : Scumbroath falls.*

Exeunt Omn.

Scu. Call you this, rayning downe of gold ? I am
wet toth' skinne in the showre, but tis with sweating
for feare : had I now had the conscience that some
Vintners and Inholders haue ? here might I haue
gotten the diuell and all. But two sinnes haue vndone
me, prodigalitie, and couetoufnesse ; and three Pees
haue pepperd me,

The Punck, the Pot, and Pipe of smoake

Out of my pocket my gold did foake.

I cannot sweare now, zounds I am gallant : but I can
sweare as many of the ragged Regiment doe, zounds I
haue bin a gallant. But I am now downe, deiefted,
and debash'd, and can better drawe out a thirdendale
gallant, thats to fay, a gallant that wants of his true
measure, than any tapster can draw him out of his
scores ; thus he sets vp, and thus hee's pulld downe ;
thus is he raifed, and thus declinde : *Singulariter,*
Nominatiuo, Hic Gallantus, a Gallant.

Genetiuo, Huius, braue.

Datiuo Huic, If he gets once a lick,

Accusatiuo Hunc, Of a taffaty Punck.

Accusatiuo Hanc, His cheekes will growe lanck,

Hunc, Hanc, & Hoc, With lifting vp her fmock.

330 *If this be not a good Play,*

Vocatiuo, ô ! Hees gon if he cryes so.

Ablatiuo, *ab hoc*, Away with him, he has the pock.

Pluraliter, *Nominatiuo*, *Hi. gallanti*, If the pox he can
defie.

Genetiuo, *Horum*, Yet hees a begger in coram.

Datiuo, *His* : His gilt rapier he does misse.

Accusatiuo *Hos*, Without his cloake he goes.

Accusatiuo *Has*, To the Counter he must passe.

Hos, *has*, & *Hæc*, With two Catchpols at his back.

Vocatiuo, ô ! A hole he desirde, and to th' hole he
must goe.

Ablatiuo, *ab His*, Thus many a Gallant declined is.

Exit.

Enter Erminhild to the Subprior.

Sub. What art thou ?

Er. Daughter to the Calabrian Duke.
The haples troth-plight wife to your sad King.

Sub. Alack ! what notes are these I heare you
sing ?

Pardon me madam :

O Lady ! want of you has bred much woe ;

Calamitie does euey where ore-flow,

All long of your strange abfence.

Drummes afar off marching.

Er. I confesse,

Loaden with your Kings contempt, and loath to beare
Shame to my country, who from thence came
freighted

With many glorious honours, I preferd

An obfcure life before a publick fhame ;

O then (good father) be it not my blame

If my fupposde death, on the King haue throwne,

Dangers, which from himfelfe are meerely growne.

Sub. What (princely Mayden) would you wifh me
doe ?

Er. I doe coniure you fir, by all the bonds
Tye you to pious Aëts, you would make way
To my incensfed father ; giue him these lines,

This Ring, pledge of that blessing he deliuerd me
At our last parting : adde vnto these, if euer
His daughters memory to him were deare,
To wound the Prince let his rash hand forbear :
Since through each wound he giues him, I am flaine,
If the sad king you meete, venture to tell him
That more for him, than he for me, I bide,
And am his subiect stil, tho not his bride.

Sub. This shall I doe, how shall we meete againe ?

Er. Feares follow me so, I know not where nor
when.

Sub. Hearke how the found of horror beates the
Ayre,

Your fathers vp in Armes and does prepare
Sharpe vengeance, for this citie, woe is me : trust
you

To me, who nere made much of woman yet,
Rest here sweete maide, till an old Frier beget
What ioyes he can to comfort thee ? Is *Clement*
growne

A womans man now ? No, I am not mine owne,
Where your command may fway me : Much more in
this,

Where heauen (through vertues triall) makes you his.

Exit.

*A table is set out with a candle burning, a deaths head,
a cloke and a crosse ; Subprior fits reading :
Enter Shackle-foule, leading in an Italian Zany,
five or 6. Curtizans, every one holding a Iewell.*

Shac. Thats he, & theres your golden hire to
charme him ;

Your fees ile treble, let but lusts flame be felt ;
The Alpine-snow at the fun's beames does melt,
So let your beauties thaw his frozen Age, *Musick.*
First t'act an old Lecher, then a diuell on hells black
Stage ;

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Strike, strike your silver strings : braue fet of whores ?
At your striking vp, diuells dance, and all hell roares.

Zany and Curtizans fall into a short dance.

Sub. What found offends mine eare ? Soule of
temptation ?

Enchanters I defie yee, get you gon ;
Ime blind to your enticements, from this I learne,
At how deere rate the careles world does earne,
That thing calld pleasure : how many foules doe
fall ?

(Sold for a little guilt to daube this wall ?)

Hence with your witchcrafts, the fight of this driues
hence

All thoughts besieging our voluptuous fence.

Shac. Another baite, at this he will not bite.

*The Zany sings ; Subprior holds his head downe
as fast asleepe.*

Zany. Will you haue a daintie girle ? here tis :
Currall lippes, teeth of pearle : here tis :
Cherry cheekes, softest flesh ; that's shee,
Breath like *May*, fweete and fresh ; shee shee.
Be she white, blacke, or browne,
Pleasure your bed shall crowne,
Chose her then, vse her then,
Women are made for men.
Prettie, prettie waft :
Sweete to be embracde :
Prettie leg, o prettie foote,
To beauties tree the roote,
This is she shall doo'te,
Or she shall doo't, or she shall doo't, she shall doo't,
she shall doo't.
Kisse, kisse, play, play, come and dally,
Tumble, tumble, tumble, in beauties valley.

Shac. His foule is chaine in pleasures, bind it
fast,
If he breake your charmes, the strongest spell comes
laft. *Exit.*

All wake him.

Sub. Hence diuells incarnate, tis not the forcerie
Of your deceitfull tunes, shuts vp mine eye,
Mine eares are likewise stop'd, hence, hence I fay.

Omn. Ha ha, a man of yce, a clod of clay.
Exeunt.

Enter Shacke-foule, or some spirit in a frightfull shape.

Sub. Are all thy incantations spent now? art
come againe?
Base workmanship of heauen, what other traine,
Were all hells frightfull horrors stucke in thy looke,
Thou canst not shake me.

Shac. I can.

Sub. Thou liest, thou shalt not.

Shac. I bring thee tydings of thy death this
night.

Sub. How dost thou know that houre of my last
fight?
False herald, Minister of despaire and lyes.

Shac. I know to how many minutes thy daies
must rise.

Sub. Who giues thee the number.

Shac. All things to vs are knowne,
What euer haue bin, are or shalbe don.

Sub. Ile pose thee presently, whats this thou fiend
Which now I haue turnd too, doe but tell me that
And Ile believe thee.

Shac. I scorne to be thy slaue.

Sub. Downe, downe, and sincke into thy damned
caue:
Looke here, dost fly thou hell-hound? I dare thee
stand,

334 *If this be not a good Play,*

Or'e thee by theſe holy fpells haue I ſtrong com-
mand,

Thy battries are too weake : by good mens prayers,
The continence of faints, (by which as ſtayres,
They aſcend to heauen) by Virgins chaſtitie ;
By Martirs cround deaths, which recorded lye
In filuer leaues, aboue : I charge thee downe,
Howle where tha'rt bound in flauerie, till the laſt
dome. *Exit.*

Shac. Stormes, thunder, lightning, rip vp the earths
wombe.

Sub. Eternall power, thankes on my humbled
knee,

Thou ſtill to conſtant breſts giu'ſt victory.

Shac. No way to conquer thee ? Ile giue thee ore :
Ne're fiſhd I ſo, (yet loſt a foule) before. *Exit.*

Allarums. *Enter King, Rufman, Spendola, Briſco,*
with drawne weapons. Iouinelli here.

Kin. Blacke horrors, miſchiefe, ruine and con-
fuſion
affright vs, follow vs.

Ruf. Dare them to the face,
And you fright them.

Spn. No ſafetie but to fly.

Kin. Whither *Spendola*, whither ? better ſtay, and
die.

Enter Narcifco : King, Allarums afar of.

Omn. What hope ? what newes ?

Kin. Is my vncl'e fled ?

Nar. Hee is gon :—And fights againſt you.

Kin. Follow him damnation,
That leaues his Prince ſo in diſtreſſe, in miſerie ;
O bane of Kings ! (thou inchanting flatterie,)
Thy venome now I feele, eating my heart,
More mortall than an Indians poiſned dart.

Ruf. Yar'e too deiefted, gather head and fight it
out.

Kin. The head's here, where are hands to lay
about?

Enter Iouinelli.

Iou. Where is the King?

Kin. The man that tittle mockes
Is here, (thou sad-vifage man) are any hirde to kill
me,

Or betray me? let 'em come:

Griefes growing extreame, death is a gentle doome.

Iou. Prepare then for the worft.

Kin. I am armd fort: fhew it.

Iou. Thy kingdome is a weake fhip, bruizd, fplit,
finking,

Nor haft thou any pilot to waft vs o're

Out of this foule Sea, to fome calmer fhore.

Thy peoples hearts are turnd to rocks of flint,

The Scholler, Souldier, and the Mariner,

Whom (as themfelues fay) once thou trodft vpon,

Now ferue as wheelles of thy deftruction.

Flying fwiftly backward, the kingly Lions quaild,

What fhall the weaker heardees doe, if he fall?

Spen. Lets fly.

Omn. Zounds whither?

Brif. So we may be fafe ——

Iou. But where?

Spen. At *Barteruile*: the churle's to me beholden,
His houfe fo ftands, we may enter without feare.

Omn. Beet fo, to *Barteruile*.

Spen. What will your Highnes doe?

Kin. Die *Spendola*, a miserable King,
None here can hinder vs of that.

Spen. How? die? —— ha you any ftomach to
death fir?

Omn. Not I.

Spen. Nor I.

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Troth's, tho you grow desperate, wee le grow wife.

Omn. Farewell fir, wee le faue one. *Exeunt.*

King. Oh my cruellst enemies !

Stabs *Brutus* at me too ?

Ruf. Now mine owne or neuer.

Kin. Why art not thou gon ?

Ruf. I, Ile sticke to you euer :

I am no Courtier fir of fortunes making.

Kin. Thou art no wife man to preferre thy loue
To me, before thy life, pray thee leaue me.

Ruf. Not I.

K. I shall not hate the world so really
As else I would, O had the ancient race
Of men (who had long leases of their liues)
Bin wretched as we are, no recompence
Could the Gods haue giuen them for their being here,
But now more pittifull wife nature growes,
Who cuts of mans yeeres to cut off his woes.

Ruff. True fir, & teaches him a thousand waies
To leade him out this horrid giddy maze.

K. I apprehend thee, a small daggers point,
Opens the vaines to cure our plurizy.

Ruff. Than to be made your foes-flaue, better dye.

K. A hundred thousand deaths, than like a
captiue

Be chaind to grace prowd *Cæsars* Chariot wheele.

Ruff. Much lesse a pettie Dukes.

K. Fetch me deare friend,
An armed Pistoll, and mouth it at my brest :
Ile make away my selfe, and all my sorrowes
Are made away.

Ruff. The best and nobler spirits
Haue done the like.

K. Your brauest men at Armes
Haue done the like.

Ruff. Philosophers haue don it.

K. Great peeres haue don it.

Ruff. Kings haue done the like.

K. And I will doe it.

Ruff. Nay it shall nere be said,
I liu'd a minute after you : here, here.

K. I embrace thee noblest friend.

Ruff. Lets faile together.

K. Content braue *Bohor* : oh ! but whither ?
whither ?

Ruff. From hell, (this world,) from fiends, (in
shapes of men.)

K. No : into hel, from men to be dambd black
with fiends.

Me thinks I see hell iawne to swallow vs.

Ruff. Fuh, this is but the swimming of your
braine,

By looking downe-wards with a timerous eye.

K. My foule was funck too low, to looke more
hye,

Forgiuenes heauen.———

Allarums.

Ruff. The whippes of furies lash mee : the foe
comes on.

K. And we will meete him, dare confusion,
And the worlds mixed poisons, there is a hand
That fights for Kings, and vnder that weeles stand.

Allarum still a farre off : Enter a Frier running.

Ruff. Whither runnes this Frier ?

Fri. To saue my wretched life,
From th' infolent foldier, threatning the Cities spoile.

K. Of what house art thou ?

Fri. Of father Clements Order,
The Capachines Subprior : a quick messenger fetched
me to be rich Barteruiles confessor, who lyes a dying.

K. A dying !

Fri. He does, but I
Haue come thus far, with so much ieopardy,
That could I safely get the keys shore,
Nor the priory would I see more.

For charities sake, direct me, and defend me.

K. To helpe distressed men, religion bindes me,

338 *If this be not a good Play,*

Shouldst thou in this hot broiles, be met abroad,
It will be iudge you leaue your Priory,
Caryng gold and filuer with you.

Fri. Las I haue none.

K. But Frier if you be thus taken, your life is
gon,
Here, here, cast off thy habit, better that lye
Ith Streetes, than thou poore wretch ; weare mine, &
away
Strike downe that lane.

Fri. Thankes maister, for your liues ile pray.

Exit.

K. This *Bohor* shall disguise me, whither wilt thou
fly ?

Ruff. Ile shift I warrant : hast thou toth' Priory.

K. If we nere meete againe, (best friend) farewell.

Ruff. Not meete, yes, I hope, you must not thus
cheate hel.

K. I will not trust this fellow : toth' Priory, no :
Barteruiles Confessor : if to betray
Thou findest the churle apt, leaue him, if not, there
stay,
The downefall of that Prince, is quick and sleepe
Who has no heart to leaue, nor power to keepe. *Exit.*

Enter Barteruile and Lurchall, with the Courtiers.

Lur. Make the doore sure the house is round
befet.

Omn. Befet !

Bar. Put vp : feare nothing : Armies should they
enter,
Cannot here find you.

Omn. How shall we escape ?

Bar. Send for your truncks and iewels, ile ship
you this night meane time, this vnknowne way, leads
to a cellar, where a world cannot fetch you forth : In,
In, if danger pursue you, in a dry-fat ile packe you
hence.

Omn. Zounds into the dungeon?

Bar. So to Sardini:

Exeunt.

Your cloakes and your gilt rapiers, downe, downe,
downe.

K. How soone meetes Babels-pride, confusion?

Lur. What nest of birds are these new-kild with
feare?

Bar. Fowle cannot last long sweete, therefore kept
there

(Serieants.

In my cold cellar; flay, house beset? what fees?

Lur. Such as strike dead the heart, yet giue no
blowes.

Bar. This . . footra for 'em: proclamations
Lurchall,

6000. Crownes are his, can these betray,
Soone earnd, wee le share, fetch the Calabrian hither,
They are here say: dam 'em.

Lur. You shall be damnd together. *Exit.*

Enter King as a Frier.

K. Wher's that deuote sicke man desires to take
Leaue off this world? *Deus hic* to all now here.

Bar. Now Domine Frier; what I to you con-
fesse

You are bound by oath to keepe.

K. I auer no lesse.

Bar. Keepe then this close, I am no Turke, not I,
But *Barteruile* disguisde in pollicy.

K. Are you the Sick man?

Bar. Sick of a disease,

Bad as a plague to Citizens, I must breake,
Play a banckrowts part) I haue monie of the kings,
Of merchants, Ile keepe all, these are Citie-springs;
Here lyes Serieants Leaguer: about my doores:

My house to me is an hospitall, they the fores
Which run vpon me vily, (peepe I but out,)

To raize this Dunkirke feige, thus cast I about.

K. Lets heare, pray how?

340 *If this be not a good Play,*

Bar. Thus, thus sweete Domine Frier,
Ile be like you, a Capuchine : So, by your Prior,
Sub-prior, and couent, I may be fetcht hence,
Spite of all Showlder-clappers violence.
Tho the King should lay hands on me, I wud not
tary.

K. You neede not.

Bar. You are my guard, my Sanctuary.

K. But what your leuel in this, when this is don ?

Bar. Alas ! what leuell but pure deuotion ?

K. The Diuell you haue.

Bar. When I dye there, take All :

Will you goe to your prior and tell this ?

K. Yes I shall. *A March afar.*

Bar. Ile send him an earnest peny (a 100. Crownes)
As the first stone my charitie builds vpon.

What drom's this ? come, dispatch Frier, and be gon.
Exit.

K. Out of this hell thou meanest : yes ile fly
from thee

As from the Diuels hangman : thowlt else betray
mee.

World ! to what crest of villanie art thou growne ?
When (of good men) whole kingdomes scarce breede
One. *Exit.*

Lur. Heres the Duke of *Calabria* fir if you haue
made mee tell a lye, theile send me of a voiage to the
yland of Hogs and Diuels, (the *Barmudas*;) the Duke
fir.

Bar. His grace is welcome, las ! I had more
neede

To haue Phifitions and Apothecaries,
Than fighters at my gates : *Lurchall* why come they ?

Cala. Deliuer vp those monsters in thy house,
That haue deuourd a Kingdome and the King.
Tis death to thee, and him, if thou detainst 'em.

Bar. I detaine 'em, here, here, here.

Aff. Reward if thou deliuerst them.

Bar. Ime past rewarding in this world, I looke onely for good mens prayers, theres the key *Lurchall.*

Cal. Vnbind him : stay why did thy house receiue them ?

Bar. Full fore against my will : the bed I rise from

Count I my death-bed ; for (each minute) I looke
When Angells (heauens good porters) will let me in,
Yet (like my betters) I'me heauy laden with sin.
And being thus ficke, and at last gaspe, I sent
For my neerest cozen, my executor,
Who seeing braue fellowes beating at my gates,
Tooke 'em for honest men, let 'em in simply,
And vndertooke this night, to ha shipt 'em hence ;
My faithfull Seruant telling me this, (In zeale,
To you and my country) I bid him, All reueale.

Cal. Thast plaid a Subiects part in't.

Bar. Heele lead you to them.

Cal. My Lord, take force and feize 'em, nere stand
vpon
More trialls ; giue 'em speedie execution.

Ast. Come fellow.—

Exeunt Ast : and Lurchall cum Militibus.

Bar. Your grace has don with me ?

Calab. Goe, looke to thy health :
The crownes the proclamation promised,
Shall to thy man be payd.

Bar. Thanks to your Grace :
Las what I did in this, was for no hire.

Cal. Ha ha, the rent of a cellar neuer was fo
deere.
On beate the drum. *Exit.*

*As they goe off ; Enter Octauio with Rufman and a
guard.*

Octa. Are the rest tane ?

Cal. Yes.

Oct. The graund-Pvrat's here.

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Heres the Diuells bellows, kindled all those fires,
Which now are burning: This is the Snake, whose
sting

(Being kept warme in the bosome of a King)
Struck him to'th-heart: This hee, who by the force
Of his damb'd Arguments, was the first-diurce,
Of the Kings Loue, this is *Bohor*.

Cal. This that Serpent,
Y'haue all (like Traytors) wrought a Princes fall,
And all shall taste one death.

Oth. Sirra, wheres the King?

Ruff. Warrant mee life, ile bring you to the place
where you shall take him.

Oth. Wult thou betray him Slaue?

Ruff. Yes.

Cal. Thou shalt haue life.

Ruff. And you the King shall haue.

Oth. And the Gallows shall haue thee, else hang
me.

Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Scumbroth.

Scum. Alas, wheres the sub-Prior?

Sub. Here; what ailest thou?

Scu. Can you picke nothing out of my face?
Is there not a Deaths-head standing on my shoulders?

Sub. Why, what's the matter?

Scu. The Lord Pryor is calld away.

Sub. Whither, by whome?

Scu. By the Great-head, I thinke he couzened mee,
Hee is gone to the blacke-squibbe-tree, to *Iudas Okes*,
fet by the Diuell, I tolde you then, I saw Frier *Ruff*
fpit fire amongst other Hel-cats, and yee woud not
belieue me. Now I tell you, that the Pryor is choackt;
will his choaking goe downe your throate?

Sub. How choackt?

Scum. Yes, choackt: that of which men die ore-
night, and are well the next morning, wine has kild
the Lorde Pryor: he woud in a brauerie taste the

liquor of our Vines, because you threatned he should neuer licke his lippes after. And the Kernell of a grape stopt his winde-pipe, for want of a skowring-flicke.

Sub. Art thou fure hee is dead ?

Seum. How dead, because I wud be fure, I cut his throate of purpose, to take out the Kernell.

Sub. Most fearefull and prodigious, whither runst thou ?

Scum. To see more throates cut, and Execution certaine Gallants is this morning. And I came running to see them, who like a whore spoyles euery good thing that comes into his hand.

The hang-man, I leaue you to the Gallowes.

Enter Barteruile like a Frier, brought in by the Subprior, the King, Shackle-foule, and Lurchall, with others.

Rush. Welcome deare brother: now your heede must be

Not to looke backe at this worlds vanitie,
Riches and pleasures ; you haue laide aside
That Garment, and must now be mortifide.

Bar. I am mortifide, I warrant you.

K. So is the Diuell.

Pri. Your Gold and siluer, you must see no more.

Bar. O Fye ! giue it euery farthing to the poore,
When I haue sent for't hither.

Lur. That will be neuer.

Rush. Your money shalbe spent in pious sort.

Bar. I know that : Let my foule be the better
for't,

Thats all I craue for, after I am dead.

Pri. Many a *Requiem* for it shall be said.

Omn. What Drum is this ?

Shack. Fryers stand vpon your Guard.
The Priorie is beset with Armed-men,
Of which some Troupes are entred.

344 *If this be not a good Play,*

Kin. I am betrayd.

Bar. *Lurchall* I feele my wezand pipe cut.

Lur. I warrant you.

*Enter Calabria, Octauio, Astolfo, Rufman led by
two holding pistalls, Souldiers, drums,
and Cullors.*

Cal. Guard the Abbey gates, let not a Frier goe
forth :

You haue a King amongst you, which is he ?

Omn. A King !

Sub. I know of none here.

Cal. Villaines you lie :

Off. This caitife does delude you, tortur him.

Cal. Hang him, and these vp or'e the Abbey walls,
Our wrath shall smite like thunder where it falls.

Bar. I shall like a dog, die without mony, *Lurchall.*

Lur. I warrant you.

Kin. Tyran, that royall hart thou huntst, is here,
Stand from me all, you haue betrayd me all,
And ile trust none of you, if the Lion must fall,
Fall shall he like a Lion ; thinkst thou (base Lord)
Because the glorious Sun behind blacke cloudes
Has a while hid his beames, hees darkned for euer ?
Ecclipsd neuer more to shine, yes, and to throw
Fires from his sparkling eyes, thee to confound,
Touch not that noble friend of mine, (It seemes,
For my sake markd for danger,) let your arrowes
(Dipd in rancke poyson) be shot all at me,
Since all is lost, die nobly, and loose life too :
O vncke ! must the first dart fly from you ?

Off. Into thy bosome fly I.

Kin. To betray me ?

Off. To fight for thee till I can fight no more :
Hadst thou possesst this Kingly spirit before,
We ne're had left thee : what makes Iudas here ?

Ass. Heres he that to the Duke thy life betraide.

K. *Bohor !*

Os. I, *Bohor*.

Ruff. I told him where you were.

Os. I tell thee tha'rt a traitor & ile haue
Thy head off, or thou mine.

Ruff. Head?

Os. Thart a slaue?

Thou feest Duke what to trust too.

Bar. I haue confest, and shal be hangd, the King?

Cal. Our faire game come to this? our fwordes
I fee

Must from your hearts-blood let out al my wronges,
A murdred daughter for iust vengeance cryes,
Whom to appease, your liues weelee sacrafize:
Beate the drom.

K. Thunder mock thunder, beate ours.

Sub. O let these fires be quenched out with my
teares.

If waters cannot, (Duke) I bind thy rage
With this strong charme, and this read ore that spell,
And let thy hard brest grow more flexible. *Exit.*

K. Wheres *Iouinelli*, and that bastard crue
Of my false friendes?

Os. Beheaded.

K. They haue their due.

Cal. The ring I gaue her, and her hand: old
man, ——

Wheres the old Frier deliuerd these?

Omn. Hees gon.

Cal. Make after him, tis some delusion.

Enter Subprior and Erminhild.

Erm. Tis no delusion (father) am I the ground
Of this your quarrell, which must both confound
If you goe on: your battailes thus ile part,
The first blow giuen, shall run cleane through my
heart.

K. Oh noble constant maid, forgiue my wrongs,
The warmth of heauen to a pyning spring

346 *If this be not a good Play,*

Cannot such comfort giue as thy glad prefence
Does to my bosome.

Oñla. Will you fight or no ?

Cal. Twere madnes to wish stormes when faire
windes blow :

Will you your faith yet keepe ?

Kin. Inuiolate.

Cal. Then here end all my warres.

King. And all my hate.

Haft all these Friers vp to the Abbey walles,
And with shrill voyces, this our peace proclaime,
Stay holy father : *Bohor*, See you this don. *Exeunt.*

Ruf. Vengeance, I haue now lost more than I
haue won.

Bar. I shall goe scot-free *Lurchall*.

Lur. Passing well ?

Bar. They doe not smell me, yet my selfe I smell.
Exeunt.

Oñl. Why sends your Highnes, thus these Friers to
play

Your heralds parts in publishing this peace ?

Kin. There's in't a riddle (vnclé) which by
none

But by these Friers onely, can be don.——

Enter Friers aboue.

So : are you mounted ? Sing now.

Omn. Sing.

Kin. Yes sing,

Like Swannes before your deathes : there you all
shall dye.

Giue fire to this most damned priory.

Sub. Alacke for pitty !

Kin. Father, but for thee,

Thunder from heauen had (long ere this) to dust
Grinded these hellish buildings : that hand was iust,
Which struke your vitious Prior, so is our doome,
That Synagogue of diuels, let fire consume.

Bar. But meanes the King that I shall burne here too?

Kin. Thou? the grand villaine, giue him a villaines due.

Bar. I am no Frier, fee I'me poore *Barteruile*.

Omn. How? *Barteruile*?

Kin. He lyes the flau'e's a Turke.

Bar. A Chriftian by this hand, Your officer.

Kin. The cittie canker, the courts cozener,
A diuell in fhape of man.

Bar. Halfe that I haue
I freely giue, fo you my life will faue.
Ile lend your Hyghnes 30000. chequines.

K. Ten Kingdomes cannot buy thee; were there
10. hels

Thart damd in all. S'death! fire that houle of diuels.

3. *Diu.* Doe: lets not want light to fet forth our
Reuels.

Ruff. King, little doeft thou know, whom (all this
while)

Thy court, this Couent, and this *Barteruile*,

Haue entertaind: of hell, 3. Spirits we are.

Omn. How?

Ruff. Sent to catch foules for *Pluto*, our Prince
and maifter.

Omn. Defend vs heauens.

Ruff. Thy felfe haft burft thofe bandes
In which I once held thee: thefe are in our handes.

Bar. If you be right Serieants, for mony youle
let mee goe. 5000. Crownes ile giue but to goe
home.

All. 3. No.

Bar. Ile put in 4. brokers to be my baile: I hope
theile be taken.

Ruff. Yes as thou art, (to hell,) you dog
howling.

This pile of greene young diuels, needes no fire
Of mortals kindling to confume, thefe frames,

348 *If this be not a good Play,*

You shall with vs to hell ride, all in flames.

Shac. Catch.

All. 3. Come.

Ru. Let euery spirit his owne prize beare.

All. They are so heauy with sin, theile soone be there.

Ruff. Away then and be dambd, wud you all were here.

Omn. Oooh.—*Sinck downe, aboue flames.*

K. Immortall thanks for our deliuerance :

Race to the ground thofe wals : no stone shall stand,

To tell such place was euer in our land,

What welth can there be found, giue to the poore,

Another house wee le build and thee restore,

To former virginitie : weepe not for these ruines,

Thou shalt from vs haue honours. Here we begin

Our reigne anew, which golden threds shall spin,

Iustice shall henceforth sit vpon our throne,

And vertue be your Kings companion.

Warre here resignes his black and horrid stage

To sportfull Hymen, God of Mariage. (*Exeunt.*)

The play ending, as they goe off, from vnder the ground in severall places, rise vp spirits, to them enter, leaping in great ioy, Rufman, Shackle-foule, and Lurchall, discovering behind a curten, Rauillac, Guy Faulx, Barteruile, a Prodigall, standing in their torments.

Omn. Spir. Ha, ha, ha.

Omn. Dam. Torments in-vtterable ! oh ! dambd for nothing ?

Rauil. Terrors incomprehensible. *

Fau. Back : y'are blowne vp else.

Bar. Whooh : hot, hot, hot,—drinck,—I am heart-burnt.

Prod. One drop, a bit.

Faul. Now, now, now.

Bar. I am perbold, I am stewd, I am fod in a
kettle of brimstone pottage . . . it scaldes, . . it
scaldes, . . it scaldes, . . it scaldes . . whooh.

Diu. Ha ha ha.

Prod. But one halfe crom, a little little drop,
a bit.

Faul. Towers, towers, towers, towers, pinnacles &
towers, battlements and pynnacles, steeples, abbeyes,
churches and old chimneys.

Bar. Zounds drinke, shall I choake in mine
Inne? drinck.

Omn. Drinck, drinck, oh ! one drop, one drop, to
coole vs.

Ruff. So many tapsters in hell, and none fill drinck
here :

Omn. Ball no more, you shall be liquord.

Exeunt.

Rau. Why art thou dambd toth' horrors of one
hell,
Yet feelst ten thousand.

Fau. Wherefore is thy foule
Made sensible of tortures which (each minute)
Kill thee ten thousand times, yet canst not dye?

Bar. Some facke.

Prod. Why for a few finnes that are long hence
past,
Must I feele torments that shall euer last ?
Euer, euer.

Bar. Let the facke be mulld.

Rau. Why is the diuell,
(If man be borne good) suffred to make him euill ?

Bar. Man is an affe, if he sit broyling thus ith
glasse house without drinke : two links of my chaine
for a threehalfe peny bottle of mother consciences
Ale : drinke.

Omn. One drop of puddle water to coole vs.

If this be not a good Play,

Enter Shacklefoule with a burning torch, and a long knife, Lurchall with a handfull of Snakes, A third spirit with a ladle full of molten gold. All three make a stand, laughing.

Om. Leaue howling and be dambd.

Shac. Heres drinke for thee royall villaine.

Stabs Ravillac.

Rau. Oh !

Shac. Ist not good !

For bloud th'aft thirsted, and thy drinke is bloud.

Strikes it so cold to thy heart? heres that shall warme
thee. (Agen.

Rau. Damnation, furies, fire-brandes.—

Hand burn't off.

Omni. Ha, ha, ha.

Prod. One drop of moisture, but one crum.

Lur. Art hungry, eat this adder : dry ? Sucke
this Snake.

Prod. Sucke and be dambd thy selfe : Ile starue
first.

Away.

Bar. Is not this all waters? Ruby water, some Ruby water, Or els a bottle of posterne water to saue charges, or els a Thimble-full of lymon water, to coole my stomatch.

Spir. The ruby is fwildd vp all, heres lymon,
downe with't.

Bar. Foh, the great diuell or els some Aquauite woman has made water. It scalds me.

Omn. Oooh.

Diu. Ha ha ha—*Curtaines are drawne over them.*

Enter Rufman.

Ruf. Hell grines to heare this roaring: wheres
this black child of faddomles perdition? rarest diuell

That euer hould in *Barathrum* ? here, (deere pupill)
Of a new damnations stamp, Saucer-eyde *Lucifer*,
Has drunke to thee this deepe infernall boule off,
Wut pledge his vglines ?

Fau. Reach it mee.

Ruf. Choake with it.

Omn. Ha ha ha.

Fau. Giue fire, blow all the world vp.

Ruf. Bounce : tis don : Ha ha ha.—

Fires the barrell-tops.

Fau. I shalbe grinded into dust ; It falls : I am
mad.

Omn. I am mad, I am mad.— *Within.*

All 4. Ha ha ha.

Others. Ho ho ho.— *Spirits from below.*

Enter Pluto, attended by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth, and 3. Furies.

Plu. Fetch whippes of poyfoned steele, strung
with glowing wires,
And lash these faucie hell-hounds : ducke their foules,
Nine times to'th bottome of our brimstone lakes,
From whence vp pull them by their findged hayre,
Then hang 'em in ropes of yce nine times frozen o're :
Are they scarce hot in hell, and must they roare ?
What holliday's this ? that heres such grinning, ha !
Is hell a dancing Schoole ? yare in extreames,
Snoring, or els horne-mad ? who are fet on shore,
On this vast land of horror, that it refounds,
With laughter stead of shrikes, who are come to our
bounds ?

Ha !

Ruf. Dread Lord of this lower tortary, to thy
Iayle

Haue we thy bufie Catch-polls (prisoners) brought
Soules, for whose comming all hell long hath fought.

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Plu. Their names : Is *Ward* and *Dantziker* then come ?

Omn. Yes : *Dantziker* is come.

Plu. Wheres the dutch Schellum ? wheres hells factor ! ha ?

Ruf. *Charon* has bound him for a thousand yeeres, To tug ats oare ; he scourd the Seas so well, *Charon* will make him ferriman of hell.

Plut. Where's *Ward* ?

Ruf. The Merchants are not pilld nor pulld enough, They are yet but shauen, when they are fleade, hee'le come.

And bring to hell fat booties of rich theeues, A crew of swearers and drinkers the best that liues.

Omn. *Ward* is not ripe for damming yet.

Plu. Who is it then ?

Cutlar the Serieant : ha ! he come.

Ruf. Yes *Pluto* :

Cutlar has bin here long, fent in by a carman, But his sterne lookes the feindes did so displease, Bound hand and foote, he houles in little ease, Hauing onely mace to comfort him : he does yell, And raue, because he cannot rest in hell.

Shac. Tis not for him, that we this holliday hold.

Plut. The baude of Shorditch, Is that hellcat come ?

Ruf. No : but sha's bin a long time lanching forth,

In a *Rosa-folis-barke*.

Plu. Diuells ! who is it then ?

Mall Cutpurfe is she come ?

Omn. Our cofen come ? No.

Shac. Tis not yet fit Mall Cutpurfe here should houle,

Shee has bin too late a fore-tormented foule.

Plu. Where is our daughter ? ha ? Is shee ydle ?

Omn. No.

Shee was beating hemp in bridewell to choke theeues,

Therefore to spare this shee-ramp she beseeches,
Till like her selfe all women weare the breeches.

Lur. Mall Cutpurse plyes her taske and cannot
come.

Plu. For whom then is this wilde Shroue-tuesday
kept?

Ruf. See King of gloomie shades what foules
resort,

To this thy most iust, and least-fying court.

Plu. Stay, since our Iayle is with braue fellowes
storde,

Bid *Charon* that no more yet come aboard.

Seeing our Iudges of hell here likewise are

Sit : call a Sessions : fet the foules to a barre.

Minos (the iust :) *Rhadamanth* (the temperate)

And *Eacus* (the seuerer,) each take his state.

Min. Not an officer here?

Omn. A Fury.

3. *Iud.* Make an Oyes?

Fury. Oyes! All manner of foules, if they loue
their owne quietnes, keepe out of hell, vnlesse they
haue horrible businesse at this infernall sessions, vpon
paine of being damnably plagude for their lustines.
Back there, let those shackeld rake-hels shew their
faces.

Omn. Roome here, we must come into the court
within.

Plu. What damned fiends are those dare make
this noise?

Shac. A Iury of Brokers impanelde, and deeply
sworne, to passe on all the villaines in hell.

Rhad. *Euill-Conscience* be their keeper.

Fury. Looke to the Iury: *Euill-Conscience* looke
to the Brokers.

Plu. Now proceede.

Eac. Stay, let the King of Ghosts haue first a
vew

Of those who are doom'd to paines horrid, but new.

Then produce those who came to your prison vntried.

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Fur. Peace there.

Omn. Heres one, hels tortures does deride.—

Rauillac.

Rau. Arraigne me, rend me peece-meale, ile confesse nothing.

Ruff. Peace, thou shalt ball thy throate out.

Rau. Merciles hangmen ! to tiranize ouer so braue a Roman spirit.

Plu. Ho, ho, what country diuell is this ?

Rau. Thine owne.

Ruff. A french.

The eagereft bloodhound that ere came from thence ;
Is there a King to be muredred, whilest he does stand
Coloffus-like, fupporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land moft feares a wracke,
Send forth this diuell ; his name is *Rauillac*.

Rau. *Rauillac* : I am *Rauillac*, that laughes at tortures, fpurnes at death, defies all mercy : Iybbets, racks, fires, pincers, fcalding oyle, wilde-horfes, I spit in the face of all.

Fur. Peace.

Rau. No : were my tongue torne out with burning
flefch-hookes, Fames 1000. tonges fhall thunder out
Rauillacs name, extoll it, eternife it, Cronicle it !
Canonife it : oh !

Min. Downe with this diuell to'th dungeon, there let him houle.

Rau. Worlds fhall applaud my Act, and crowne my foule.

Exit.

Plu. Another.

Omn. Come, you leane dog.—

Prodigall. Brought in.

Prod. One drop, a bit.

Plu. Whats he ? what ftaruelings this ?

Prod. One that lacks a medicine for hunger : I am alne away.

Omn. From heauen.

Judg. To'th common Iayle with him.

Fur. He must feede on beggeries basket : leaue balling ferra.

Prod. Shall I be vndon for a little drinke.

Lur. No, thart vndon for drinking.

Plu. Starue him away——*Exit Prodigall.*

What was he when he liu'de.

Lur. A prodigall :

Who (in one yeare,) spent on whores, fooles and
flaues,

An Armies maintenance, now begges for cromes, and
raues

To see his sumptuous buildings, pastures, woodes,
That flood in vplands, dround in Rhenish floodes.

Plu. Is here all ?

Shac. All ! no, the Arch-helhound's here.

Faulx Enters.

Plu. What Peter Goner's this ?

Fau. Speake softly, within an inch of giuing fire,
within an inch.

Shac. Had all thy gray diuells in their higheft lust
fat,

T'haue litterd furies, they could not haue begot
One to match this : ith' darke he groapd damnation.

Fau. Now, now.

Shac. Digd cellars to find where hel flood and
has found it

There was but one villainy vnborne, and he crownd
it.

Fau. So : all the billets lye clofe ; glorious bon-
fire ? pontificall bonfire ; braue heads to contriue this,
gallant foules to conspire in't, resolute hand to seale
this with my blood, through fire, through flint ; ha, ha,
ha, whither fly my selfe to heauen, friends to honour,
none to the halter, enemies to maffacre, ha, ha, difmall
tragicall Comedy now ?

356 *If this be not a good Play,*

Plu. What does he ?

Shac. As he thinkes, giuing fire to powder ;
Nere in any land could diuels haue found, such
walkes,

As he was beating out.

Plu. His name.

Omn. *Guy Faulx.*

Fau. Who cal'st damnation stopps throate.

3. *Iud.* Let it stop thine.

Fau. Am I betray'd ? giue fire, now, now, giue fire.
Exit.

Omn. To burne thine owne foule villaine.

Plu. Pay him his hire :

He has a desperate rakehels face..

Shac. Had his plot tane fire,

One realme before any other had doomefday feene,
Kings who in tombes lay at rest had wakened beene,
He was within 12. howers of hewing downe
A whole land at one blow, and at once drowne
In a flood of flames, an Ark roiall with his whole
fleete,

Of nobilitie and clergy : in a leaden sheete
Law and her children had been hotly wrap'd ;
Millions ere this had in our iayle bin clap'd,
For damned Arts not known now, which had then
Bin rife, but now lye dead (th' Acts with the men.

Plu. Make much of this our ningle : for the rest
Deliuer 'em to our head-hangman.

Omn. When ?

Plu. In a twinckling.

Min. How applaudes *Pluto*

Our enginous tortures, and most rigorous doome ?

Plu. *Minos*, thy doome is iust ;—But you all-fac'de
Caitiffs.)

What fish in your infernall Nets, Drew you vp

Ith *Naples* Court, Citie, and Frierie ?

We charg'de you faile thither : Is mischiefs Riuer
there drie ?

Ruff. Drie, No : Fat preyes for hell we all did
meete,

In Court, Citie, Countrey, Nay, in euery streete,
In euery houle, within-him, and without-him.
Hee that wore best cloathes, had some Diuell about him :
Courtiers from *Naples* hither in sholes are come,
Some for Ambition, for Flattery, and Enuie some :
Some, who (each meale) eate subiects vp, and wore
Whole Families in their shoo-strings, such, and others
more,

Being here, haue been examining (euer since
They came) by Hells-clarke, (spotted-Conscience.)

Min. Till the next Sessions these wee must deferre.

Plu. None come fro'th Citie, so many bad being
there !

Lur. Yes, (King of endles horror) see who's here :
Barteruile.

Plu. Rich-men in hel ! they are welcom, whats the
graybeard.

Bar. One that can buy thee and ten such as thou
art out of thy Sea-coale-pits here. Is not this *New-*
castle ?

Lur. No couetous wretch : tis Hell, thy blacke-
soules prifon.

Bar. Soule in prifon ! I never had any soule to
speake on.

Lur. Now thou shalt finde th'aft one.

Bar. Can Angells Bayle mee ?

Min. Not all the wealth which the worlds back
does beare

Can Bayle thy wretched soule hence, Now tis here.

Bar. A thousand Pounds.—

Fur. Where ist foole ?

Rhad. Thy wealths now gone,

Thy hands still catch at bags, but they gripe none.

Bar. Whats this ?——

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Æac. Ayre, shadowes, things Imaginary :

That is thy Torment now, which was thy Glory.

Bar. If you giue me bags full of Saw-dust, in stead
of money, my Ghost shall walke.

358 *If this be not a good Play,*

3. *Iud*: To thy grim Father of Hell.

Bar. No, to my olde brother, Syr *Achitophell*
Pinch-gut.

Plu. Hence with him, the Churl's mad:
In *Lethes*-flood drown'd all the wealth hee had.

Bar. My chaine, Let me hang in chaines, fo it bee
my Golde chaine; Theeues, theeues, theeues. *Exit.*

Min. Throwe him head-long into our boyling-
Lake,
Where molten Golde runnes.

Lur. His thirst it cannot flake,
Seas could not quench his dropfie: Golde to get
Hee would hang a Citie, starue a Countrey. Euen
yet
Raues hee for Bonds and incombers: to saue whose
foule,
(Tho hee fed none liuing) Saw-fages were his dole.

A confused noyse to come pressing in.

Omn. What coyle is that? *A Noyse.*

Enter a Ghoast, cole-blacke.

Pur. Tis a burning zeale must consume the
wicked, and therefore I will not bee kept out, but will
chaffize and correct the foule Fiend.

3. *Iud.* Whats this blacke *Incubus*?

Shac. An Arch-great Puritane once.

Omn. Ha! How! a Puritane?

Min. An Arch-great Puritane! How comes thy
foule so little?

Pur. I did exercise too much with a liuely Spirit.

Plu. Are there any more of his Synagogue?

Ruff. Yes a whole Hoy-full are Landed.

Omn. Ha!

Plu. Are they all so blacke as he is?

Omn. Worfe.

Min. Syrra, why being a Puritane is your foule so black ?

Pur. Wee were all fmoakt out of our owne Countrey, and fent to *Rotterdam*.

Min. How camst thou lame and crooked, why do'st halt ?

Pur. All the brethren and sisters for the better part are crooked, and halt : for my owne part, I neuer went vpright.

Iudg. And yet a puritane ? hence with him.

Pur. Alacke !

How can I choose but halt, goe lame, and crooked ? When I pulld a whole church downe vpon my backe.

Min. Hence with him, he will pull all hell downe too.

A noyse to come in.

Pur. Let in the brethren, to confound this wicked assembly.

3. *Iud.* Thrust him out at hell gates.

Plu. Theile confound our kindome,
If here they get but footing: rise therefore, away ;
Keepe the Iurie of brokers till our next court day.

Min. Adiourne this.

Fur. O yes ! Seffions is deferd
Because of Puritanes, Hell cannot be cleerd.

Plu. Set forward to our Hall pauerd all with
braffe,

Iudges we thanke you : let our officers drinke,
Ith bottome of hells celler, for their good seruice.
Since to this heighth our Empyre vp you reare,
Hell shall hold triumphes, and (thats don,) prepare,
Agen to walke your circuities o're the earth,
Soules are hells Subiects, and their grones our mirth.



Epilogue.

I F't be not good, the Diuell is in't, (they say,)
The Diuell was in't, this then is no good play
By that conclusion, but hereby is meant,
If for so many nones, and midnights spent
To reape three howres of mirth, our haruest-seede
Lyes still and rot. The Diuels in't then indeed :
Much Labour, Art, and Wit, make vp a Play
As it does a Ship, yet both are cast away,
(When brauely they haue past the humorous Seas)
At landing, What black fates curfeth both these ?
Sayle it, or sinck it, now tis forth, and nere
The Hauen at which it longs t'ariue : if there
It suffers wrack, the spitefuller Rockes shoote forth,
Yet non may bring it home laden with much worth.
By wonted gentle gale, (fweete as the Balme,)
Or by extending your faire liberall Palme,
To fan away all stormes, if you see it lowers,
The ayre shall ring thanks, but the glory's yours.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 4.

the other for Westchester.

On their way to Ireland : " My refuge is *Ireland* or Virginia ; necessity cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*." Cook's *Green's Tu Quoque*, ed. 1622. " Hee came into *Ireland*, where at Dublin hee was strucke lame ; but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, landed at *West Chester*, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's *Praise of cleane Linnen*,—*Works*, 1630, p. 170. It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West Chester* from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition.

PAGE 5.

and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

From Shakespeare :—

" 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."
Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.

PAGE 10.

you shall finde me playing at Span-counter.

A pun is intended here : *span-counter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which, if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be confined.

PAGE 11.

Do you laugh you unseasonable puck-fift?

This word, often used by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus: "All the fallets are turn'd to Jewes-ears, mushrooms, and *Puckfifts*." Heywood and Brome's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

PAGE 12.

Are all the Quest houses broken up?

About Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances, brothels, &c. *Quest-houses* were the houses where the quest was held, and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest.

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there: "Such a day I lost fifty pound in hugger-mugger at dice, at the *quest-house*." *Any thing for a quiet life*,—*Works*, iv. 425, ed. Dyce.

Quest-houses generally adjoined churches: "But you may say, it is like a farthing candle in a great church: I answer, that light will not enlighten the by-chapels of the church, nor the *quest-house*, nor the belfry; neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it."—*Philosophical Letters* by the Ducheſs of Newcastle, 1664, p. 189.

Id.

with a chaine about his neck For that, Saint Martins and wee will talke.

So Brathwait:

"By this hee trauels to Saint Martins lane,
And to the shops he goes to buy a chaine."

The Honest Ghost, &c., 1658, p. 167.

PAGE 13.

double chin.

The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists:

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
Their chins will hang like udders, by Easter-eve."

Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*,
iv. 32.

PAGE 13.

never had the Grincoms :

Or *crincomes*, a cant term for the venereal disease : "Grinkcomes," says Taylor, the water poet, "is an Utopian word, which is in English a P. at Paris."—*Works*, 1630, p. 111.

PAGE 15.

WIFE. *Good Sir, lend me patience.*

MAY. *I made a fallade of that herbe.*

Patience was the name of an herb : "You may recover it with a fallat of parfly and the *hearbe patience*."—*A pleasant commodie called Looke about you*, 1600.

PAGE 19.

Farewell, Father Snot.

This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song. In *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, we find,

"My bufh and my pot
Cares not a groate
For fuch a lob-coate,
Farewell, Sinior snot."

PAGE 20.

the bragging velure-canonied hobbi-horses.

Velure is velvet.

"Cannions, of breeches. G. canóns : on les appelle ainsi pource qu'ils font aucunement femblables aux canóns d'artillerie, —because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots."—Minshew's *Guide into the tongues*, p. 61, ed. 1617.

Strutt explains *canions* to be "ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches."—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263.

Canon-hose, decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called *The Humourous Lovers*, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act :—

“ I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,
By thy pritty lac'd Cravat,
By the Ribands round thy Bum,
Which is brac'd much like a Drum,
By thy dangling Pantaloon,
And thy ruffling Port *Cannons*,
By thy freezeld Perriwige,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy Sword of Silver guilt,
And the Riband at thy Hilt,—
Apeare, apeare.”

PAGE 26.

by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell)

Compare Dekker, *Satiromastix* :

“ I markt, by this candle, *which is none of God's Angels*.”
(See Notes to Vol. II. p. 368.)

PAGE 27.

Mi cara whee, en hellon.

Qy.? Mi gara chwi yn nghalon.

Ib.

there is the most abominable feere.

The captain does not use *abominable* in a bad sense, quite the reverse : so in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ *Abraham*. Does she so love me say you ?

“ *Pendant*. Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you *abhominable*.”

Is it necessary to add that by “*feer*” he means *cheer*, and, a little after, by “*kernicles*,” *chronicles* ?

PAGE 28.

fare-well Sidanien.

"Sidanen, s. f. *dim.* (sidan) that is filken, or made of filk. It is the name of an old tune; also an epithet for a fine woman; and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth."—Owen's *Dictionary of the Welch Language*.

PAGE 33.

I left her at Bosfomes Inne.

"Antiquities in this Lane [St. Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fair Houfes, there is one large Inne for receit of Travellers, called *Blossoms Inne*, but corruptly *Bosfoms Inne*, and hath to sign S. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers."—Stow's *Survey of London, &c.*, B. iii. p. 40, ed. 1720.

PAGE 34.

he would goe the Iland voiage.

Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585. The fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty-one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers. They took possession of St. Domingo.

PAGE 35.

some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe under my nose at his garden house.

Garden-houfes were used for such purposes: so in the opening of Barry's *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"what makes he heere,
In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,
And at a garden-house? a has some punke,
Upon my life."

PAGE 37.

with a cartoose collour and a pickadell.

A *piccadell* is described as an upright collar with stiffened plaits: here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar.

PAGE 38.

Ile haue you make 12. poesies for a dozen of cheefe trenchers.

Cheefe-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have poesies inscribed on them. In Dekker's *Honest Whore, Part First*, George quotes six lines, "as one of our *cheefe-trenchers* sayes very learnedly !" (Vol. II. p. 72.) Compare too Middleton's *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's* ;

"*L. Gold.* Twelve trenchers, upon every one a month !
January, February, March, April—

Pep. Ay, and their poesies under 'em.

L. Gold. Pray, what sayes May ? she's the spring lady.

Pep. [*reads*]

Now gallant May, in her array,

Doth make the field pleasant and gay," &c.

ed. Dyce, v. 40.

Ib.

I had three nest of them given mee.

So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605 ; "cogging Cocledemoy is runne away with a *neest of goblets* ;" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclacke*, 1609 ;

"Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales

Nest upon nest."

The term *nest of goblets* is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to describe a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.

PAGE 40.

Pax.

For *pox* ; it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, "*Pax*, I think not on't ;" Brome in the *Joviall Crew*, 1652, "*Pax* o' your fine thing ;" and Middleton, in *Your Five Gallants*, "*Pax* on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at univerfity.—*Works*, ii. 235.

PAGE 41.

the tree in Cuckolds Hauen.

A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called

Cuckold's Point, which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife; that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave the husband, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the Thames,—which land, however, he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head; and that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above-mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this story we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which is here given is what the watermen on the Thames were wont to repeat.) Horn-fair was long held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

PAGE 49.

garlick has a white head and a greene stalke.

So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616; "I'm like a leeke, though I have a gray head, I have a greene," &c. And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, &c. This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio; "E quagli che contro alla mia età parlando vanno, mostra mal che conoscano che, *perche il porro abbia il capo bianco, che la coda sia verde.*" *Decamerone*,—Introduction to *Giornata quarta*.

PAGE 50.

as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.

The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with death's-heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show. But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen: "the olde Countesse spying on the finger of Signior Cosimo a *Ring with a Death's head ingraven*, circled with this Posie, *Gressus ad vitam*, demaunded whether hee adorde the Signet for profit or pleasure: Signior Cosimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him, told her that it was a favour which a Gentle-

woman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake." Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, ed. 1617.—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two feal-rings of gold, *one with a death's-head*." See his will in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Bofwell.

PAGE 52.

my white Poet.

White was employed formerly as an epithet to exprefs fondness: "*white boy*," "*white son*," and "*white girl*," occur frequently in our old writers. Lee uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave. (Though Mayberry a little after calls Bellamont "*my little hoary poet*," we are not to conclude that "*white*" in the present instance means *hoary*.)

PAGE 58.

I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage.

The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty-one thousand men, commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris: it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Antonio on the throne of Portugal; but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish to revenge themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory.

Ib.

the prentices made a riot upon my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following.

Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and attempt to demolish houses of bad fame:

"It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,
That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,
When mad-braynd prentises, that no men feare,
O'rethrow the dens of bowdrie recreation."

Psalmists Palinodia, 1634.

PAGE 59.

Mother Walls cakes.

We learn where this dame resided from the following passage of Haughton's *English-men for my money*, 1616; "I have the scent of London-stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch-lane of *Mother Walles* pasties."

PAGE 59.

like squibs that run upon lynes.

So Marston, in his *Parasitaster, or the Fawne*, 1606;

"*Page*. There be squibs, fir, which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants, fir, keepe a smother, fir, with fishing and flashing, and in the end, fir, they doe, fir——

Nymphadora. What, fir?

Page. Stink, fir."

In *A Rich Cabinet with Variety of Inventions*, &c., 1651, by J. White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward."

PAGE 81.

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* consists merely of fragments of two plays,—or rather, a play in Two Parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Henslowe*;

"Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to geve unto harey chettell, *Thomas Deckers*, Thomas Hewode, and Mr. Smyth, and Mr. Webfter, in earneste of a playe called *Ladey Jane*, the some of 1s

"Lent unto Thomas Hewode, the 21 of octobr 1602, to pay unto *Mr. Dickers*, chettell, Smythe, Webefter and Hewode, in fulle payment of ther play of ladye Jane, the some of vii xs

"Lent unto John Ducke, the 27 of octobr 1602, to geve unto *Thomas Deckers*, in earneste of the 2 pt of *Ladye Jane*, the some of vs"

Pp. 242—3, ed. *Shakespeare Soc.*

Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title-page), or by some other playwright, cannot be determined; that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.—DYCE.

This drama is much mutilated, and its text very defective. It is a very inferior production. There is no discrimination of character, no succession of events, and no artful or judicious development of conduct. There is, however, a gentle and pensive interest in the forcible scenes and separation of Guildford and Lady Jane, and in that mild resignation to their fate, which arises from their blameless and innocent conduct. [Rev.] J. Mitford in *Gent. Mag.*, June 1833, p. 491.

PAGE 87.

GUI. *We are led with pompe to prison.*

Mr. Dyce assigns this speech to Lady Jane.

Ib.

Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall Pompe.

The text of this line is obviously corrupt. Mr. Collier (Preface to Coleridge's Lectures, p. cv.) proposes to read "several coffins," an emendation adopted by Mr. Dyce in his edition of Webster.

PAGE 90.

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood.

Mr. Dyce reads "Britain." The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 491) would read "Brute,"—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense.

PAGE 93.

if that their Brother dying Issues, &c.

Mr. Dyce thinks there is manifestly a line or lines wanting here.

PAGE 94.

*That no impeachment should diuert our hearies
From the impeachment of the Lady Iane.*

In the second line Mr. Dyce has substituted "election" for *impeachment*. The following is his note on the passage :—

"The old copies have,—

'From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

the word '*impeachment*' having been repeated from the preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer. That the first '*impeachment*'—i.e. hindrance, let, impediment,—is right, there can be no doubt ; and that in the second line '*election*' is the author's word, seems equally certain ; compare what Arundel has said a little before,—

'Are you not griev'd that we have given consent

To *Lady Jane's election* ?"

(The reading of this passage proposed by Mr. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 492),—

'That no *impediment* should divert our hearts

From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

alters the right word in the first line, and leaves the wrong one in the second.)"

PAGE 95.

Lance perfado, *quarter, quarter.*

Written also *lanceprisado, lancepsado, lancepsade, or lancepsata* ; (Ital. *lancia spezzata*,) the lowest officer of foot, one who is under the corporal.

"He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son, Henry II., kings of France, on the one part ; and the Emperor Charles V., and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse, in any skirmish, battle, or encounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comrade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our Monsieur Lancepsata (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comrade, and become the corporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *aide corporal*. But when the corporal grew weary of the comradeship of his lancepsata, he made him officiate under him, and

for that had some allowance of pay more than the common foldier."—Turner's *Pallas Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Grofe, *Mil. Ant.*, v. i., p. 262.)

PAGE 115.

*There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all
Paules stinke againe.*

i.e. Don Diego.—So Heywood;

"But for thefe Spaniards, now you *Don Diegoes*,
You that made Paules to stinke."

Fair Maid of the West, 1631, Part 1st, p. 51.

Various other writers allude to the nasty feat of this Don Diego in St. Paul's Cathedral; and it is very plainly told in a letter among the Cottonian MSS. (*Ful. C. iii.*), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597.

PAGE 123.

*Guil. True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truly speake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs breake,
But the thinni' st frame the prison of the weake.*

Mr. Dyce suggests the emendation "oft sorrow truly speaks" in the first line. It is probable that Dekker wrote this scene, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays:—

"*Jovinelli.* You must hang up the lawes.

Octavio. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through which
great flies

Breake through, the lesse being caught bi'th wing there
dies."

If this be not a good play the devil is in it, 1612, (page 287.)
But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom:—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob-webs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through." Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 284.

PAGE 133.

Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater.

i.e. the Fortune, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles's,

Cripplegate. It was built by Henflowe and Alleyn, in 1599—1600, and was eighty feet square on the outside, and fifty-five feet square within. It was destroyed by fire in 1621.

PAGE 138.

Falling bands.

These bands, which lay flat upon the drefs from the neck, succeeded the cumbersome ruff. There is a *jeu de mots* upon the name in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play, the Diuell is in it* (page 315):

“Tho my collar [choler] stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.”

“Band,” it should be observed, was formerly synonymous with “bond.”

PAGE 145.

Well shot old Adam Bell.

An outlaw, famous for his archery: see the ballad of *Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe and Wyllyam of Cloudefle*, in Ritfon's *Pieces of An. Pop. Poetry*.

PAGE 147.

yet do you now

Thus baffle me to my face.

“Baffle” meant formerly to treat with insult, mockery, or contempt. It is used again in this sense in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play*, &c. (page 291): “No King on earth baffalls me.” Mr. Dyce also cites passages from Nash and Marmyon.

PAGE 155.

a blacke sauegard.

i.e. a sort of large petticoat, worn by women over their other clothes, to protect them from soiling.

PAGE 159.

Saint Antlings-bell.

At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in

the morning, which was much frequented by the puritans of the times.

PAGE 161.

*I'll try one speare against your chastity
Though it prove too short by the burgh.*

"Burgh," or *burre*, is "a broad ring of iron behind the handle" of a tilting lance, "which burre is brought into the fufflue or rest, when the tilter is ready to run against his enemy, or prepareth himself to combat or encounter his aduerse party." R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*.

PAGE 170.

good phrampell iades.

"Phrampel," which is written also *frampold*, *frampul*, &c., here appears to signify *fiery* or *mettlefome*. It generally means vexatious, faucy, peevish, &c.

PAGE 173.

quarrelling wedlockes

i.e. wives.

Id.

at my flanders

So the orig. edition ; but there is hardly any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "flanderers" is the correct reading.

PAGE 174.

*if his spirit
Be answerable to his umbles.*

i.e. his inside. *Umbles* are the entrails of a deer.

PAGE 176.

I thinke the baby would haue a teate it kyes fo.

"Kyes" for cries, in imitation of the jargon talked by nurfes to infants.

PAGE 177.

it does mee good now to have her fing mee.

There can scarcely be any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "fing" is correct.

Ib.

*Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these aterne husbands :
such cotqueanes, you overdoe your things, &c.*

"Apron husbands:" *i.e.* husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their apron-strings. "Cotqueans:" *i.e.* men who meddle with female affairs. The exclamations of Mistress Gallipot evidently refer to some action on the part of her husband: this portion of the scene is very adroitly *written*, requiring to be read *entre les lignes* like the dialogue in *La Nuit et le Moment* of Crebillon fils; but how it can have been represented publicly on the stage it is difficult to imagine.

PAGE 178.

as Pan-da-rus was to Cref-fida :

So in the old edition, to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistress Gallipot.

PAGE 180.

*Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,
The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer bow.*

In Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 195) we find:

"Fue Summers haue scarce drawn their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe."

It seems, therefore, almost certain that the scene in *The Roaring Girl* containing the above lines was written by him and not by Middleton.

PAGE 185.

the bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girl my Mistrresse).

"Ramp:" *i.e.* ramping, rampant creature: "although she were a lustie *bouncing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemalla," &c. G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145.

PAGE 186.

her placket to the ancient seat of a codpice.

"Placket" has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat : Nares, in his Glossary, insists that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

PAGE 191.

these men-midwives must bring him to bed i' the counter.

So in Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 213.) "Doe not you know mistresse, what Serieants are? . . . why they are certaine men-midwives, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them."

PAGE 200.

haue not many handsome legges in silke stockins villanous splay feete for all their great roses?

Roses anciently were worn in shoes. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous size.

It.

an agget set in a crampe ring.

i.e. a ring, which having been solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. (See in Waldron's *Literary Museum*, 1792, a reprint of *The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, used by the Catholic Kings of England*.)

PAGE 202.

till all split.

This expression occurs in several old plays; and denotes violence of action.

PAGE 203.

'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tayle puf-cat for this.

"Gib" is, properly, a male cat, but is sometimes applied, as

a term of reproach to a woman : "She is a tonnyfh gyb" fays Skelton, in *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 99.

PAGE 203.

y'are best get you a mumming.

i.e. a masquing, in which originally the performers used gesticulation only, without speaking : miftrefs Openwork puns on the different meanings of *maske* and *masque*.

PAGE 205.

to be made

A stale to a common whore?

i.e. a pretence or cover under which he keeps a harlot : the *stale*, or *stalking-horse*, was the real or artificial horse behind which sportsmen approached their game.

Ib.

I sweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.

Cold-Harbour, or *Cold-Harborough* was an ancient building, situated in the parish of All-hallows the Less, in Downgate Ward. A good many years before the date of this play, the then Earl of Shrewsbury took it down, and built a number of small tenements in its stead, which were let at great rents and served as a retreat for debtors, &c.; the place being considered a sort of sanctuary, probably because Tunstall, bishop of Durham, had resided there in Henry VIII.'s reign. It appears to have been notorious as a place where marriages were solemnized hastily and without the proper forms; such as the Fleet Prison and Keith's Chapel were for some time before the passing of the marriage-act.

Nares citing the above passage in his Glossary, says that *Cold Harbour* "seems to be used as a kind of metaphorical term for the grave."

Ib.

Puff; your Westerne pug.

"I doubt the sand-eyde affe will kicke like a *Westerne pugge*,

if I rubbe him on the gall." Greene's *Theemes falling out*. "Euen the *Wellerne Pugs* receiuing mony here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so traile'd it through the Thames," &c. Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 206.

Oh braue girles : worth Gold.

This expreffion feems to have been proverbial: one of Heywood's plays is entitl'd *The Fair Maid of the Weft, or A Girle worth gold* (1631).

Id.

I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head fpeak.

See *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (firft printed in 1594) in Dyce's edition of Greene's Dramatic Works (vol. i. p. 141), and the extract given (p. 215) from the profe tract on which that play is founded, *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*, "How Fryer Bacon made a Brazen Head to fpeake, by the which hee would haue walled England about with Braffe." The friars loft all their labour through the folly of a fervant named Miles, who having been fet to watch the Head while they retired to reft, neglected to call them when at laft it fpoke.

PAGE 209.

Seeing your women are fo hate, I muft loofe my haire in their company I fee.

"Alluding," fays Reed, "to the confequences of lewdnefs, one of which, in the firft appearance of the difeafe in Europe, was the lofs of hair."

Id.

I pray who playes a knacke to know an honeft man in this company?

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an honeft Man, As it hath bene fundrie times plaied about the Citie of London, was printed in 1596. The author's name is unknown.

PAGE 210.

Get fathers from thy wings.

Mr. Dyce substitutes "gelt" for *get*; but "is by no means confident that he has restored the right reading" (Middleton's Works, ii. 527).

It.

Play out your game at Irish fur: Who winnes?

MIST. OPEN. *The triall is when shee comes to bearing.*

A game which differs very slightly from backgammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Compleat Gamester*. At page 155—6 (of ed. 1674) the following advice is given:—"Bear as fast as you can when you come to bearing, have a care," &c.

PAGE 211.

Then seeing all base desires rak'd up in dust,

And that to tempt her modest cares, I swore, &c.

An intermediate line seems to have dropped out: probably another is wanting after "And yet to try," &c.

It.

was it your Megge of Westminster's courage.

Meg of Westminster, or long Meg of Westminster, was a virago of whom frequent mention is made by our early dramatists, and indeed, like the heroine of the present piece, she had the honour of figuring in a play called after her in 1594. At that period, however, she is supposed to have been dead. She is introduced in an ante-masque in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*. A quarto tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bolloingne*, was printed (perhaps not for the first time) in 1635.

PAGE 212.

like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

So Dekker, in his *Whore of Babylon*:

"Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must run
Vpon short lines of life."

PAGE 212.

away flia I my man, like a shouell-board shilling.

i. e., a shilling used at the game of *shovel-board*, and which was always smooth, that it might "slide away" easily.

Ib.

these London boote-halers.

Freebooters, plunderers, *halers* of *boot* (profit), or *booty*. Cotgrave explains *picoreur* to be a "*boot-haler* (in a friend's country), a ravening or filching fouldier."

PAGE 213.

Heeres such a merry ging.

i. e., gang. This substitution of *i* for *a* was common with the Elizabethan writers. The word *ging* or *gyns*, however, is of great antiquity.

PAGE 215.

you skeldering varlet.

Skeldring was a cant term for impudent begging, generally applied to vagrants, and often used by our early writers. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of foldiers, borrowing or begging money.

Ib.

The balles of these glafiers of mine (mine eyes).

See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight* (1612).

PAGE 216.

A meere whip-lacke.

In Dekker's *Belman of London* (1608), the description of "A Whipiacke" is much the same as that which Moll gives here.

"An vpright man," "a wilde rogue," "an angler," "a ruffler," "a kinchin mort," and a "wilde del" are also fully described in the same curious tract.

Ib.

hornes for the thumbe.

Pick-pockets were said to place a cafe, or thimble, of horn on

their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purfes.

PAGE 219.

Now I see that you are sta'd to the rogue.

"This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowfe, which belike signified a quart of drinke, for presently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, he made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vttered these wordes, I doe *stall thee to the Rogue* by vertue of this foueraigne English liquor, so that henceforth it shall be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to say) to be a Vagabond and beg," &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.

PAGE 221.

pacus palabros.

Pocas palabras (Spanish) *i. e.* few words—an expression found under various corrupted forms in our old writers. It is usually put into the mouths of low people, among whom it seems to have been current:—"With this learned oration the Cobler was tutored: laid his finger on his mouth, and cried *paucus palabros*."—Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 226.

The man talks monthly.

i. e. madly; as if under the influence of the moon.

PAGE 235.

Troia Noua Triumphans. *London Triumphing*, 1612.

The mayoralty pageant here reprinted is one of the rarest of Dekker's works. Nichols, in his *Progresses, &c., of King James the First*, vol. ii. p. 466, says, "the only copy of this pageant that I know to exist, is one which was sold at Mr. Garrick's sale, April 23rd, 1823. It was bound up with the city pageants of 1626, 1631, 1679, and 1691, and other tracts, and the volume was purchased for forty guineas by Mr. Thorpe, who has since parted with it to Mr. Heber." He adds, "I have not yet obtained a transcript, but if I am favoured with one in time, it shall appear in the appendix to this volume." At the sale of Heber's library, this copy formed lot 1631 of part 4, and proved

to be imperfect, which was no doubt the reason why Nichols was unable to repaint it according to promise. There are, however, copies in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, which are quite perfect, and there is another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

"Upon this occasion the lord mayor's banquet was honoured by the presence of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the king's only daughter." 'The Palfgrave dined in the Guildhall,' as Howe's Chronicle informs us, 'accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons, and during the whole dinner the Palfgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourses in Latine. To this great feast Prince Henry was also invited, and would have bin there, but he was sicke and could not come.

"After dinner, the lord mayor and his brethren, in the behalfe of the cittie, and citizens of London. for testimonie of hearty welcome and their love, presented the Palfgrave with a very large basin and ewer of silver, richly gilded, and curiously wrought; and two great gilded livery pots.' The present is described in the city records as:—'a basin and ewer gilt, weighing 234oz. 3grs.; one paire of dansk potts, chaft and cheseld, weighing 513½oz. ½gr., having the armes of the city, and the wordes, 'Civitas London,' engraved thereon in divers places."

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, gives us a still better account of this entertainment, and adds some very interesting particulars of the previous pageantry; his words are: "the Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the shew in Cheapside, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new-made lord mayor, and were presented toward the end of the dinner, in the name of the city, with a fair standing cup, a curious basin and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing together 1200 ounces, to the value of almost £500. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of 100 marks. He behaved himself very courteously, and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go and salute the lady mayore's and her train where she sat. The shew was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants, and other devices; and the day was fair enough on land, but great winds

on the water had like to have marred all ; for divers of the companies were in great danger and pain to run their barges on ground, and some to turn back, so that my lord mayor with much ado came almost alone to Westminster.'”—*Nichols's Progresses of James I.*

Sir John Swinnerton was a man of considerable note in his day. He was a merchant of great wealth, and when sheriff in 1603, went with the mayor and principal citizens to meet King James on his journey from Theobalds to London, and was knighted with the other aldermen at Whitehall, in July following. In 1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the king of more than 70,000 a year, “but upon ripping up the matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his good meaning to the king's service.” During his mayoralty the jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway, as enjoyed by the mayor of London, was finally settled ; and on Michaelmas day 1613, he attended with Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River head, “to see the great cistern, and first issuing of the strange river thereunto, which was then made free denizen of London.”—Delaune, *Present State of London*, 1681.

PAGE 241.

Peale of Chambers.

In Edward Sharpham's comedy, *The Fleece*, 1610, is the following allusion to these noisy salutations :—“ He has taught my lady to make fireworks, they can deal in chambers already, as well as all the gunnes that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Alderman land at Westminster.”

PAGE 242.

Painted cloath and browne paper.

This rather contemptuous notice of preceding pageants is curious. Pasteboard was used in the construction of the giants and other figures in continental shows, and the Chester giants that were made on the restoration of Charles the Second were formed of that material ; but it would appear from the charges for deal-boards and nails in their construction, that a frame work of wood was used as a superstructure. There is an entry of one shilling and fourpence “for arsenic to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats.”

How the "living beasts" who drew this pageant were "queintly disguised like dolphins and mermaids," we are not told, but in 1298, horses disguised "like lucas of the sea," are mentioned in the civic pageant, on the victory over the Scots at Falkirk.

The objection to "the trouble and pestering of Porters" urged by Dekker, seems to have been pretty generally felt by the City poets: several notices occur in their pamphlets of their attempts to rid themselves of the annoyance. Webster, in his *Monuments of Honor*, 1624, describes the principal pageant, *The Chariot of Honor*, as drawn by four horses, "for porters would haue made it moue tottering and improperly." The porters, however, flooded their ground well, for they are noticed by Jordan in his pageant for 1679, and were hired still later.

PAGE 243.

troopes of Swannes.

The Thames was "much beautified" in the early times by myriads of swans, that principally belonged to the city companies; and it was the custom to go up the river annually, and mark these swans on the beak with the peculiar sign used by the company who claimed them. This ceremony was called swan-upping, because it was the duty of the official visitors to take *up*, and mark the birds upon the beak, whence comes the modern name of swan-hopping given to the voyage as still performed. The Vintners' and Dyers' companies are now the chief proprietors of the Thames swans, next to her Majesty. In Yarrell's *History of British Birds* are engraved the ancient swan-marks of these companies during the reign of Elizabeth (from Kempe's *Lofely Manuscripts*), and the modern marks as still used, along with many others; with some curious information on this head. Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (vol. ii. p. 958) has printed entire the *Order for Swannes*, a rare tract of 1570, which shows how highly they were then estimated, and how carefully they were protected. Leland, the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, *Cygneæ Cantio, a Swan's Song*, imagines a Thames swan sailing down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing, as she passes along, all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.

PAGE 248.

Ryot ana Calumny in the shapes of Gyants.

From this passage it appears that other gigantic figures than those of Gogmagog and Corineus appeared in the shows occasionally. The giants exhibited this year were not merely constructed for imposing effect, but were emblematic characters forming an important portion of the poet's invention.

PAGE 249.

Barrathrum.

i. e., abyfs, hell, bottomlefs gulf. See also page 351, "rareft diuell that euer hould in *Barathrum*."

PAGE 251.

thy margent quoute.

An allusion to the general custom, at this time, of printing in the margins of books a brief note, guiding the reader to the fact written of in the body of the work, or else to the author quoted as an authority. The works of Prynne are remarkable specimens of this custom, and give much point to Milton's saying, "that he had ever his wits beside him in the margin, to be beside his wits in the text."

PAGE 255.

Stop, stony her.

Probably a misprint for "stay," which is the word given in the speech at p. 249, of which this is a repetition. "Stony" certainly mars the metre, if not the sense; though as regards the latter, it might be an abbreviated form of *astonish* (startle).

PAGE 354.

*Is there a King to be mured, whilest he does stand
Colossus-like, supporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land most feares a wracke,
Send forth this diuell; his name is Rauillac.*

The assassination of King Henry IV. of France by Rauillac took place on the 14th May, 1610, the day of the queen's coronation. It was an event therefore quite fresh in the memory of those who witnessed the performance of this play.

Ravaillac is described by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, in his *History of France* (III. 378, 379) as "a half crazy schoolmaster of Angoulême, who left his home at one time with the wild idea of persuading the king to abandon his purposes of war and tolerance of the Protestants. Driven back by hunger and destitution, the idea of regicide took firm hold of him, and he again left Angoulême at Easter, 1610, with the determination to slay the king if he could not speak with him. The *facræ*, as the coronation was called, took place with all due magnificence early in the day. Henry fought some repose on his couch after it, but was uneasy, and could not sleep, tormented by astrologic predictions of ill, and by his own mind giving unusual weight to such presentiments. To relieve the dulness of the hour he resolved to pay a visit to Sully at the arsenal. Even in this he hesitated ; but at length set forth in his coach. It was a vehicle without doors or panels, the roof supported on pillars, the intervals filled by curtains, which for the moment had been tied up or removed. The Rue de la Ferronnerie being obstructed by carts, the foot attendants left the carriage, to make their way round by the market ; and the guards did anything but guard it. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Ravaillac mounting on the wheel and striking his knife into the king's breast. Henry had scarcely time to exclaim, "I am wounded," when the assassin struck another blow, which penetrated the heart. Henry the Fourth breathed his last."

PAGE 356.

Guy Fawkes.

The conspiracy of Guy Fawkes was detected, and Fawkes taken in the vaults, Nov. 5, 1605. Guy Fawkes and seven others executed, Jan. 30, 1606.

DEKKER'S
DRAMATIC WORKS

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

THE
VIRGIN
MARTIR,
A
TRAGEDIE,
AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS
times publickely Acted with great
Applaufe,
By the seruants of his Maiesties Reuels.

Written { *Phillip Messenger* and }
by { *Thomas Deker.* }



LONDON,
Printed by *B. A.* for *Thomas*
Jones. 1622.

[The three later Editions of 1631, 1651, and 1661, have been collated with the first, and have supplied some important corrections of the text.]



The Actors names.

Dioclesian,
Maximinus, } Emperours of Rome.
 A King of *Pontus*.
 A King of *Epire*.
 A King of *Macedon*.
Sapritius, Governour of *Cæsaria*.
Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the Christians.
Sempronius, Captain of *Sapritius* Guards.
Antoninus, sonne to *Sapritius*.
Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.
Harpax, an euill spirit, following *Theophilus* in the
 shape of a Secretary.
Artemia, daughter to *Dioclesian*.
Caliste,
Christeta, } Daughters to *Theophilus*.
Dorothea, The Virgin-Martyr.
Angelo, a good spirit, seruing *Dorothea* in the habit of
 a Page.
 A Brittish-Slave.
Hercius, a Whoremaster, } Seruants to *Dorothea*.
Spungius, a Drunkard.
 A Priest to *Iupiter*.
 Officers and Executioners.



THE
Virgin Martir.

Actus primus. Scene 1.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to *Cæsarea* to night ?

Harpax. Most true Sir.

Theophilus. The Emperour in person ?

Harpax. Do I live ?

Theo. 'Tis wondrous strange the marches of great
Princes,

Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are step by step observ'd ; and loud tongu'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment :
And were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near ;
The Governour cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret means, he should have notice
Of *Cæsars* purpose in this ; then excuse me
If I appear incredulous.

Harpax. At your pleasure.

Theoph. Yet when I call to mind you never
fail'd me

In things more difficult, but have discovered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant
from me,

When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults,
No nor the power they serve, could keep these
Christians

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open ; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore.
It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check, or fail.

*Enter a Priest with the image of Iupiter, Caliste,
Christeta.*

Harp. Look on these vestals,
The holy pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,
I could say this, in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and so reclaim'd them :
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hells furies to me had they undergone it) *aside.*
They are now votaries in great *Iupiters* temple,
And by his Priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the Mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit
For which I ever owe you. *Hail Ioves Flamen :*

Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)
To your opinion?

Priest. And are constant in it :
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgement ;

And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear daughters.

Caliste. We dare dispute against this new sprung
sect

In private or in publick.

Har. My best Lady,
Persever in it.

Christeta. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.

Harp. Brave resolution :
I ev'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph. I young again : to your devotions.

Har. Do ———

My prayers be present with you. *Exeunt Priest and*

Theoph. Oh my *Harpax.* *daughters.*

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steeld'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sigh to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame ;
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torn by dogs :
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unsatisfied think their torments easie.

Har. And in that, just, not cruell.

Theo. Were all scepters
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offered me, all Crowns laid at my feet,
I would condemn them all, thus spit at them,
So I to all posterities might be call'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,

And rooter out of Christians.

Har. Oh mine own,
Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work
I ever live thy slave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theo. No more, the Governour,
Sap. Keep the Ports close, and let the guards be
doubl'd,

Disarm the Christians, call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir.

Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture,
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots ;
And know, when we are mercifull to them,
We to our selves are cruell.

Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height.
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.

Theop. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who, the Emperour ?

Har. To clear your doubts, he does return in
triumph,
Kings lacking by his triumphant Chariot ;
And in this glorious victory, my Lord,
You have an ample share : for know your son,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleshd his maiden sword, and dy'd
His snowy Plumes so deep in enemies blood,
That besides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know

No mean in thine, could this be true.

Har. My head answer the forfeit.

Sap. Of his victory

There was some rumour, but it was asured,
The army pass'd a full dayes journey higher
Into the Country.

Har. It was so determin'd ;

But for the further honor of your son,
And to observe the government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence
The Christians are pursu'd, he makes his stay here :
For proof, his Trumpets speak his near arrivall.

Trumpets afar off.

Sap. Haste good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the City shew
Her State and Wealth.

Semp. I am gone.

Exit Sempronius.

Sapritius. O I am ravish'd

With this great honour ! cherish good *Theophilus*
This knowing scholler, send your fair daughters,
I will present them to the Emperour,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.

A lessen of Cornets.

Theoph. Fetch them, good *Harpax*.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, souldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus, and Marcinus carrying the Emperors Eagles, Dioclesian with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his son, Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta, loud shouts.

Diocle. So, at all parts I find *Cæsarea*
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious souldier
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people

Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigour ;
 The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,
 (Which rais'd Rome to her greatneffe, and proclaim'd
 her

The glorious Mistresse of the conquer'd world :)
 But above all, the service of the gods
 So zealously observ'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
 In words to thank you for your care and duty,
 Were much unworthy *Dioclesians* honour,
 Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.
 But I shall find a time with noble titles
 To recompence your merits.

Sap. Mightiest *Cæsar*,
 Whose power upon this globe of earth, is equal
 To *Joves* in heaven ; whose victorious triumphs
 On proud rebellious Kings that stir against it,
 Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
 Won in the Gyants war ; whose conquering sword
 Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
 As did his thunder ; all that I have done,
 Or if my strength were centupl'd could do,
 Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
 But if in any thing I have deserv'd
 Great *Cæsars* smile, 'tis in my humble care
 Still to preserve the honour of those gods)
 That make him what he is : my zeal to them
 I ever have express'd in my fell hate
 Against the Christian sect, that with one blow,
 Ascribing all things to an unknown power ;
 Would strike down all their temples, and allows them
 Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Diocl. Thou in this
 Walk'st hand in hand with me, my will and power
 Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
 That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæsar*,
 If your imperial Majesty stand pleas'd
 To showre your favours upon such as are

The Virgin Martir.

I I

The boldest champions of our religion ;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choise committed ; and for proof,
He hath deserv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equall nearnesse to himself, behold
This pair of Virgins.

Dioc. What are these ?

Sap. His Daughters.

Art. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair
ones ;

Exceeding fair ones : would 't were in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your service else :
On these (when they fell from their fathers faith)
I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship ; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority :
And as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them (in the most horrid form)
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffered
With Roman constancy.

Art. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the Rack ?

Theo. I did ; but must
Confesse there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a Judge,
And pittie of a Father ; to help Justice
Religion slept in, under which ods
Compassion fell : yet still I was a Father ;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with stripes, spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they
would

Be cruel to themselves, they would take pitty
 On my gray hairs. Now note a sudden change,
 Which I with joy remember, those whom torture,
 Nor fear of death could terrifie, were overcome
 By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
 Returning to the faith that they were born in,
 I gave them to the gods: and be assur'd,
 I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand
 Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
 Will use no favour where the cause commands me,
 To any other; but as rocks be deaf
 To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deserv'st thy place,
 Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
 Touching the gods, tis lawfull to descend
 To human cares, and exercise that power
 Heaven has confer'd upon me; which that you,
 Rebels and traytors to the power of *Rome*,
 Should not with all extremities undergoe,
 What can you urge to qualifie your crimes,
 Or mitigate my anger?

Epire. We are now
 Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,
 And had command ore others; we confesse
 Our Grandfires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
 As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
 And if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
 Not onely to defend what is your own,
 But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
 Denies that happineffe,) who can accuse
 The famish'd mouth if it attempt to feed;
 Or such whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
 If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
 The last examples to prove how uncertain
 All humane happineffe is, and are prepar'd
 To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoke which now is highest
 In Fortunes wheel, must, when she turns it next,

Decline as low as we are. This confider'd,
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Sesostris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by captive Kings)
To free them from that slavery ; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madnes :
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever us'd
Such as she triumph'd over ; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny ; scepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children
In scorn train'd up in base Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen : in the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is-usefull ; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off : but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firm to shrink, or yeeld, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety, but to whom ? Not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the Conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak *Perseus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore, Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with courtesie can use my Prisoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies : such I found you
Before I made you mine ; and since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune ; had you borne your selves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easie for you : but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mock us not *Cæsar*.

Diocle. By the Gods I do not.

Unloose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,

Give them their Crowns again.

Pon. We are twice overcome.
By courage and by courtesie.

Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithfull Vassals
To *Dioclesian*, and the power of Rome.

Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.

Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæsar*.

Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune, mixe some light disaster
With my so many joyes to season them,
And give them sweeter relish; I am girt round
With true felicity, faithfull subjects here,
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends;
But what's the Crown of all, in thee *Artemia*,
My only child, whose love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other.

Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.

Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia*;
Ty'd by a fathers care how to bestow
A jewel of all things to me most pretious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joyes of creation, marriage rites;
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasure taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine own;
Amongst these Kings, forgetting they were captives,
Or these remembring not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any; by *Joues* dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.

Arte. It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes seldome meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other politick ends, are forc'd

To match where they affect not : may my life
Deserve this favour.

Diocle. Speak, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fixe min eyes and look no farther.
But these are baits to take a mean born Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father,
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receive addition ;
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Then to mix greatness with a Prince, that owes
No worth but that name onely.

Diocle. I commend thee,
'Tis like thy selfe.

Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you ?
That have serv'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Have stood next to you, that have interpos'd
Their breasts, as shields of proof to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosome, that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with Lawrell.

Macrinus. *Citherea*
Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.

Har. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her eyes on me,
Fair *Venus* son, draw forth a leaden dart,
And that she may hate me, transfix her with it ;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other ;
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

Arte. Sir.

Theoph. How he blushes !

Sap. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a block when such an Angell courts thee.

Artem. I am no object to divert your eye

From the beholding,

Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze vpon
That took not first flight from the Eagles aeiry.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reuerence, Lady, I behold you,
And shall do euer.

Artem. And it will become you
While thus we stand at distance; but if loue
(Loue born out of the assurance of your virtues)
Teach me to stoop so low.

Anton. Or rather take
A higher flight.

Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Majesty, and with you share my beams,
Nay make you to outshine me, change the name
Of Subject into Lord; rob you of seruice
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Ant. Refuse you, Madam, such a worm as I am,
Refuse what Kings upon their knees would sue for?
Call it great Lady, by another name,
An humble modesty, that would not match
A Molehill with *Olimpus*.

Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, *Antoninus*, a prov'd souldier
Is fellow to a King.

Anton. If you love valour,
As 't is a Kingly vertue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a King, there it shines brightest,
And yeelds the bravest lustre. Look on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not disgrace him that he was
Orecome by *Cesar*; it was a victory
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a Commander and a souldier,

Wife in direction, bold in execution ;
You would have said, great *Cæsars* self excepted,
The world yeelds not his equal.

Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.

Epire. 'Tis a truth great Princeesse,
I'lle not detract from valour.

Anto. 'T was meer fortune, courage had no hand
in it.

Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good.

Sap. Spiritlesse villain,
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods
I now could kill him.

Diole. Hold *Sapritius*, hold,
On our displeasure hold.

Har. Why this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.

Sap. By heaven it is :
I shall think of 't.

Harp. 'T is not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay kneel not fir, I am no ravisher,
Not so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour safe.
Yet say hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What but seen in possession of another,
Will run thee mad with envy.

Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.

Mac. As you love your life study to appease her.

Anto. Gracious Madam hear me.

Arte. And be again refus'd ?

Anto. The tender of
My life, my service, not, since you vouchsafe it,
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me :
Pardon dread Princeesse that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,

To mount up to the hill of Majesty,
 On which, the nearer *Love* the nearer lightening.
 What knew I, but your grace made trial of me?
 Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
 With an unmannered hand, was death? The Fox
 When he saw first the Forrests King, the Lion,
 Was almost dead with fear, the second view
 Onely a little danted him, the third
 He durst salute him boldly: pray you apply this,
 And you shall find a little time will teach me
 To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
 Then duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And that he may
 Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia I leave you my substitute
 In fair *Cæsarea*.

Sap. And here as your self
 We will obey and serve her.

Diocl. Antoninus
 So you prove hers, I wish no other heir,
 Think on't; be careful of your charge *Theophilus*;
Sapritius be you my daughters guardian.
 Your company I wish, confederate Princes,
 In our Dalmatian wars, which finished
 With victory I hope, and *Maximinus*
 Our brother and copartner in the Empire,
 At my request won to confirm as much,
 The Kingdomes I took from you wee'l restore,
 And make you greater then you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am lost for ever, lost *Macrinus*.
 The anchor of the wretched, hope forakes me,
 And with one blast of fortune all my light
 Of happineffe is put out.

Macrin. You are like to those
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,
That surfeiting in the excesse of blessings,
Call their abundance want : what could you wish,
That is not faine upon you ? honour, greatnesse,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeesse, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunk in gold, and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essential food : when I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me ?
What is her love to me, Greatness, or Empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedom ?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea* ;
Is she (though fair) the same day to be nam'd
With best *Artemia* ? In all their courses,
Wise men propose their ends : with sweet *Artemia*
There comes along pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious :
With *Dorothea* (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferiour to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near ;) the Princess heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink ; your fathers fury,
Which to resist even piety forbids ;
And but remember, that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect, she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cherisht, and prefer'd before
All joys in *Dorothea* ; therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise,
thou art

Grossly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and most foolish.
 For any man to match above his rank,
 Is but to sell his liberty : with *Artemia*
 I still must live a servant ; but enjoying
 Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule,
 Rule as becomes a husband : for the danger,
 Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
 I slight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
 As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
 A Governors place upon thee, be my helper.
Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing,
 Put me unto the test.

Anto. Go then, *Macrinus*,
 To *Dorothea*, tell her I have worn,
 In all the battels I have fought, her figure ;
 Her figure in my heart, which, like a Deity,
 Hath still protected me : Thou canst speak well,
 And of thy choicest language spare a little,
 To make her understand how much I love her,
 And how I languish for her : Beare her these jewels,
 Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
 As to my goddesses. All lets throwne behind me,
 Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
 I mean to visit her by the name of friendship ;
 No words to contradict this.

Macr. I am yours :
 And if my travel this way be ill spent,
 Judge not my readier will by the event. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primus.

ACTUS II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. **T**URN Christian, wud he that first tempted
 me to have my shoes walk upon Chris-
 tian soles, had turned me into a Capon ; for I am sure

now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Her. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse; look else.

Her. But thats a kickish jade, fellow *Spungius*: have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my corvetting; a pox of your christian Coxatrices, they cry like poulterers wives, no mony, no cony.

Spun. *Bacchus*, the God of brewed wine and fugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsie-freefie tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is headwarden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all victualing-houfes, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houfes, *Lanzeprizado* to red noses, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalion stinker, did I make legges to.

Her. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a mans years by making these Indures; he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worse then a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drink a Lord; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me: I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted, but now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Ale-house, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing chambers, jumbled together.

Her. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first Schoolmaster that taught butchers to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our fasting,

if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Christian she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be half Pagans and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing, but to feed crows.

Spun. True: Christian Brokers, thou knowest are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistrefs sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

Hir. And Woodcock fellow *Spungius*.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Assé fellow, on which I ride to all the alms-women: what thinkest thou I have done with all this good cheer.

Hir. Eat it, and be choakt else.

Spun. Wud my affe, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I sold the victuals, and coyned the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewedst thy self a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve & hang, or die a the pip. Our puling snotty-nose Lady sent me out likewise with a purse of mony, to relieve and release prisoners; did I so, think you?

Spun. Wud thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total Pagan I fware they should be hanged first; for, firra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and so I took scurvy common flesh for the mony.

Spun. And wisely done; for our Lady fending it to prifoners, had beftowed it out upon lowlie knaves, and thou to fave that labour, cafts it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-peece downward, that white faced Monkey frights me too; I stole but a durty pudding, laft day, out of an almsh-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith' teeth with it.

Hir. Wirh the durty pudding; fo he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crummed into ones porridge, who was half a pagan too: the fmug dandiprat fmels us out, whatfoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he! let him take heed I prove not his back friend: ile make him curfe his fmelling what I do.

Hir. Tis my Lady fpoils the boy; for he is ever at her tayle, and ſhe's never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a book and Taper lighted; they feeing him, counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In ſhew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches: where did you waſte your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were ſpeaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your
Lady
Sent from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied 'em ! yes, I'de be loth to have my belly fo emptie, yet I'm fure I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prifoners ?

Hir. Went ! no, I carried it, and with thefe fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way ? The Divels way, the way of fin, The way of hot damnation, way of luft :

And you, to wafh away the poor mans bread In bowls of drunkenneffe.

Spun. Drunkenneffe ! Yes, yes, I ufe to be drunk ; our next neighbours man, called *Chriftopher*, has often feen me drunk, has he not ?

Hir. Or me given fo to the flefh ? my cheeks fpeak my doings.

Ang. Avant you theeves and hollow hypocrites ; Your hearts to me lie open like black books, And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart ?

Hir. Or in mine ? Come amiable *Angelo*, beat the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets fee what fparks of wit fly out, to kindle your *Carebruns*.

Ang. Your names even brand you : you are *Spungius* call'd, And like a Sponge, you fuck up liquorous wines, Till your foul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell ! can any drunkards legs carry him fo far ?

Ang. For blood of grapes you fold the widdows food, And ftarving them 'tis murder, what's this but hell ?

Hircius your name, and Goatifh is your nature : You fnatch the meat out of the prifoners mouth, To fatten harlots ; is not this hell to ?

No angell, but the divel waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat ?

Hir. No, better burn him, for I think he is a witch : but footh, footh him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Her. And she-ones for mine, we have 'em swim in sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confesse, I took too much of the pot, and he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Hir. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was cosen'd the poor ; but 'tis a common thing ; many a one that counts himself a better Christian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, sweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady ; and if you take us creeping into any of these mouseholes of sin any more, let cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who sav'd you from the tree of death and shame ?

Hir. Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows ; yet I hope, she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their fwinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my messages (sent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope neither my fellow
nor I am theeves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, else let
me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-
fish.

Doroth. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck
their alms,
Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunderbolts

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie ;
Were you both faithfull true distributors ?

Spun. Lie Madam, what grief is it to see you turn
Swaggerer, and give your poor minded rascally ser-
vants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not ; if those wretched
people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part, I'll cry
whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with so good a Lady ;
For if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians ?

Hir. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes us for Butchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musick, that I
never

Was ravished with a more celestiall sound,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art ; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress'd.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakefull Moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you :
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm fingering with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company :
Therefore, my most-lov'd Mistresse, do not bid
Your boy so serviceable to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nye me still then ;
In golden letters down I'll set that day,

Which gave thee to me ; little did I hope
To meet fuch worlds of comfort in thy felf,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My fweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my moft chafte bofom,
Me thought, was fild with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting fince higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modeft eye
So likes fo poor a fervant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queen of fome,
To dwell with thy good father ; for the fon
Bewitching me fo deeply with his prefence,
He that begot him muft do't ten times more.
I pray thee my fweet boy, fhew me thy parents,
Be not afham'd.

Ang. I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but by yon Pallace,
Fil'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare affure you,
And pawn thefe eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven ; and, pretty Miftrefs,
If your illuftrious Hour glaffe fpend his fand
No worfe then yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both fhall meet my father there,
And he fhall bid you welcome.

Dor. A bleffed day ;
We all long to be there, but lofe the way. *Exeunt.*

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*

Mac. And thee *Theophilus.*

Theoph. Gladft thou in fuch fcorn ?
I call my wifh back.

Mac. I'm in hafte.

Theo. One word,
Take the leaft hand of time up : flay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theo. As thought : I prithee tell me, good *Mac-*
crinus,

How health and our fair Princeffe lay together
This night ; for you can tell ; Courtiers have flies
That buzze all news unto them.

Mac. She flept but ill.

Theo. Double thy courtesie ; how does *Antoninus* ?

Mac. Ill, well, ftraight, crooked, I know not how.

Theo. Once more ;

Thy head is full of Wind-mills : when does the Princeffe
Fill a bed full of beauty, and beftow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night ?

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No ? thou art the Manuscript
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his fecrets.
Honeft *Macrinus* tell me.

Mac. Fare you well fir. *Exit.*

Har. Honefty is fome Fiend, and frights him
hence ;

A many Courtiers love it not.

Theo. What peece

Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)

Is broke, it runs fo jarringly ? The man

Is from himfelf divided ; Oh thou, the eye

By which I wonders fee, tell me, my *Harfax*,

What gad-flie tickles fo this *Macrinus*,

That up-flinging the tail, he breaks thus from me.

Har. Oh fir, his brain-pan is a bed of Snakes,
Whofe ftings fhoot through his eye-bals, whofe poi-
fonous spawn

Ingenders fuch a fry of fpeckled villanies,

That unleffe charms, more ftrong then Adamant,

Be us'd, the Romane Angels wings fhall melt,

And *Cæfars* Diadem be from his head

Spurn'd by bafe feet ; the Lawrel which he wears,

(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?
His eyes and feet you see give strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabb'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading : what (i' th name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching?

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her ruby colour : yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endimion* to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes.

Theop. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet : but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldest women do so ;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal *Styx*, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, star of Court,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Theo. I now confesse thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being
fill'd

With *Ioves* artillery, shot down at once,
To pass your Gods in peeces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore,
As this ; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antoninus* foul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example —————

The. Eats through *Cæsars* heart like liquid
poysen.

Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
 To see but which, could all that feel hel's torments
 Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's flage,
 They would be mad till they again descended,
 Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
 May-games to those of mine. Has this my hand
 Set down a Christians execution
 In such dire postures, that the very hangman
 Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures?
 And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Masquer*
 Strangle me in a dance?

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
 For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
 Of tortures gainst these Christians: On, I hug thee.

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*,
 Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdomes,
 Pil'd upon Kingdomes; there's a villain Page
 Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
 Hold traffique with; I do so hate his sight,
 That should I look on him, I must sink down.

Theo. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
 None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine own as I would wish thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
 Of thine, which ever waits upon my businessse,
 I prithe thee watch those my still-negligent servants,
 That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
 To th' good of others; else will you find them flies,
 Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
 Be carefull dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistressse.

Exit.

Dor. Now sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study

A new Arithmetick, to sum up the virtues
 Which *Antoninus* gracefully become,

There is in him so much man, so much goodnesse,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store,
He can enough lend others; yet much taken from
him,

The want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poornesse
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praise,
than you to him that owes it.

M. If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the
whitenesse

Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing : could you see main armies
Make battels in the quarrell of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing ;
The greatnesse of his State, his fathers voice
And arm, owing *Cæsarea*, he never boasts of ;
The Sun-beams which the Emperour throws upon
him,

Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one spot of pride : no dearest beauty,
All these heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for your friend, you sir are worthy
Of more then I will number ; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck : but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger,

Enter Antoninus.

But himself
Being come in person, shall I hope hear from you,
Must more pleasing.

Ant. Has your ear, *Macrinus*,

Heard none then ?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet ?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray fir pardon.

Ant. Good sweetnesse, you now have it, and
shall go :

Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as farewell,
To let me murmure to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Ant. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

*They whispering below, enter above Saproitus, father to
Antoninus, and Governour of Cefarea, with him
Artemia the Princeffe, Theophilus, Spungius, and
Hercius.*

Spun. So now, do you see ? our work is done ;
the fish you angle for is nibling at the hook, and
therefore untruvs the Cod-piece point of our reward,
no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our
heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your
mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much
damming neither ; I know women sell them-
selves daily, and are hacknied out for silver,
why may not we then betray a scurvy Mistrresse for
gold ?

Spun. She sav'd us from the Gallows, and only

to keep one Proverb from breaking his neck, weel hang her.

The. 'Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

The. Away, away.

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot. *Exeunt.*

Ant. Come, let me tune you ; glaze not thus your eyes

With self-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glafs, you see our sex
Do never murther propagation,
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O bafe villain.

Sap. Bridle your rage sweet Princeffe.

Ant. Could not my fortunes

(Rear'd higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of gold,

He that I love is richer ; and for worth
You are to him lower then any flave
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So infolent, bafe Chriftian ?

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his fervant, you fhall boast
Y'are equal to a King.

Sap. Confufion on thee,
For playing thus the lying forcereffe.

Ant. Your mocks are great ones ; none beneath
the Sun

Will I be fervant to : on my knees I beg it,
Pity me wondrous maid.

Sap. I curfe thy bafeneffe.

Theo. Listen to more.

Dor. Oh kneel not fir to me.

Ant. This knee is Embleme of an humbled heart :

That heart which tortur'd is with your difdain,
Juſtly for ſcorning others ; even this heart,
To which for pity ſuch a Princeſſe ſues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great *Cæſars* daughter.

Art. Slave thou lieſt.

Ant. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dog.

Ant. Perhaps
'Tis my Religion makes you knit the brow ;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own :
I nere will ſcrew your conſcience from that power
On which you Chriſtians lean.

Sap. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain : ſirra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had ſtruck thee in the womb.

Mac. We are betraied.

Art. Is that your Idol, traitor, which thou kneel'ſt
to,
Trampling upon my beauty ?

Theo. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in pieces tear our *Jupiter*
For her ? our *Mars* for her ? our *Sol* for her ?
A whore ? a hell-hound, in this globe of brains ?
Where a whole world of tortures for ſuch furies
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which ſhould exceed,
Theſe nails ſhall grubbing lie from ſcull to ſcull,
To find one horridier, then all, for you,
You three.

Art. Threaten not, but ſtrike ; quick vengeance
flies

Into thy boſome, caitiff : here all love dies. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O I am thunder-ſtruck !

We are both orewhelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a fouldier,

And sink beneath the violence of a woman ?

Ant A woman ! a wrong'd Princeffe : from such a
star

Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,

But tragicall events ? My life is now

The subjeſt of her tyranny.

Dor. That feare is baſe,

Of death, when that death doth but life diſplace

Out of her houſe of earth ; you onely dread

The ſtroke, and not what follows when you are dead,

There's the great fear indeed ; come, let your eyes

Dwell where mine do, you'l ſcorn their tyrannies.

*Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, a guard,
Angelo comes and is cloſe by Dorothea.*

Ar. My fathers nerves put vigour in mine arm,

And I his ſtrength muſt uſe ; becauſe I once

Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,

Play'd with thee gently, when thou ſtrok'ſt my heart,

I'le not inſult on a baſe humbled prey,

By lingring out thy terrors ; but with one frown

Kill thee. Hence with 'em to execution ;

Seize him, but let even death it ſelf be weary

In torturing her ; I'le change thoſe ſmiles to ſhrieks,

Give the fool what ſhe's proud of (Martirdome)

In pieces rack that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reverence

I owe our gods and you are, in my boſome,

Torrents ſo ſtrong, that pitty quite lies drown'd

From ſaving this young man ; yet when I ſee

What face death gives him, and that a thing within
me,

Saith 't is my ſon, I'm forc'd to be a man,

And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Art. And I deny.

Ant. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have ;
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgement, since I offer
My blood up to your anger : nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine :
Preserve this Temple (builded fair as yours is)
And *Cæsar* never went in a greater triumph,
Then I shall to the scaffold.

Art. Are you so brave, Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pittyng,
(For my part I) that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face ;
The visage of a hangman frights not me ;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an Eternal habitation.

Theo. *Cæsar's* imperiall daughter, hear me speak ;
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry,
Of proud deriding both our gods and *Cæsar*,
Build to her self a Kingdome in her death,
Going laughing from us. No, her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down,
The bravery of her resolution lie
Battered by the argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall (on her belly) creep
To kisse the pavements of our Panim gods.

Art. How to be done ?

Theo. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no *Romans*, but a villains grave.

Art. Thy prisoner let her be then : and *Sapritius*,

Your son, and that be yours, death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voice or letters
To greet each other. Rife her estate ;
Christians to beggery brought grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Exeunt.

Ang. O my admired mistress ! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you : clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sun-beams, and thy feet touch stars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now *Angelo*, how ist ? how ist ? what
thread spins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheel
now ?

Spun. *Comesta, comesta*, poor knave.

Hir. *Com a porte vou, com a porte vou*, my petite
garfoone.

Spun. Me partha wee comrade, my half inch of
mans flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world,
ha ?

Ang. Too well on your fides ; you are hid in
gold
Ore head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-
boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud think, that we comming forth
of the arle, as it were, or fag end of the world,
should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is
stirring.

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an asse, for
lading his own back with money, till his soul cracks
again, onely to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb
behind him ? Will not any foole take me for a wife
man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my trea-
sury, this little god with his belly full of gold ?

Spun. And this full of the same meat out of my
ambrey.

Ang. That gold wilt melt to poyson.

Spun. Poyson ! wud it wud ; whole pintes for healts shall down my throat.

Hir. Gold poyson ! there's never a she-thrafter in *Cæsaria*, that lives on the flail of mony, will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden drofs,

Bewitching her to death, who slept between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an easie matter to save us, she being so well backt.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out, so she did but part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistress is mine owne,
She begger'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoate of her estate is unlaced I confesse.

Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Hir. How ! a peece of silver ! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money, unlesse I weighed thee, and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A peece of silver ! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-tokens worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet Nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu.

Ang. Stay, one word yet ; you now are full of gold.

Hir. I would be forry my dog were so full of the poxe.

Spun. Or any fow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go, y'are beggars both, you are not worth

That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away boy.

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jefts.

Ang. I 'm glad I tri'd your loue, which (fee) I want not,

So long as this is full.

Both. And fo long as this . . . fo long as this.

Hir. *Spungius*, y'are a pick-pocket.

Spun. *Hircius*, thou hast nimb'd . . . fo long as, not fo much money is left, as will buy a louse.

Hir. Thou art a thiefe, and thou lieft in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou lieft deeper then the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontst it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language ; all your gold gone ?

Spun. Can the Diuel creep into ones breeches ?

Hir. Yes if his horns once get into the cod-peece.

Ang. Come, sigh not ; I fo little am in love With that whose losse kills you, that fee 'tis yours,

All yours, divide the heap in equall share,

So you will go along with me to prifon,

And in our Miftris forrows bear a part :

Say, will you ?

Both. Will we ?

Spun. If fhe were going to hanging, no gallows fhould part us.

Hir. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds paf ;

Happy are men when their beft deeds are laft.

Spun. True Master *Angelo* ; pray fir lead the way.
exit Ang.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me
this way.

Spun. I live in a Iayle ?

Hir. Away and shift for our felves, she'l do well
enough there ; for prisoners are more hungry after
mutton, then catch-poles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole Jayle will
not fill her belly. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS III. Scene I.

*Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Caliste,
Christeta.*

Sap. S Ick to the death I fear.

The. I meet your forrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a witch,
A forcereffe, *Theophilus* ; my son
Is charmd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing ; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive.

The. There's hope left yet.

Sap. Not any, though the Princeffe were appeas'd,
All tittle in her love surrenderd up ;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unlesse my son
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'l not vouchsafe

The Virgin Martir.

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To be his lawfull wife.

Priest. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd
The reason of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.

Theo. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes shrikes, the Basilisks killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones,
And never finge the skin, shall not appear
Lesse fatall to her into than my zeal, made hot
With love vnto my gods ; I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw backe this Apostata,
Which will be greater honour then her death,
Unto her fathers faith ; and ~~to~~ that end
Hath brought my daughters hither.

Caliste. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.

Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work, and were I not
To attend the Princeesse, I would see and hear
How you succeed.

The. I am commanded too,
He bear you company.

Sap. Give them your Ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before highnesse. *Exit Sap.*

The. Spare no promises,
Perswasions, or threats, I conjure you ;
If you prevail, tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Prie. She comes.

Theo. We leave you ;
Be constant and be carefull. *Exeunt Theo. & Priest.*

Cal. We are sorry

To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at liberty ; so well I loue you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow prisoners ; prithee *Angelo*,
Reach us some chairs. Please you fit ?

Cal. We thank you :
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you
therefore
Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life ;
Falshood and he are strangers ; had you, Ladies,
Been blest with such a servant, you had never
Forlook that way (your journey even half ended)
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy meditations ; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that for an hour
Of pleasure here have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happinesse hereafter.
He must not leave me, without him I fall ;
In this life he is my servant, in the other
A wished companion.

Ang. Tis not in the Divil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodnesse.

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it ; and if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we
Even from the cradle, were brought up together.
Our amity encreasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come then as good angels, *Dorothea*,

To make you happy, and the means so easie,
That, be not you an enemy to your self,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, Lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods give freely,
And shew'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to the noblie born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controul,
Check, curb or stop, (such is our Laws indulgence,)
All happineffe forfook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our parents curses
In stead of blessings, scorn, neglect, contempt
Fell thick upon us.

Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreat; and (reconcil'd
To our forsaken gods) we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. by our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy: the Christian yokes to heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a pillar,
More precious then Chrystal, to support
Our *Cupids* Image; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not
Divels?

Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothel houses rather,

Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
 Pursu'd and practis'd, your religious rites
 O call them rather juggling mysteries,
 The baits and nets of hell, your souls the prey
 For which the Devil angles, your false pleasures
 A steep descent by which you headlong fall
 Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
 Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods,
 Your gold, your silver, brasse, or wooden ones,
 That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
 Most pittied women, will you sacrifice
 To such, or call them gods or goddesses,
 Your Parents would disdain to be the same,
 Or you your selves? O blinded ignorance,
 Tell me *Caliste*, by the truth I charge you,
 Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
 To have him deif'd to posterity,
 Desire your Father an Adulterer,
 A Ravisher, almost a Parricide,
 A vile incestuous wretch?

Caliste. That piety
 And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you *Christeta*,
 To be hereafter registred a goddess,
 Give your chaste body up to the embraces
 Of Goatish lust, have it writ on your forehead,
 This is the common whore, the prostitute,
 The mistress in the arts of wantonness,
 Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires
 That are immodest.

Christeta. You judge better of me,
 Or my affection is ill placed on you;
 Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No I think you would not;
 Yet *Venus*, whom you worship, was a whore;
Flora the Foundresse of the publick Stews;
 And has for that her sacrifice: your great god,

Your *Jupiter*, a loose adulterer,
 Incestuous with his sister : read but those
 That have canoniz'd them, you'll find them worse
 Then, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
 Are they immortal then, that did partake
 Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share
 In mens most base affections? subject to
 Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are ?
 Here *Jupiter* to serve his lust turn'd Bull,
 The ship indeed in which he stole *Europa*.
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of *Troy*
 As a day-labourer ; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus sheep for bread ; the *Lemnian* smith
 Sweats at the Forge for hire ; *Prometheus* here,
 With his still growing Liver feeds the vulture ;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains ;
 And thousands more, on whom abused error
 Bestows a deitie : will you then dear sisters,
 For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
 To things of lesse power then your selves ?

Caliste. We worship
 Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashion'd ?
 By sinful men ? Ile tell you a short tale,
 Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.
 A King of *Egypt* being to erect
 The Image of *Osiris*, whom they honour,
 Took from the Matrons necks the richest Jewels,
 And purest gold, as the materials
 To finish up his work ; which perfected,
 With all solemnity he set it up,
 To be ador'd, and serv'd himself his idol,
 Desiring it to give him victory
 Against his enemies : but being overthrown,
 Enrag'd against his god (these are fine gods,
 Subject to humane fury) he took down
 The senseless thing, and melting it again,
 He made a bason, in which Eunuchs wash'd
 His Concubines feet ; and for this sordid use

Some moneths it ferv'd : his Miftresse proving false,
 As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
 Between him and the Priests, of the same bason
 He made his god again : think, think of this,
 And then consider, if all worldly honours,
 Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
 Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
 To put their trust in dross.

Cal. Oh that I had been born
 Without a Father.

Chr. Piety to him
 Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not so ;
 You may repair all yet : the attribute
 That speaks his Godhead most, is, mercifull,
 Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
 Yet cannot strike without his leave. You weep,
 Oh tis a heavenly shower, celestial balm
 To cure your wounded conscience, let it fall,
 Fall thick upon it, and when that is spent,
 Ile help it with another of my tears :
 And may your true repentance prove the child
 Of my true sorrow, never mother had
 A birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught our selves,
 That came to take you ; and assur'd of conquest,
 We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
 Your victory had been eternal losse,
 And this your losse immortal gain ; fix here,
 And you shall feel your selves inwardly arm'd
 Gainst tortures, death, and hell, but take heed,
 sisters,
 That or through weaknesse, threats, or mild perswa-
 sions,
 Though of a father, you fall not into
 A second and a worst Apostacie.

Cal. Never, oh never ; steel'd by your example,
 We dare the worst of tyranny.

Chr. Here's our warrant,
You shall along, and witnesse it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then,
And rest assur'd, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Arte. *Sapritius*, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sicknesse, his contempt of us
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to *Cæsar*, that weighs down
Our just displeasure : if his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His libertie can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us
Ever your humblest Vassals.

Art. Use all means
For his recovery ; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection : if the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.

The. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwells
Upon my daughters tongues, that they will work her
To any thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may,
Yet 'tis no easie task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. *A shout with-*

Art. What means this shout. *in, loud musick.*

Sap. 'Tis seconded with musick, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant musick, ha !

Semp. My Lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian Lady,

The Image of great *Iupiter* borne before them,
Sue for acceſſe.

The. My ſoul divin'd as much,
Bleſt be the time when firſt they ſaw this light,
Their mother when ſhe bore them to ſupport
My feeble age, ſild not my longing heart
With ſo much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

*Enter Prieſt with the Image of Iupiter, Incenſe and
Cenſers, followed by Califte, and Chriſteta, leading
Dorothea.*

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body, and my mind ;
Let me embrace in you my bliſſe, my comfort ;
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you never had faln off : I am raviſh'd
With the exceſſe of joy, ſpeak happy daughters
The bleſt event.

Cal. We never gain'd ſo much
By any undertaking.

The. O my dear girle,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better ſpent.

Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My beſt *Chriſteta*,
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchſafe your Princely hands.

Art. Moſt willingly :
Do you reſuſe it ?

Cal. Let us firſt deſerve it.

The. My own child ſtill ; here ſet our god, prepare
The incenſe quickly : come fair *Dorothea*,
I will my ſelf ſupport you, now kneel down,
And pay your vows to *Iupiter*.

Dor. I ſhall do it

Better by their example.

The. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice ;
Forward my twins of comfort, and to teach her
Make a joint offering.

Chri. Thus. *They both spit at the Image,*

Cal. And thus. *throw it down, and spurn it.*

Har. Profane

And impious, stand you now like a Statue ?
Are you the Champion of the Gods ? Where is
Your holy zeal, your anger ?

The. I am blasted,
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion : I would I had no sight too ;
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,
Give me (thou injur'd power) a sea of tears,
To expiate this madness in my daughters ;
For being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other.
For my sake, hold a while thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

The. Peace damn'd Enchantress, peace. I should
look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much out-strip my
tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts ; but nature
To you that have faln once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Love* ?

Dor. Alack poor *Love*,
He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Hee'l take a kick or any thing.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the ancientst godling ; do not fear him,
He would not hurt the thief that stole away

Two of his golden locks, indeed he could not ;
And still tis the same quiet thing.

The. Blasphemer,
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this,
Thou art past hope : but for you yet dear daughters,
Again bewicht, the dew of mild forgivenesse
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true contrition : be your selves again ;
Sue to the offended Diety.

Chr. Not to be
The Mistresse of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much lesse kneel ;
Nor look on it, but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years confer'd upon me,
Of worldly blessings : we professe our selves
To be like *Dorothea*, Christians,
And owe her for that happinesse.

The. My ears
Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are these they
You brag'd could convert others ?

Sap. That want strength
To stand themselves ?

Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our cause depends upon it,
Something you must do suddenly.

The. And I will.

Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.

The. Do not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already ;
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,
Which onely blood must quench : incensed power,
Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable beams upon

The sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
Which I will offer to thee ; and be pleas'd,
(My fierie zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that justice, others may stile murther.
Come you accurfed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
Lesse pittifull than tygers to their prey.
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kills them.*

Dor. O most cruel Butcher.

The. My anger ends not here ; hells dreadfull
Porter

Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned fouls, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wasted ; and when death
Closes these eies, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their shreeks and howlings ; make me, *Pluto*,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with fouls
Of this accurfed sect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath confum'd them all.

Exit with Harpax hugging him.

Enter Artemia laughing.

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Dor. O call him back again,
Call back your hangman, here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.

Art. Not so.

We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee ;
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way :
Be she your charge, *Sapritus*, now, and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistris,
These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius, and Hircius, ragged, at severall doors.

Hir. *Spungius.*

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this totterd world?

Hir. Haft any money?

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-Ivy clings about my money and kils it. Haft thou any money?

Hir. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I fee then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-houfe have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peeping holes within dores; the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy houfe, sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdy houfe not able to stand. In the tavern, you are coufen'd with paltry wine, in a bawdy houfe by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue; or keep door rotten bawd, without a silver whistle; we are justly plagued therefore for running from our Mistrifs.

Hir. Thou did'st, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that flaid my running.

Spun. Well the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye looking upon my lowlie breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em, which so pricks the linings of my body, and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have *Atropos* (the tailer to the destinies) to take her shears, and cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron goofe of mortality, and so prefs me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler; a Cobler whose zeal set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose awl, I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness has gone awry.

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'st thy shooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last ; for all fowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wethod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Coblers son, by going through stitch : O *Hircius*, wud thou and I were so happy to be coblers.

Hir. So would I ; for both of us being now weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famish'd.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make ! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'st not gape and feed me ?

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it ?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shank for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro to purchase any thing.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I onely be miserable totterdemalions, rag-a-muffins, and lowly desperates ?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I am-an-o, I am-an-as* ; consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lowfie, beggerly, thou whorfon *Affa Fædda*.

Spun. Worfe ; all totterings, all out of frame, thou *Footlamini*.

Hir. As how *arfnick* : come make the world fmart.

Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggery rides caroched, honeft men make feasts, knaves fit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, fouldiers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox : why then, when all the world stumbles, fhould thou and I walk upright ?

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, look who's yonder.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo* ! how does my little man ? well ?

Ang. Yes, and would you did fo : where are your clothes ?

Hir. Clothes ! You fee every woman almoft go in her loofe gowne, and why fhould not we have our cloathes loofe ?

Spun. Wud they were loofe ?

Ang. Why, where are they ?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company ; they are pawnd to a broker.

Ang. Why pawnd, where's all the gold I left with you ?

Hir. The gold ? we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has coufen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee *Angelo*, if thou haft another purfe, let it be confifcate and brought to devaluation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies ? I know which way

Your gilt-wing'd pieces flew ; I will no more,
Be mockd by you : be forry for your riots,
Tame your wild flefh by labour, eat the bread

Got with hard hands : let sorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want, till then, my pitie dies.

Exit.

Spu. Ist not a shame, that this scurvy *Pucrilis*
should give us lessons ?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou knowst, a long time in the
Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy ;
but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of
honesty.

Enter Harpax aloof.

Sp. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to
the bar of beggery ; the sound of score a pottle of
sack, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster
wench, or two cats incorporating.

Har. This must not be, I do not like when con-
science

Thaws ; keep her frozen still : how now my masters ?
Dejected, drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torn,
Lean and ill colour'd, fighting ! What's the whirl-wind
Which raiseth all these mischiefs ? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O ! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Your selves into the service of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die : where's now her praying ?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort of rogues,
And lowlie prisoners ?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spu. Had I been a Pagan still, I could not have
spit white for want of drink ; but come to any Vintner
now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian,
and he cries puh.

Har. You're rightly serv'd ; before that peevish
Lady

Had to do with you, women, wine, and money

Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not ?

Hir. Oh ! those dayes, those dayes.

Har. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in
madness,

Those dayes shall come again (be rul'd by me)

And better, (mark me) better.

Spun. I have seen you sir, as I take it, an atten-
dant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his servant: but hark
hither,

Take heed no body listens.

Spun. Not a Mouse stirs.

Har. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd ? how ? drunk ?

Har. Yes my fine boy, Ile drink too, and be
drunk ;

I am a Prince, and any man by me,

(Let him but keep my rules) shall soon grow rich,

Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich ;

He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures

As other poor knaves are ; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged——

Har. You'll say, you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any master under the Zodiack.

Har. For clothes no matter, I have a mind to both.

And one thing I like in you, now that you see

The bonfire of your Ladies state burnt out,

You give it over, do you not ?

Her. Let her be hang'd.

Spun. And pox'd.

Har. Why now y'are mine.

Come let my bosome touch you.

Spun. We have bugs sir.

Har. There's mony, fetch your clothes home,
ther's for you.

Hir. Avoid Vermine : give over our mistresse ! a
man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the Devill.

Har. How ! the divel ! Ile tell you what now of
the Divel ;

He's no fuch horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, faucer-ey'd, his noſtrils breathing fire,
As theſe lying Chriſtians make him.

Both. No!

Har. He's more loving to man, than man to man
is.

Hir. Is he ſo! wud we two might come ac-
quainted with him.

Har. You ſhall: he's a wondrous good fellow,
loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything, if you have
mony, its ten to one but Ile bring him to ſome
Tavern to you, or other.

Sp. Ile beſpeak the beſt room in 'th houſe for
him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Wee'l give him no fuch cauſe.

Har. He hates a Civil Lawyer, as a ſouldier does
peace.

Spun. How a Commoner?

Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter
you with one fooliſh queſtion: does the Divil eat any
Mace in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver
takes him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiff,
boyled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, does
he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward does a dog. A Catchpole!
he has ſworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serieant his
heir, and a Yeoman his overſeer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate,
will the Porter let him come in, ſir?

Har. Oh he loves Porters of great mens gates,
becauſe they are ever ſo near the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for
all his ſtroking their cheeks, lead helliſh lives under
him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before

he hurts any man : do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing !

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore, she's brought you.

Hir. Oh my elbow itches : will the Divil keep the door ?

Har. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine divel ! some watchman I warrant ; I wonder who's his Constable ?

Har. Will you fwear, roar, fwagger ? he claps you.

Hir. How ? ath' chops ?

Har. No, ath' shoulder, and cries, O my brave boy.

Will any of you kill a man ?

Spun. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. What is his word ? hang, hang, tis nothing. Or stab a woman ?

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worst word he gives you, a pox on't, go on.

Hir. O inveigling rascal ! I am ravishd.

Har. Go, get your clothes, turn up your glafs of youth,

And let the sands run merrily ; nor do I care

From what a lavish hand your money flies,

So you give none away, feed beggars.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Har. And to the scrubbing poor.

Hir. Ile see 'em hang'd first.

Har. One service you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your mistress *Dorothea*, ere she suffers,

Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts

To tear her into shreekes, to fetch her soul

Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth,
here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there fir?

Har. No, not for hils of Diamonds; the grand
Master

Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company, should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Plie you this businesse; he her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. *Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible
number of servants. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. Scene I.

*A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, with Physicians
about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.*

Sap. O You that are half Gods, lengthen that
life

Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes
Of your mysterious *Æsculapian* science,
'T encrease the number of this young mans dayes,
And for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be, a piece of Roman gold
With *Cæsars* stamp, such as he sends his Captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him
And as he is half my self be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promise, Physicks hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If heaven make not the medicine: all this while
Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
But tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,

To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been

His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch ore me,
And from that observation, sure I find,
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child? a midwife!

Mac. Yes, with child,

And will I fear lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: stand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his arms flie open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form:
Physitians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibbish language; let him hear
The voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face.
She or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princess's strict command barring that happiness)
To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not.

He be no subject to the greatest *Cæsar*
Was ever crown'd with Lawrel, rather then cease
To be a father.

Mac. Silence, fir, he wakes.

Anto. Thou kilst me, *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

Mac. Shee's here, I enjoy her.

Anton. Where? why do you mock me?

Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman; I to buy her beautie,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pitie.

Docl. Let him have some musick.

Ant. Hell on your fidling.

Doct. Take again your bed, fir,
Sleep is a soveraign Phyfick.

Ant. Take an asses head, fir,
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms.
Thou stinking glister-pipe : where's the god of rest,
Thy pills, and bafe Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me ? Out you impostors,
Quackfalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skill,
Is to make sound men fick, and fick men kill.

Mac. O be your self, dear friend.

Ant. My self, *Macrinus* ?
How can I be my self, when I am mangled
Into a thousand peeces ? here moves my head,
But where's my heart ? Where ever, that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by the hair,
Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd forcerefs, call up
thy spirits,
And (if they can) now let 'em from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.

Ant. I am that spirit :
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron should hew that hand in peeces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my loves beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick ?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover ?

Ant. Would I live in blifs ?

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health ?

Ant. It is not in the world.

Sap. Is't here ?

Anton. O treasure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near ?

Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rife

The spoils thy lust hunts after ; I descend
 To a base office and become thy Pandar
 In bringing thee this proud Thing ; make her thy
 whore,

Thy health lies here ; if she deny to give it,
 Force it ; imagine thou assault'st a towne
 Weak wall : too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
 Come, and (unseen) be witnesse to this batterie,
 How the coy strumpet yeelds.

Dor. Shall the boy stay, fir ?

Sap. No matter for the boy,
 Pages are us'd to these odd bawdy
 Shufflings, and indeed, are those
 Little young snakes in a Furies head
 Will sting worse then the great ones ;
 Let the Pimp stay.

Exeunt aside.

Dor. O guard me Angels,
 What Tragedy must begin now ?

Ant. When a Tyger
 Leaps into a timorous heard, with ravenous Jaws,
 Being hunger starv'd, what tragedy then begins ?

Dor. Death, I am happy so ; you hitherto
 Have still had goodness spar'd within your eyes,
 Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not Mistressse,
 If he dare offer violence, we two
 Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose fir, your eye
 Bears danger in it ?

Ant. I must.

Dor. What ?

Sap. Speak it out.

Ant. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. Plague a your trees.

Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think
 ever) tasted.

Sap. A souldier and stand fumbling so.

Dor. O kill me, *Kneels.*
 And heaven will take it as a sacrifice,

But if you play the Ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.

Sap. Let her swallow thee.

Ant. Rife ; for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour ; pleasures forc'd
Are unripe apples, fowr, not worth the plucking :
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I should seize upon you as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villany of man did ever act.

Sapritius breaks in and Macrinus.

Ang. Die happy for this language.

Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish ideot.

Mac. Dear fir, vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too ; both I think are
geldings :
Cold, phlegmatick bastard, th'art no brat of mine ;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire : a tempting whore
(For whom th'art mad) thrust even into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling ? Had a Tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his crosse capers,
Had ruffled her by this ; but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Shalt tear thy flesh in peeces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

Ant. What will you do, dear fir ?

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would
learn
In lesse then half an hour, to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Macr. A slave is to me, what now ?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh

Enough to ply thy labour : from what countrie
Wert thou tane prifoner, here to be our flave ?

Slave. From Brittain.

Sap. In the Weft Ocean ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An Ifland ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I am fitted ; of all nations

Our Roman fwords ever conquer'd, none comes near
The Brittain for true whoring : firrah fellow,
What wouldft thou do to gain thy Liberty ?

Sla. Do ! Liberty ! Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck a ftandard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ! I'de thus
Beft ride a rampire, and defiance spit
I'th face of death, then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his carreer backward, to pafh
Me with his horns in peeces : to shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodft thou on this dry fhore, I on a rock
Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die my felf : What is for man to do,
Ile venture on, to be no more a flave.

Sap. Thou fhalt then be no flave ; for I will fet
thee

Upon a peece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Brittain : drag that thing afide,
And ravifh her.

Slave. And ravifh her ! is this your manly
fervice ?

A Divel fcoms to doo 't ; tis for a beaft,
A villain, not a man : I am as yet
But half a flave ; but when that work is pafh,
A damned whole one, a black ugly flave,
The flave of all bafe flaves ; do't thy felf, Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too :
Bind him, and with a Baftinado give him
Upon his naked belly, 200. blows.

Sla. Thou art more slave then I. *Exit carried in.*

Dor. That power supernal, on whom waits my
foul,

Is Captain ore my chastity.

Ant. Good fir, give ore,

The more you wrong her, your selfe's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus down I
throw

Thy harlot thus by the hair, nail her to earth.

Call in ten slaves, let every one discover

What lust desires, and surfet here his fill :

Call in ten slaves.

Ang. They are come, fir, at your call.

Sap. Oh oh.

Falls down.

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*; he's not dead; my
Lord:

That Witch there.

Ant. 'Tis no Roman Gods can strike
These fearfull terrors: O thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpofe of my father.

Dor. I do.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou
Haft done this act infernall.

Dor. Heaven pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down
(I can no miracles work) yet from my foul,
Pray to those powers I ferve, he may recover,

The. He stirs, help, raise him up; my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheek is blasted.

Sap. Blasted! Where's the *Lamia*

That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; feize on her.

Dor. I'm here, do what you please.

The. Spurne her too 'th barre.

Dor. Come boy being there, more near to heaven
we are.

Sap. Kick harder, go out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloody hangman! thine own gods give thee breath,

Each of thy tortors is my severall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax, Hircius and Spungius.

Har. Do you like my service now, say am not I
A master worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the
soles of your dirtie boots, than wear the richest sute of
any infected Lord, whose rotten life hangs between
the 2. Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute! I would not give up the cloak
of your service, to meet the splay-foot estate of any
left-eyed knight above the Antipodes, because they are
unlucky to meet.

Har. This day Ile try your loves to me; 'tis
onely
But well to use the agility of your arms.

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.

Spun. Thoul't run into some hole.

Hir. If I meet one thats more than my match,
and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and
will creep on my knees.

Har. Hear me, my little teem of villains, hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on but soundly,
That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.

Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we must beat?

Har. Your mistress.

Hir. How! my mistresses! I begin to have a
Christians heart, made of sweet butter; I melt, I
cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; bum my
mistress!

Har. Y're Coxcombs, filly animals.

Hir. Whats that?

Har. Drones, Affes, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust

Your arms out to catch fortune ; say you fall off.

It must be done : you are converted Rascals,
And that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you money Christians,
And half fac'd Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-leather.

Hir. I doubt me I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meet,

Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you passe along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold : when you are dead,

Happy that man shall be can get a nail,
The paring——, nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The first thing I do, Ile take her ore the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where Ile hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine own ; stand by I must not

To see this done, great businessse calls me hence ;
He's made can make her curse his violence. *Exit.*

Spu. Fear it not fir, her ribs fhall be bafled.

Hir. Ile come upon her with rounce, robbled-hobble, and thwick thwack thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea led Prifoner, a guard attending, a hangman with cords in fome ugly fhape, fets up a Pillar in the middle of the ftage, Sapritius and Theophilus fit, Angelo by her.

Sap. According to our Roman cuftomes, bind That Chriftian to a Pillar.

The. Infernal furies,
Could they into my hand thruft all their whips
To tear thy flefh, thy foul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I fhould heap on thee,
For wrongs done me : me ! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods : yet (fo it ftand
To great *Cæſar's* Governours high pleaſure)
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any flight facrifce, or do but ſwear
By *Cæſar's* fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou ſhalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæſar's* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then are kingdoms in the world,
And all thoſe worlds drawn after him : I deſie
Your hangmen ; you now ſhew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready ?

Ang. Shrink not dear Miſtreſſe.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the buſineſſe.

Dor. You two ! whom I like foſtred children fed,
And lengthened out your ſtarved life with bread :
You be my hangman ! whom, when up the ladder
Death hal'd you to be ſtrangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tor-
mentors ?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

ſtrike at her : Angelo kneeling holds her faſt.

The. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaves.

Spun. Faster : I am out of breath I am sure ; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys ! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and in my sufferings
I fainting in no limb ! tyrants strike home
And feast your fury full.

The. These dogs are curs, *Come from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not : see my Lord, her face
Hath more bewitching beauty then before :
Proud whore, it smiles ; cannot an eye start out
With these ?

Hir. No sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of iron work.

Sap. Lets view the cudgels, are they not counterfeited.

Ang. There fix thine eye still ; thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome.
There fix thine eye still, when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses shall bear up thy feet :
There fix thine eye still. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, these bats have power to fell down gyants, yet her skin is not scarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are these.

The. Cannot these force a shreeke ? *Beats them.*

Spun. O ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her roare.

Beats & other, he roares.

Sap. Who hir'd these slaves ? What are they ?

Spun. We serve that noble Gentleman there, he entic'd us to this dry beating : oh for one half pot.

Har. My servants ! two base rogues, and sometimes servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us ! Master *Harpax*, what a diuel shall we be thus us'd ?

Har. What bandogs but you two, wud worry a woman ?

Your Mistresse ! I but clapt you, you flew on :
Say I should get your lives, each rascal begger
Would, when he met you, cry out hell hounds,
traitors

Spit at you, sling dirt at you, and no woman
Ever endure your fight : 'tis your best course
Now (had you secret kniues) to stab your selves,
But since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Har. 'Tis your best course.

The. Why stay they trifling here ?

To gallows drag them by the heels ; away.

Sp. By the heels ! No fir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my fight, away with me.

Har. Dispatch them. *Exeunt.*

Spu. The Diuel dispatch thee,

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph ; *Theophilus*,
See this witch made away too.

The. My foul thirsts for it ;

Come I my self thy hangmans part could play.

Dor. O hasten me to my Coronation day. *Exit.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.

Ant. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer ?
And heavenly beauty leaving this base earth,

To make a glad return from whence it came ?
Is it *Macrinus* ? *A scaffold thrust forth.*

Mac. By this preparation
You well may rest assur'd, that *Dorothea*
This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman ;
Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light, and her :
For she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's *Cymcrian* darknesse.

Mac. Strange affection !
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.

Ant. Nay weep not,
Though tears of friendship be a soveraign balm,
On me they are cast away; it is decreed
That I must die with her, our clue of life
Was spun together.

Mac. Yet fir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who hearing onely what she suffers,
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To adde to calamitie, an eye-witnesse
Of her last tragick scene, which must pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.

Ant. O *Macrinus*,
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at, being to die too :
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Then what is made sharp by my constant love,
And true affection ; it may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursu'd her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remembred
Among her blessed actions, and what honour
Can I desire beyond it ?

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a headfman before her, followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

See ſhe comes,
How ſweet her innocence appears, more like
To heaven itſelf, then any ſacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter, the ſight makes me doubtfull
In my beleef ; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be ſerv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kind, that to maintain
Their power, deface the maſter-peece of nature,
Which they themſelves come ſhort of : ſhe aſcends,
And every ſtep, raiſes her neerer heaven.
What god ſo ere thou art, that muſt enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundleſſe happineſſe.

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will,
And we were left to ſerve him, not command him.

Ant. Good ſir be not offended, nor deny
My laſt of pleaſures, in this happy object
That I ſhall ere be bleſt with.

The. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou ſerv'ſt to ſave thee,
Not all the riches of the ſea, increas'd
By violent ſhipwracks, nor the unfearched mines,
Mammons unknown exchequer, ſhall redeem thee :
And therefore having firſt with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleaſures and delights : laſtly, to go
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell ;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the *Elizian* joies thou mightſt have taſted,
Hadſt thou not turn'd Apoſtata to thoſe gods
That ſo reward their ſervants, let deſpair

Prevent the hangmans fword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Ant. She smiles,
Vnmov'd by *Mors*, as if she were assur'd
Death looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

The. Derided too? Dispatch I say.

Dor. Thou fool
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of :
What is this life to me, not worth a thought ;
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it
To win a better : even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world ;
Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easie price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
No joint benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.
Forget for shame your Tempe ; burie in
Oblivion, your fain'd *Hesperian* Orchards :
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require *Hercules* to get it
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The power I serve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elizian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.

Ant. O take me thither with you.

Dor. Trace my steps
And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With mine own hands
He rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.

The. By no means,
Let him go with her ; do seduc'd young man,

And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
 And when you come to that imagin'd place,
 That place of all delights, pray you obserue me.
 And meet those curf'd things I once call'd daughters,
 Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,
 If there be any truth in your religion,
 In thankfullnesse to me, that (with care) hasten
 Your journey thither, pray send me some
 Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of,

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute, dam thy self?

The. The gates to hell are open.

Do. Know thou tyrant

Thou agent for the diuel thy great master,
 Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
 I can and will.

Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.

Har. O! mountains fall upon me,
 Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
 Where light may never find me.

The. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

The. *Harpace*, my *Harpace*, speak.

Har. I dare not stay:

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
 Some whirlwind snatch me from this curf'd place,
 To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
 Hells torments are sweet slumbers. *Exit Harpace.*

Sap. Follow him.

The. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
 Thy charms upon my servant, curf'd witch,
 Gives thee a short reprieve: let her not die
 Till my return. *Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*

Ant. She minds him not: what object
 Is her eye fix'd on?

Mac. I see nothing.

Ant. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the power I serve,
(For thou art more then mortal) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation ? and vouchsafest
(Though glorified) to take my servants habit ;
For put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely *Angelo*.

Ang. Know I am the same,
And still the servant to your pietie.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tri'd your charity,
When in a beggars shape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you beleev'd) my famish'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes ; for in such habits often
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now ; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joyes eternall,
Your martyrdom once suffer'd ; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assur'd,
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments : since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it.
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have libertie.
Is there ought else ?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desir'd
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to ;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.

Mac. I am amaz'd.

Ant. I feel a holy fire.

That yeelds a comfortable heat within me :
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was ;
See I can stand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kisse.

Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

The. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.

Sap. Villain.

Ant. Sir I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

The. Ile quickly make a separation of 'em :
Hast thou ought else to say ?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardineffe in sending me to rest ;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight : strike, O strike quickly ;
And though you are unmov'd to see my death
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies.

Her head struck off.

Ant. O take my soul along to wait on thine.

Mac. Your son sinks too. *Antoninus sinks.*

Sap. Already dead !

The. Die all

That are, or favour this accursed sect :
I triumph in their ends ; and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcases, to orellook
The *Pyrenian* hills, but Ile root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world

No name of Christian.

*Loud musick: exit Angelo, having first laid
his hand upon their mouths.*

Sap. Ha, heavenly musick.

Mac. 'Tis in the air.

The. Illusions of the Divil,
Wrought by some witch of her Religion
That fain would make her death a miracle :
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have buriall, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some high-way,
And be to Vultures, a to dogs and prey. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus in his study. Books about him.

The. **I** S't holy-day (O *Cæsar*) that thy servant
(Thy Provost to see execution done
On these base Christians in *Cæsarea*)
Should now want work? sleep these Idolaters,
That none are stirring? As a curious Painter, *Rises.*
When he has made some admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweetned, and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship.—So here *sits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloudy Lantskips
(Long past wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances. *Book.*
My Muster-book of Hell-hounds; were the Christians,
(Whose names stand here) alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hindges. What I have done
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried

With violence of zeal, and streams of service
 I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain*, what
 A thousand wives with brats sucking their breasts,
 Had hot Irons pinch 'em off, and thrown to swine;
 And then their fleshy back-parts hewed with hatchets,
 Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed starv'd
 Christians.

Ha, ha.

Agen, agen,—*East-Anglas*,—oh, East-Angles
 Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
 rooo. British Rascals, flyed up, fat
 Of purpose stript naked, and disarm'd.
 I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
 To sit at these sweet bul-baitings, so I could
 Thereby but one Christian win to fall
 In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred
 Eyes boar'd with Augurs out: oh! eleven thousand
 Torn by wild beasts; two hundred ram'd i'th earth
 To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
 But far enough for reaching; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Rife*,
 Tush, all these tortures are but philliping, *Consort*.
 Flea-bitings; I, before the destinies *Enter Angelo with*
 My bottome did wind up, would flesh my self *a basket*
 Once more upon some one remarkable *filld with fruit*
 Above all these; this Christian slut was well, *and*
 A pretty one: but let such horror follow *flowers*.
 The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
 Shall heare it, her foundation at the found
 May feel an earth-quake. How now? *Musick*.

Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir—so great a Roman
 spirit

And does it tremble!

The. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business?

Ang. To you:

I had a mistress late sent hence by you
 Upon a bloody errand, you entreated
 That when she came into that blessed Garden
 Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)

She feeds upon all joy, she would fend to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promise fav'd, are brought by me.

The. Cannot I see this Garden ?

Ang. Yes if the Master

Will give you entrance.

Angelo vanishesth.

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,

And the most bright cheek'd child I ever view'd ;
Sweet smelling goodly fruit ; what flowers are these ?
In *Dioclesians* Gardens, the most beauteous,
Compar'd with these, are weeds ; is it not February ?
The second day she died ? Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the beard of Winter ; where's the fun
That guilds this summer ; pretty sweet boy, say, in
what Country

Shall a man find this garden—, my delicate boy, gone !

Vanished !

Within there, *Julianus* and *Geta*.—

Enter two servants.

Both. My Lord.

The. Are my gates shut ?

1. And guarded.

The. Saw you not—a boy ?

2. Where ?

The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000 blessings
danc'd upon his eyes, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing,
that brought this basket.

1. No sir.

Exeunt.

The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you.
No ! vanish'd, and not seen ! be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essentiall, and how ere it grows,
Will taste it.

Eats.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Harpax within.

The. So good, ile have some more sure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great lickorish fool.

The. What art thou ?

Har. A Fisherman.

The. What doest thou catch ?

Har. Souls, fouls, a fish call'd fouls.

Enter a servant.

The. Geta.

1. My Lord.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *within.*

The. What insolent slave is this dares laugh at me ?

Or what ift the dog grins at fo ?

1. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom ; for there is none without, but my fellow *Julianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. Jupiter ! all within me is not well, And yet not sick.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *lowder.*

The. What's thy name slave ?

Har. Go look. *At one end.*

1. 'Tis *Harpax* voice.

The. Harpax ? go, drag the caitiff to my foot, That I may stamp upon him.

Har. Fool, thou lieft. *At tother end.*

1. Hee's yonder now, my Lord.

The. Watch thou that end, Whilft I make good this.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. *At the middle.*

Theoph. Hee's at Barli-break, and the last couple are now in hell : *exit servant.*

Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloody, And pav'd with thousands of those Christians eyes

Whom I have tortur'd, and they stare upon me.

What was this apparition ? sure it had

A shape Angelical ; mine eyes (though dazled

And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore

A pair of glorious wings ; yes they were wings,

And hence he flew ; 'tis vanished. *Jupiter*

For all my sacrifices done to him

Never once gave me smile ; how can stone smile,
Musick.

Or wooden image laugh ? ha ! I remember
Such musick gave a welcome to my ear,
When the fair youth came to me : 'tis in the air
Or from some better place ; a power divine,
Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd ore,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.

Har. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*

The. Agen ? what dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left ! some Angel hath me fed ;
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. *Eats another.*

*Enter Harpax in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of
the study.*

Har. Hold.

The. Not for *Cæsar*.

Har. But for me thou shalt.

The. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
You powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,
Guard me : what art thou ?

Har. I'm thy master.

The. Mine.

Har. And thou my everlasting slave : that *Harpax*,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.

The. Avant.

Har. I will not ; cast thou down
That basket with the things in 't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drink
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gon.

The. My fruit !

Does this offend thee ? see.

Har. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll peece-meal tear thee.

The. Art thou with this affrighted ? see, here's
more. *flowers.*

Har. Fling them away, Ile take thee elfe and
hang thee
In a contorted chain of Ificles
I'th frigid Zone : down with them.

The. At the bottome.

One thing I found not yet, fee *a crosse of flowers.*

Har. Oh, I'me tortur'd.

The. Can this do't? hence, thou Fiend infernal,
hence.

Har. Clasp *Jupiters* Image, and away with that.

The. At thee ile fling that *Jupiter* ; for me thinks
I ferve a better Master : he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on by thee ;
By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the axe nor me,
But sends these presents to me ; and ile travel
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg forgiveness.

Har. No, ile bind thee here.

The. I ferve a strength above thine : this small
weapon

Me thinks is armour hard enough.

Har. Keep from me. *sinks a little.*

The. Art posting to thy center? down, hel-hound,
down.

Me hast thou loft ; that arm which hurls thee hence, !
Save me, and fet me up the strong defence
In the fair Christians quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there ;
Nor be thou shaken with a *Cæsars* voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it ; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean, and more white then snow ;
And to that Garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee ; spread this brave wing

And serve then *Cæsar* a far greater King.

The. It is, it is some Angel ; vanish'd again !

Oh come back, ravishing boy, bright messenger ;

Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)

Illumined all my soul : Now look I back

On my black tyrannies, which as they did

Out-dare the bloudest, thou blest spirit that leads
me,

Teach me what I must do, and to do well,

That my last act the best may paralell.

Exit.

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon,
meeting Artemia ; *attendants.*

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Triumphant *Cæsar*.

Dioc. Let thy wish (fair daughter)

Be equally divided ; and hereafter

Learn thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,

Whose power, with mine united, makes one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,

The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,

As love, and Empire, I should say, till now

I nere had seen a Lady I thought worthy

To be my Mistressse.

Art. Sir, you shew your self

Both Courtier and Souldier ; but take heed,

Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,

Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant,

Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,

You may encounter such a powerfull one,

That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,

Though bound in ribs of Ice ; love still is love,

His Bow and Arrows are the same ; great *Julius*,

That to his successors let the name of *Cæsar*,

Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes

Beheld the large Plains of *Pharsalia*, cover'd

With the dead Carcasses of Senators

And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew

No other Lord but him, struck deep in years too,
 (And men gray hair'd forget the lufts of youth)
 After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
 A suppliant to the Magick of her eye,
 Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive ;
 Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
 (But by the gods you are most excellent)
 Your gravity and discretion would overcome me,
 And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
 To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
 Wealth, title, Empire, that my sword hath purchas'd.

Dioc. This meets my wishes : welcome it, *Artemia*,

With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget
 That *Antoninus* ever was ; thy fate
 Referv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Ep. This happy match brings new nerves to give
 strength

To our continued league.

Maced. *Hymen* himself
 Will bless this marriage, which we will solemnize
 In the presence of these Kings.

Pon. Who rest most happy,
 To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
 Peace to the Empire.

Dioc. We much thank your loves :
 But where's *Sapritius* our Governour,
 And our most zealous Provost, good *Theophilus* ?
 If ever Prince were blest in a true servant,
 Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
 Both they, and we, stand far engag'd to cherish
 His piety and service.

Art. Sir, the Governour
 Brooks sadly his sons losse, although he turn'd
 Apostata in death ; but bold *Theophilus*,
 Who, for the same cause, in my presence seal'd
 His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
 Having with tortures first tried to convert her,

Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loose her head.

Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.

Art. 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highness laughter,
Then the least pitié.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Dioc. To that end I would hear it.

Art. He comes, with him the governour.

Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderneffe ;
But yet remembering that you are a father,
I will forget it : good *Theophilus*,
I will speak with you anone : nearer your ear.
to Sapritius.

The. By *Antoninus* soul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,
Receive my signet, by the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow ?

The. Hasten then to the port,
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny ;
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Diet
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travel : leave me here ;
There is a scene that I must act alone.
Hasten good *Macrinus*, and the great God guide you.

Mac. He undertak't, there's something prompts me
to it,

'Tis to save innocent blood, a Saint-like act ;
 And to be mercifull, has never been
 By mortal men themselves esteemed a sin. *Exit Mac.*

Dioc. You know your charge.

Sap. And will with care observe it.

Dioc. For I professe, he is not *Cæsars* friend,
 That sheds a tear for any torture that
 A Christian suffers : welcome, my best servant,
 My carefull zealous Provost, thou hast toild
 To satisfie my will, though in extreame,
 I love thee for't ; thou art firm rock, no changeling :
 Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
 Without excesse of bitternesse, or scoffes,
 Before my brother and these Kings, how took
 The Christian her death.

The. And such a presence
 Though every private head in this large room
 Were circl'd round with an imperiall crown,
 Her story will deserve, it is so full
 Of excellency and wonder.

Dioc. Ha ! how's this ?

The. O mark it therefore, and with that attention,
 As you would hear an Embassie from heaven
 By a wing'd Legate ; for the truth delivered,
 Both how and what this blessed virgin suffered :
 And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
 You will rise up with reverence ; and no more,
 As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
 What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
 Which lying *Greece* so boasts of ; your own Matrons,
 Your *Roman* Dames, whose figures you yet keep
 As holy relicks, in her history
 Will find a second Urn : *Gracchus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in death desir'd to follow
 Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*,
 That swallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
 Though all their several worths were given to one,
 With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad ?

Dioc. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly.
This did no more.

The. They out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life : this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash *Gracchi* were ; nor was this Saint
A doting mother, as *Cornelia* was :
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious ; but aiming
At an immortall crown, and in his cause
Who onely can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministring Angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven ; who entertain'd it
With choice celestial musick, equall to
The motion of the spheres, she uncompe'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*
You were present at her death, did you ere heare
Such ravishing sounds ?

Sap. Yet you said then it was witchcraft,
And divellish illusions.

The. I then heard it
With sinfull ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Dietie, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him,

Dio. Why dost thou now ? Or dar'st thou in our
hearing ?

The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage should they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly ;
I am a Christian, and the powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Dioc. Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes
thee)

Thou could'st not else, thy pilgrimage of life
 Being almost pass'd through in the last moment,
 Destroy what ere thou hast done good or great ;
 Thy youth did promise much, and grown a man,
 Thou made'st it good, and with encrease of years
 Thy actions still better'd : as the Sun
 Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
 In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
 When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
 Wilt thou fall like a Meteor ?

Sap. Yet confess
 That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
 Had no agreement.

Max. Do, no way is left else,
 To save thy life, *Theophilus*.

Dio. But refuse it,
 Destruction as horrid and as sudden
 Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
 And thou wert sinking thither.

The. Hear me yet,
 Hear for my service past.

Art. What will he say ?

The. As ever I deserv'd your favour, hear
 me,
 And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I sue for ;
 Nor is it fit, that I, that nere knew pitie
 To any Christian, being one my self,
 Should look for any : no, I rather beg
 The utmost of your cruelty ; I stand
 Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths ;
 And were it possible that I could die
 A day for every one, then live again
 To be again tormented, 'twere to me
 An easie penance, and I should passe through
 A gentle cleansing fire ; but that denied me,
 It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
 My fate is, you would have no pitie on me :
 In mine own house there are a thousand engines

Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his Brazen Bull,
The horridst you can find, and I will say
In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Despair not,
In this thou shalt prevail ; go fetch 'em hither :

Some go for the rack.

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning pinfords torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind : fetch all the Christians
That are in hold and here, before his face,
Cut 'em in pieces.

The. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I ever did ;
They are remov'd out of thy reach ; how ere
I was determin'd for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Dioc. Bind him I say,
Make every artery and finew crack,
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,
Shall have ten thousand Drachms : wretch I'll force
thee

To curse the power thou worship'st.

The. Never, never,
No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him,

They torment him.

But what shall speak his Majesty or mercy :
I am honour'd in my sufferings ; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more : alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorn :
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here are arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me.

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan
To witnesse he has feeling.

Dioc. Harder villains.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Unlesse that he blaspheme, he's lost for
ever :

If torments ever could bring forth despair,

Let these compell him to it : oh me

My ancient enemies again. *falls down.*

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her
Robe, a Crown upon her head, lead in by the Angel,
Antoninus, Caliste, and Christeta, following all in
white, but lesse glorious, the Angel with a Crown
for him.*

The. Most glorious Vision,
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dream
So heavenly as this ? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed spirits, and make hast
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me ; death, till this blest minute
I never thought thee so pac'd, nor could I
Haften thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keepst me from a glorious wreath,
Which, through this stormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, blessed spirits I come,
And witnesse for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a souldier in the Christian wars. *dies.*

Sap. I have seen thousands tortur'd, but ne're
yet

A constancy like this.

Har. I am twice damn'd.

The Virgin Martir.

91

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, curfed fiend,
In spite of hell this fouldier's not thy prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that haft loft the day.

Exit Angelo, the divell finks with lightning.

Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt,
Yet I ftand ftill unmov'd, and wil go on ;
The perfecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence fhall run.

Flourish. Excunt.

FINIS.



Brittannia's Honor :

Brightly Shining in feuerall Magnificent
Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of
the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE,

At his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Ho-
nourable Citty of *London*, on Wednesday,
October the 29th. 1628.

At the particular Cost, and Charges of the Right Worship-
full, Worthy, and Ancient Society of *Skinners*.

Mart. lib. 7, Ep. 5. *Rurfus Io, Magnos clamat noua-Troia Triumphos.*

Inuented by THO. DEKKER.

Imprinted at *London* by *Nicholas Okes* and *John Norton*. 1628.



To the Right Hono-

rable *Richard Deane* Lord Maior of the
most Renowned City of *London*: And to the
two worthy Sheriffes, Mr. *Rowland Backhouse*,
and Mr. *William Acton*.

Honorable Prætor :
Noble Consuls.

¶ *Ou are (this Yeare) the Subiect of my Verse,*
 In You lye hid the Fires which heate my
 Braines,
 To you, my Songs Triumphant I rehearse :
From you, a thanks brings in a golden Gaines,
 Since You are then the Glory of my Muse,
 But You, whom can shee for her Patrons chuse ?

Whilst I rest,

Devoted

To your Lordship,

And Worships

In all seruice,

Tho. Dekker.



Brittannia's Honor :

Brightly shining in feuerall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE, at his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honorable Citty of *London*, on Wenfday the 29. of *October*. 1628.



What *Honor* can bee greater to a *Kingdome*, than to haue a *Citty* for *beauty*, able to match with the *Fairest* in the *World*? A *Citty*, renowned Abroad, admired at Home. *London*, and her Royall Daughter (*Westminster*) are the *Representatiue* body of the *general State*; for, here our *Kings* and *Queenes* keepe their Courts; heere are our *Princes*, the *Peeres*, *Nobility*, *Gentry*, Lords *Spirituell* and *Temporall*, with the Numerous *Communality*.

London in *Forraine* Countries is called the *Queene* of Cities, and the *Queene-mother* ouer her owne. She is her *Kings Chamber-royall*, his *Golden-Key*: His *Store-house*: The *Magazine* of *Merchandize*; the *Mistress* of *Sciences*; a *Nurse* to all the *Shieres* in *England*.

So famous shee is for her *Buildings*, that *Troy* has leap'd out of her own *Cinders*, to build Her *Wals*. So remarkable for *Priority* and *Power*, that hers is the Master-wheele of the whole *Kingdome*: As that moues, to the *maine* Engine works.

London is *Admirall* ouer the *Navy* royall of Cities : And as she sayles, the whole *Fleete* of them keepe their course.

Fully to write downe all the *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Honors* of this our *Metropolis*, would weary a 1000. penne : *Apollo* shall haue a *New* Garland of *Bayes*, to vndertake it.

As thus in State, shee her selfe is *Glorious* ; so haue all our Kings held it fit to make her chiefe *Ruler* eminent, and answerable to her *greatnesse*. The *Prætorian* Dignity is therefore come from the ancient *Romans*, to inueest with Robes of Honor, our *Lord Maior* of *London* : Their *Consuls* are our *Sheriefes* ; their *Senators* our *Aldermen*.

The extention of a Lord Maiors power, is euery yeare to bee seene both by Land and Water : Downe as low as *Lee* in *Effex* : Vp, as high as *Stanes* in *Middlesex* : In both which places, he keepe personall Courts. His House is a *Chancery* : He the *Chancellor* to mittigate the fury of Law : Hee the *Moderator* betweene the griping *Rich* and the wrangling *Poore*.

All the *City-Orphans* call him *Father* : All the *Widdowes* call him their *Champion*. His *Table* lyes spread to *Courtiers*, and *Free* to all Gentlemen of fashion.

More to Proclaime his Greatnesse, what *Vice-roy* is install'd with louder popular acclamations ? What *Deputie* to his Soueraigne goes along with such *Triumphes* ? To behold them, *Kings*, *Queenes*, *Princes*, and *Embassadors* (from all parts of the World) haue with *Admiration*, reioyced.

These *Triumphall passages* are full of *Magnificence* for State, *Munificence* for Cost, and *Beneficence* for doing good. For, besides all the twelue *Companies*, (euery one of which is a gayner by this imployment :) it would puzzle a good memory to reckon vp all those *Trades-men* (with other extraordinary Professions which liue not in the City) who get money by this Action.

Then by this meanes, are euery Yeare added to those that were before, three Faire, Spacious, and Pallacious Houses, Beautified, Painted, and Adorned.

The Lord Maior of *London* (like a Prince) hath likewise his Variety of Noble Recreations: As Hunting, Shooting, Wrafling, before him, and such like.

Thus hauing (as it were in Lantschip) a farre off shewne you the Toppes onely of our *City-Buildings*; and in a little Picture drawne the Face of her *AuthORITY*, giuing but a glimpse of her *Prætor* as hee passeth by; let mee now open a Booke to you, of all those Ceremonies, which this great *Festiual* day hath provided to Attend vpon him, and doe him Honor.

The first Shew, is called a Sea-Consort.

The first Salutation being on the Water, is furnished with Persons and Properties fitting the quality of that Element. An Artificiall *Rocke* therefore is quaintly contriued: On whose highest Ascent sits *Amphitrite* Queene of the Seas, habited to her State; a Mantle fringed with siluer crossing her Body: Her hayre long, and dishevelled, on her head, a phantasticke dressing made out of a Fishes writhen shell, interwoven with Pearle, the shell is siluer, on the top of it stands an Artificiall moouing Tortoyse: On each side of her, swimme two *Mermaides*. These two inticed by the variety of feuerall instruments (ecchoing to one another) haue followed the Sea-Soueraigne, and waite vpon her, as Maides of Honor.

Round about the Rocke are Sea-Nymphes, and in places conuenient for them are bestowed our three famous Riuers, *Humber*, *Trent*, and *Seuerne*, aptly attired according to the quality of such Marine Persons, who play vpon Cornets.

Amphitryte is the Speaker. From whom are
deliuered these lines.

Hail worthy Prætor, (*Haile Graue Senators*)
The Queene of Waues (*leauing Gray Neptunes*
Bowres)
Waites here (*Faire Lord*) *to ferue you.* *Fames Re-*
port,
(*So farre as old Oceanus Christall Court*)
What Tryumphes Ceremony forth would Call
To Swell the Ioyes of This Grand Festiuall,
Intic'de me with my Mermaydes and a Traine
Of Sea-Nymphes hither. Here (this day) shall
Reigne
Pleasures in State Maiesticke: And to lend
A brighter Splendor to them, do Attend
Three of my Noblest Children, Humber, Trent,
And Seuerne (Glorious made by Punishment.)
The Siluer-footed Thames (my eldest sonne)
To Grace your Tryumphes, by your Barge shall runne.
Your Fortunes (led by a white-handed Fate
Vp to this High Fame) I Congratulate:
Glad am I to behold you Thus Set Round
With Glories. Thus with Acclamations Crownd,
So Circled, and Hemd in, on Euery side
With Echoing Musicke, Fishes euen take pride
To Swimme along, and listen, Goe, and Take
The Dignity staves for you, Whilst I make
Smooth way Before you, on This Glaszy Floore,
Vshering your glad Arriuall to the Shore.
To Honors Temple now you haue not farre,
Hye, and Come backe more Great than yet you Are.
On,

And so the Cornets playing one to Another, they
goe forward. If her *Maiestie* be pleased on the
Water, or Land, to Honor These Tryumphes with her
Prefence; This following Speech in *French* is then

deliuered to her, with a Booke of the Presentations,
All the Couer, being fet thicke with *Flowre de Lucas*
in Gold.

MADAME,

VOicy, maintenant les Quatre Elements qui vos
Attendent pour vous faire Honneur. L'eau est
Couuerte de Triomphes flottans, pour Dancer en L'Air :
Et L'Air est Remply de Mille Echos, & Retentit de la
doulce Musique, que leur voix resonance, pour Attirer vos
oreilles fauorables à les Escouter. Puis vous auez sur
la Terre dix mille Mains qui vous Applaudissent pour
Ioy & Allegresse quelles ressentent de voir vostre Maïeste
dans la Ville. L'Element du Feu, Bruit & Tonne
vostre Bien Venue. Vos Subjects accourent à grand
Fouille, ravis de voir les Graces qui ont choisi leur
Throsne sur vostre Front. Toutes les Delices d'Amour
se Iouënt sur vos paupieres, La Rose d'Angleterre, & les
Fleurs de lis de France S'entrebaïsent sur le Vermeil de
vos Iouës. Soyez Saine comme le printemps, Glorieuse
comme L'Este, Autant Fructueuse que la vigne. Que
Seurte garde, & Enuironne vostre Chariot le Iour :
Et le Sommeil dore Dresse & orne vostre Chambre de
Nuict. Viuez longuement : Viuez Heureuze : Viuez
aïmee, & Cherie. Bonte vous garde ; Vertu vous
Couronne ; Et les Anges vous guident.

Thus Englished.

ROYALL LADY,

BEhold, the foure Elements waite vpon you to do
you Honor : *Water* hath prouided Floating
Tryumphes to Dance in the *Aire* : In the *Aire* are a
Thousand Ecchoes with Musick in their Mouthes, to
Intice you to heare them : On the Shore shall ten
thousand paire of hands giue you Plaudits in the
Citty : The Element of *Fire*, Thunders aloud your

welcomes. Thronges of Subjects here, are glad to see the *Graces* Inthroad on your *Forehead*: All the *Delicacies* of *Loue*, playing on your *Eye-lids*, The *Roses* of *England*, and the *Lillies* of *France*, Kissing one Another on your *Cheekes*. Be you healthfull as the *Spring*; Glorious as *Summer*: Fruitfull as the *Vine*: Safety runne along your *Chariot* by Day; *Golden Slumbers* dresse vp your *Chamber* at Night.

<i>Liue long,</i>	<i>Goodnesse</i> Guard you,
<i>Liue happy,</i>	<i>Vertues</i> Crowne you,
<i>Liue beloude ;</i>	<i>Angels</i> Guide you.

The second Presentation, *New Troyes Tree of Honor.*

A *Person* in a rich *Romane* Antique Habit, with an ornament of Steeples, Towers, and Turrets on her head, Sits in a quaint Arbor, Interwouen with seuerall Branches of Flowers.

In her *Left* hand, she holds a golden Truncheon (leaning on the ground) to shew that shees a *Leader & Conductresse* of a *Mighty People*: Her *Right Hand* (thrusting through the *Arbor*) takes hold of a Tree, out of which spread *Twelue Maine* and *Goodly Branches*.

This *Lady* (thus sitting) Represents *London*: The Tree (guarded, and supported by her) The 12. *Superior Companies*.

Vpon euery particular *Branch*, is bestowed the *Armes* of some One of the *Twelue*, exprest in the True Cullors within a faire shield. The highest *Branch* of all (as ouer-topping the Rest at *This Time*) bearing the *Armes* of the *Skinners* in a more large and glorious *Escuchion*.

Among the *Leaues* in the *Top*, is a *Tablet*, in which is written, in letters of gold, *Viuite Concordes, Liue in Loue*: or *Agree in one*.

Ouer the *Person*, Representing *London*, is likewise Inscribed in golden Capitals, This,

Me cunctus Lauro perducit ad astra Triumphus.

Each Triumph Crown'd with Bayes,
Mee to the Starres does raize.

In places conuenient, and in a Triangular forme, vnder the twelue branches of the Tree, are seated *Minerua*, (Inuentresse and Patroneffe of Artes, Handycrafts, and Trades) in Ornaments proper to her quality: And not farre from her, is *Bellona* goddesse of Warre, in a Martiall habit, on her head a Helme and Plume, in her hands a golden Speare and Shield, with *Medusaes* head. Heereby intimating, that both *Artes* and *Armes*, are (in a high degree and fulnesse of honor,) nurc'd vp and maintain'd by and in the City: And, that either of them flourish brauely vnder the shaddow and protection of the *twelue Branches*, shooting forth from that. *New Troy's Tree of Honor.*

Vpon a border of Flowers, inclosing this Tree, are fitly bestowed the *Armes* of as many of the inferior Companies in lesse Escucheons, as for the quantity of roome, can there be hanfomely placed.

Within the same Border, (where lesse Trees also grow) are presented *Peace*, *Religion*, *Ciuill Government*, *Iustice*, *Learning*, *Industry*, and close to *Industry*, *Honor*. For as all these are golden Columnnes, to beare vp the *Glories* of the City, so is the City an indulgent and carefull Mother, to bring vp them to their Glories. And as these *twelue Noble Branches* couer these Persons, (as it were with the wings of Angels,) so the Persons watch day and night to defend the *twelue Branches*.

These Persons are adorned fitting their state and condition, and hold such properties in their hands, as of right belong vnto them.

1. *Peace* hath a *Doue* on her fist, and a *Palme-tree Branch* in her hand.

2. *Religion* is in a white glittering roabe, with a *Coronet of Starres* on her head, holding in one hand,

a Booke open, in the other, a golden ladder, (emblem of prayer, by whose steppes wee climbe to Heauen.)

3. *Ciuill Government* is in a roabe full of eyes, and a Dyall in her hand to expresse her Vigilance: For shee must watch euery houre, and keepe all eyes open, yet all little enough.

4. *Iustice* holds a Sword.

5. *Learning* a Booke, and a *Iacobs Staffe*.

6. *Industry*, a golden Hammer, and a Sea-mans Compasse, as taking paines to get wealth, both by Sea and Land.

7. *Honor* fits in Scarlet.

The Person, in whom is figured *London*, is the *Speaker*, who thus salutes his Lordship.

TEn thousand welcomes Greeete you on the shore,
 (My long expected Prætor,) O before
 You looke on Others, fixe your eyes on Mee,
 On Mee, your second Mother, (London.) Shee
 Whom all Great Brittaines Citties, stile their Queene,
 For still I am, and haue her Darling beene.
 The Christian World, in Me, reads Times best stories,
 And Reading, fals blind at my dazling Glories,
 But now the Snow of age, couers my head:
 As therefore you, by Mee haue vp bin bred,
 You (Sir) must Nurse me now: With a quicke eye
 View then my Tree of Honor, branching high
 For hundreds of past yeares, with 12. large Stems,
 Twelue Noble Companies, which like 12. Iems
 So shine, they adde new Sun-beames to the Day:
 Guard all these 12. maine-Boughes; but you must lay
 A soft hand, on the Topping-branch, for there
 (Thriue the Roote well) your Selfe grows at this yeare:
 The lesser twigges which lowly runne along
 My tall Trees-Border, you must shield from wrong,
 There the poore Bee, (the sweating Trades-man) flies
 From Flower to Flower, and home with Honey hyes.
 With me Minerua, and Bellona come,

*For Artes and Armes, must at your Board haue roome,
Your Gates will spread, the Rich to entertaine,
But whilst the Mighty ones within remaine,
And feast: Remember at the same Gate stands
The Poore, with crying Papers in their hands,
To watch when Iustice vp the Glasse shall turne,
Let those sands runne, the Poore can neuer mourne.*

*Place in your eyes two Beacons; to descry
Dangers farre off, which strike ere home they flie;
Kisse Peace; let Order euer sleere the Helme,
Lift-handed Rule, a State does ouer-whelme.*

*You are your Soueraignes Gardner for one yeare,
The Plot of Ground, y'are trusted with, lies here,
(A Citty,) and your care must all bee spent,
To prune and dresse the Tree of Gouvernement.*

*Lop off Disorders, Faſtions, Mutiny,
And Murmurations against those sit high,
May your yeares last day, end as this begins,
Sphaer'd in the loues of Noble Citizens.*

Our third presentation is call'd, *The
Glory of Furies.*

THIS is a *Chariot Triumphant*, garnished with
Trophies of Armors. It is drawne by two
Luzernes, The Supporters of the Skinners Armes. On
the two *Luzernes* ride two Antickes, who dance to a
Drum beating before them, there aptly placed. At
the vpper end of this Chariot, in the most eminent
Seate, carrying the proportion of a Throne, are
aduanced a *Russian Prince* and *Princesse*; richly
habited in Furies, to the custome of the Country.

1. Vnder them, sits an old Lord, Furred vp to his chin in a short cloake.
2. By him, a Lady with Martin skinner about her necke, and her hands in a Muffe.
3. Then, a *Judge* in Robes Furred.
4. Then, an Vniuersity *Doctor*, in his Robes furred.

5. Then, a *Frow* in a short furred Caffocke, girt to her.

6. Then a *Skipper* in a furred Cap.

In all these Persons, is an implication of the necessary, ancient, and general use of *Furres*, from the highest to the lowest.

On the Top of this Throne, (at the foure corners) are erected the *Armes* of the *Citty*, in foure Pendants: On the point of the fore front, a large square Banner plaies with the wind, which *Fame* (who is in this Chariot,) holds in her hand, as she stands vpright, *Being the Speaker*.

Fame's turne is now to Speake; for who but Fame
Can with her thousand tongues abroad Proclaime,
Your this dayes Progresse (ruling like the Sunne,) *Which through the yearely Zodiacke on must runne.*

Fame hath brought hither from great Mosco's Court,
(The feauen-mouth'd Volga, spreading the report,) *Two Ruffian Princes, who to feast their eies,*
With the rich Wonders of these rarities,
Ride in this glorious Chariot: How amaze
They looke, to see streetes throng'd, and windowes glaz'd
With beauties, from whose eyes such beames are sent,
Here moues a second starry Firmament.

Much, on them, startling admiration winnes,
To see these Braue, Graue, Noble Citizens,
So stream'd in multitudes, yet flowing in State,
For all their Orders are Proportionate.

Russia, now enuies London, seeing (here) spent
Her richest Furies in graceful ornament,
More Braue, and more Abounding, than her owne:
A golden Pen he eernes, that can make knowne
The use of Furies, so Great, so Generall,
All men, may these, their Winter Armors call.

Th'inuention of warme Furies the Sunne did fret,
For Ruffians lap'd in these, slighted his heate,
Which seene, his fiery Steedes he droue from thence,
And so the Muff has dwelt in cold ere since.

*What royalties, adde Furies to Emperors, Kings,
Princes, Dukes, Earles, in the distinguishing,
Of all their feuerall Robes? The Furies worne here,
Aboue th' old Roman State make Ours appeare :
The reuerend Iudge, and all that climbe the trees
Of sacred Artes, ascend to their Degrees,
And by the colours chang'd of Furies are knowne :
What Dignity, each Corporation
Puts on by Furies, witnesse these infinite eyes,
Thanke then the bringers of these Rarities.*

*I wish (Graue Prætor) that as Hand in Hand,
Plenty and Bounty bring you safe to Land,
So, Health may be chiefe Caruer at that Board,
To which you hasten. Bee as Good a Lord
T' th' eyes of Heauen, as this day you are Great
In Fames applause: Hye to your Honor'd Seat.*

*The fourth Presentation is Called Brittannia's
Watch-Tower.*

THIS is a Magnificent Structure, Aduancing it
selfe from the Platforme, or Ground-worke
vpward, with the Bewty of eight Antique Termes, By
whose strength is supported a Foure square Building;
The Toppe of which is a Watch-Tower, or Lanthorne,
with eight Columnes of siluer: And, on the Highest
poynt of this Watch-Tower, is Aduanced a Banner,
bearing the Cullors of the Kingdome.

At foure Corners of the vpper Square, stand foure
Pendants; In which are the Armes of the foure Com-
panies of which his Lordship is Free.

At each end of this Platforme, stands a great
Corynthian Brazen Pillar, on a Pedestall of Marble.

On the *Capitals* of those Pillars, stand two *Angels*,
in Postures ready to flye: holding Garlands of Vic-
tory in one hand, stucke with White and Red Roses,
and Branches of Palme in the other.

The *Capitals* and *Bases* of the Pillars are Gold, and

are Emblemes of the two Houses of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*; once diuided, but now Ioyned into One Glorious Building, to Support this Royal Kingdom, & Consequently This Citty.

At Night, in place of the *Angels*, are set two Great Lights: and so is the Watch-Tower at that Time, Filled with lighted Tapers.

Vpon the same Square, in foure seuerall Places, are Aduanced foure stately Pyramides, being Figures, of the foure Kingdomes Embellished with Escutcheons.

In the vpper feate of all (fashioned into a *Throne*) is placed *Britannia*, Maiestically attirde, fitting to her Greatnesse.

Beneath Her, and round about her, are these Persons: *viz.* *Magnanimity* with a drawne Sword.

A *Shipwright* with a Mallet, holding a Scutcheon, in which is drawne a Ship vnder sayle. Then,

A person representing *Victory*, with a Palme Tree.

Providence with a Trumpet, ready to Foresee Dangers, and awaken Men to meete them.

All These haue bene, and still are, Watch-Towers, and Lanthornes, in the Nights of Feare and Trouble, to Guard the Kingdome, and in the Kingdome, This Citty.

In other Eminent places are seated some of those Kings of *England* (in Robes Ermynd) whose loues and Royall fauors, in former times were Watch-Towers to Grace *London*, stucke full with the Beames and Lights of Honors, Titles, Offices, Magistracies and Royalties, which they Bestowed vpon Her.

Edward Confessor, called *Londons* Chiefe Ruler, a Port-reue.

Richard I. appointed two Bayliffes ouer *London*.

King *Fohn* gaue the Citty a Lord Maior and two Sheriffes.

Henry 3. added Aldermen.

These were Tender ouer the Renowne of the Citty, and still heaped on her head, Royalties vpon Royalties.

And albeit most of our Kinges, haue in most of all of the twelue Companies, Entred their Names, as Free of the Societies, thereby to Royallize their Brotherhoods : And that many of our Kinges likewise, besides Princes and Great Personages, haue bin Free of *This Company*, whose Names I forbear to set downe, because they haue in former yeeres beene fully exprest : yet no Company, did euer, or can hereafter, receiue such Graces from Kinges, as *This Antient*, and *Honord Corporation of Skinners*, hath had, and still haue, In regard that All our Kinges and Princes, sit in their high Courts of Parliament in Robes Ermynd, (being the richest Furre) the workmanship of which goes through the *Skinners* fingers, wearing likewise vnder their Crownes, *Royall Caps* of Honor Ermynd.

Three of such Crownes, beeing the rich *Armes* of *This Company*, thereby expressing aswell their Honor, as Antiquity.

Britannia deliuers thus much.

S *Hall the Proud wife of Neptune, or shrill Fame,
Or Troynouant herselfe, Ring out your Name :
And I be Dumbe, or sparing, to Sound high,
The Glories of This Day ? No, They shall Fly
Like Soaring Eagles, to That Curled Maine
Whose Head my Rocky Bridle, In does Reyne :
The Great Britannia, Bred you in her Wombe,
Heare then a Mothers Counsell ; You are Come
Aboard a Goodly Ship, where all your State,
Fame, Honor and Renowne (Imbarqu'd) must waite
The voyage of twelue Moones. High Admirall
You are to All That Fleete, which Thus you Call
To sayle in This vast Ocean. Nor must you
Walke Heartlesse on the Hatches, Theres a New
State-Navigation, to be studied Now,
With an High-rear'd, Vndanted, Fixed Brow.*

*Be sure to haue Branc Ordnance, and Chargd well;
In this your Ship, Trust None, for Officers Sell
Their Capitaines Trust; let None but your owne
Eyes,*

Rule Chart and Compasse, There your Safety lyes.

*Your Owne Hands steere the Helme, But strongly
Steere,*

And spite of stormes, be stoute when you stand There.

*Embleme of Mercy! Your Keene sword does sleepe,
But why a Sword, if not to Kill, and Keepe
Vices (like Slaues) in Awe? Fulnesse of Wine
Is a Fowle Droppe, That and Lust Entwine:
Pride a Swolne Timpány, Sloth, the Beggars Goute,
(In Tradesmens Hands and Feete, It runnes about,)
No Cure for this! Oathes thicke as Small-shot flye
From Children, No Defence to Put this by!*

*You May, you Must. I Counsell not, but Reade
A Lesson of my loue; By which Loue led
He on, and Bring you to your Honor'd Chaire,
Whilst Aues (Round about you) Dance i' th' Aire.*

The last Presentation is called the Sun's Bower.

The vpper part of this, is adorned with seuerall Flowers, which interwouen together, dresse vp a comely *Greene Arbor*, in which the *Sunne* sits, with golden Beames about his Face; an Attire glittering like gold; and a mantle bright as his garment, fringed with gold, his haire curled and yellow. About him are plac'd *Spring, Summer, Autumne, and Winter*, in proper Habiliments. Beneath these, is a *Wilderneffe*, in which are many sorts of such *Beasts*, whose rich Skinnes serue for *Furres*: As the *Beare, Wolfe, Leopard, Luzerne, Cat-A-Mountaine, Foxes, Sables, Connies, Ferrets, Squirrels, &c.* Of these Beasts, some are climbing, some standing, some grinning, with liuely, naturall postures. In a Scrole, hanging on a Bough, This is written in Capitall letters.

Deus ecce Furentibus obstat.

See, for all some Beasts are fell,
There's one, that can their curftnesse quell.

Sol is the Speaker.

H *Eauens bright Orientall Gates I op'd this Morne,
And Hither wheeld my Chariot to adorne
These splendors with my Beames : nere did the Sun,
In his Cæstliall Circle faster runne
Than Now, to see these Sights : O how I ioy
To view a Kingdome, and a New-built Troy
So flourishing, so full, so faire, so deare
To th' Gods : they leaue Ioue's Court to reuell here.*

*All o're the World, I trauell in one Day,
Yet oft am forc'd to leaue my beaten way,
Frighted with Vproares, Battailes, Massacres,
Famines, and all that Hellish brood of Warres :*

*I meete no Peace but here. O blessed Land !
That seest fires kindling round, and yet canst stand
Vnburnt for all their flames ; O Nation blest !
When all thy Neighbours shrike, none wound thy brest.*

*To Crowne these toyes, with me are come along,
The foure Lords of the yeare, who by a strong
Knit Charme, bring in this goodly Ruffian prize,
As earnest of a more rich Merchandize :
Halfe of our Race, Time, and my Houres haue runne,
Nor shall they giue o're till the Goale be wonne.*

The Sunne at Night being couered with a vaile of
Darknesse : The Person, representing *London*, thus
takes leaue.

T *HE Sunne is mantled in thicke Clouds of Blacke,
And by his hidden Beames, threatens the wracke
Of all these Glories : Euery pleasure dyes
When Rauen-winged Night, from her Caue flies ;*

*None but these Artificiall Starres keepe fire
To Light you Home, these burne with a desire
To lengthen your braue Triumphes ; but their heate
Must coole, and dye at length, tho ne're so Great.*

*Peace therefore guide you on : Rest, charme your eyes,
And Honors waite to cheere you when you Rise.*

Let it be no Ostentation in *Me* the Inuentor, to speak thus much in praise of the workes, that for many yeares, none haue beene able to Match them for curiosity ; They are not Vast, but Neate, and Comprehend as much Arte for Architecture, as can be bestowed vpon such little Bodies. The commendations of which must liue vppon Mr. *Gerard Chrifmas* the Father, and Mr. *John Chrifmas* the Sonne.

FINIS.

Londons Tempe,

OR

THE FEILD OF HAPPINES.

In which Feild are planted feuerall Trees of magnificence,
State and Bewty, to celebrate the Solemnity of the
Right Honorable *James Campebell*, at his
Inauguration into the honorable Office
of Prætorship or Maioralty of
London, on Thursday the
29. of October,
1629.

All the particular Inventions for the Pageants, Showes of
Triumph, both by Water and Land, being here
fully fet downe. At the sole Cost, and
liberall Charges of the Right
worshipfull Society of
Ironmongers.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES CAMPBELL,
LORD MAIOR OF THE MOST RENOWNED
CITY OF LONDON.

HONORABLE PRÆTOR,

The Triumphes which these few leaues of paper present to your vew (albeit their glories are but short liued as glittering onely for a day), boldly shew their faces unto the eye of the world, as seruants attending on your Lordship onely to do you honor.

With much care, cost, and curiosity, are they brought forth; and with exceeding greatnesse of love, a free handed bounty of their purse, a noble and generous alacrity of spirit, have your worthy fraternity, and much to be honored brotherhood of *Ironmongers* bestowed them vpon you.

It much winnes vpon them to have such a cheife, and you cannot but be glad to have such a society: by a free election are you *Londons Prætor*; the suffrages of commoners call you to your seate. A succession to the place takes you by the hand, your industry hath met with blessings, those blessings given you ability, and that ability makes you fit for a magistrate.

Yet there is a musicke in your owne bosome whose strings being touchd, yeilds as harmonious a found to

you as all theife, and that is to fee your felfe heire to that patrician dignity with which your father was inuefted. It was an honor to him to weare that robe of fcarlet ; it is a double glory to you, in fo fhort an age to haue his fword borne before you.

You haue the voyce of fenators breathing out your welcome, a confluence of grave citizens, adding ftate to your ftate. The acclamations of people vihering you along. Whilft I (the leaft part of this triumphant day) fpend fuch fand as I haue, to help to fill up the hour glaffe, my feruice ronning.

Attending on your Lordfhip,

Thomas Dekker.



LONDONS TEMPE.

WERE it possible for a man, in the compasse of a day, to behold (as the sunne does) all the citties in the world, as if he went with walking beames about him; that man should neuer see in any part of the yeare, any citty so magnificently adorned with all sorts of tryumphes, variety of musicke, of brauery, of bewty, of feasting, of ciuill (yet rich) ceremonies, with gallant Lords and Ladies, and thronges of people, as London is enriched with, on the first day that her great Lord (or Lord Maior, for 'tis all one) takes that office upon him.

In former ages, he was not encompassed with such glories; no such firmaments of starres were to be seene in Cheapside: Thames dranke no such costly healthes to London as hee does now. But as Troy-nouant spread in fame, so our English kings shined vpon her with fauours.

In those home-spun times, they had no collars of SS, no mace, sword, or cap of maintenance; these came by degrees, as *additamenta honoris*, additions or ensignes of more honour, conferrd by severall Princes on this Citty: for in the time of Edward Confessor, the chiefe Ruler of the Citty was called Reeue,

Greecue, or Portreecue. The next to him in authority ; Prouoff.

Then in the first of Richard I. two Bayliffes carried the sway : this continued till the ninth of King Iohn, who by letters patents gaue the Citizens power yearly to choose themfelues a Lord Maior, and two Sheriffes.

Then King Henry the 3. made the first aldermen in London (yet the name of Ealdorman was knowne in the Saxons time, for Alwin in the reigne of Edgar was Alderman of all England, that is to say Chiefe Iustice :) and those Aldermen of London had rule then (as now) ouer the wardes of the cittie, but were euerie year changed, as the shreiffes are in these dayes.

Then Edward I. ordained that the Lord Maior should, in the kings absence, sit in all places within London as chiefe Iustice ; and that euery Alderman that had bin Lord Maior, should be a Iustice of peace for London and Middlesex all his life after.

Then in the reigne of Henry the 7. Sr. John Shaw, goldsmith, being Lord Maior, caused the aldermen to ride from the Guildhall to the water side, when he went to take his oath at Westminster, (where before they rode by land thither) : and at his returne to ride againe to the Guild-hall there to dine ; all the kitchens, and other offices there, being built by him : since which time the feast has there bin kept, for before it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchant Taylors.

Thus small rootes grow in time to cedars, shallow streames to riuers, and a hand of gouernment to be the strongest arme in a kingdome. Thus you see London in her meane attyre, then in robes maiesticall ; and fitting in that pompe, cast your eye upon those alluring obiects, which she her selfe beholds with admiration.

The First.

THE first scæne is a water-worke, presented by Oceanus, king of the sea, (from whose name the vniuersall name sea is called the Ocean) he, to celebrate

the ceremonies and honors due to this great festiuall, and to shew the world his marine chariot, sits triumphantly in the vast (but queint) shell of a siluer scollup, reyning in the heads of two wild sea-horses proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, shining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his beard) is knotted, long, carelesly spred, and white, is placed a diadem, whose bottome is a conceited coronet of gold ; the middle ouer that, is a coronet of siluer scollops, and on the top a faire spreading branch of corral, interwouen thickly with pearle. In his right hand a golden trident, or three forked sceptor.

His habit is antique, the stuffe, watchet and siluer ; a mantle crossing his body, with siluer waues, bases and buskins cut likewise at the top into siluer scollups, and in this language he congratulates his Lordship.

Oceannus his Speech.

Thus mounted, hither comes the king of waues,
Whose voyce charmes roughest billows into slaues,
Whose foote treades downe their necks with as much ease,

As in my shelly coach I reyne up these.

Lowd ecchoes cald me from my glittering throne,
To see the noble *Thamesis*,—a sonne
To this my queene and me (*Tethys*) whose eare
Ne're jeweld up such musick as founds here :
For our vnfaddomed world, roares out with none
But horrid sea-fights, nauies ouerthrowne ;
Ilands halfe drowned in blood, pyrates pell mell,
Turkes slauish tugging oares, the *Dunkerks* hell,
The *Dutchmans* thunder, and the *Spaniards* lightning,
To whom the sulphures breath giues heate and heightning,

O ! these are the dire tunes my confort sings.
But here ! old *Thames* out-shines the beames of kings.

This Citty addes new glories to *Ioue's* court,
 And to all you who to this hall resort,
 This *Laſtea Via* (as a path) is giuen,
 Being paued with pearle, as that with ſtarres in
 heauen.

I could (to ſwell my trayne) beckon the *Rhine*,
 (But the wilde boare has tuſked up his vine) ;
 I could ſwift *Volga* call, whoſe curld head lies
 On ſeauen rich pillowes (but, in merchandize
 The *Ruffian* him employes) : I could to theis
 Call *Ganges*, *Nilus*, long-haird *Euphrates* ;
Tagus, whoſe golden hands claſpe *Liſbone* walles,
 Him could I call too,—but what neede theis calles ?
 Were they all here, they would weepe out their eyes,
 Madde that new *Troys* high towers on tiptoe rize
 To hit heauens roofe : madde to ſee *Thames* this day
 (For all his age) in wanton windinges play
 Before his new grave *Prætor*, and before
 Theis Senators, beſt fathers of the poore.

That grand Canale, where (Statly) once a yeare
 A fleete of bridall gondolets appeare,
 To marry with a golden ring, (that's hurld
 Into the ſea) that minion of the world,
Venice, to *Neptune*,—a poor lantſcip is
 To theſe full braueries of *Thameſis*.

Goe therefore vp to *Cæſars* court, and clayme
 What honours there are left to *Campebels* name,
 As by diſent ; whilſt we tow vp a tyde,
 Which ſhall ronne ſweating by your barges ſide ;
 That done, *Time* ſhall *Oceanus'* name inroll,
 For guarding you to *London's* capitoll.

The Second Preſentation.

THE inuention is a proud-fwelling ſea, on whoſe
 waues is borne vp a Sea Lyon, as a proper and
 eminent body to marſhall in the following triumphes ;
 in regard it is one of the ſupporters of the Eaſt Indian

Company, of which his lordship is free, and a great aduenturer. And these marine creatures, are the more fitly imployed, in regard also, that his Lordship is Maior of the Staple, Gouvernour of the French Company, and free of the East-land Company.

On this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life) rides Tethys wife to Oceanus, and Queene of the Sea; for why should the king of waues be in such a glorious progresse without his Queene, or she without him? They both therefore twin themselues together to heighten these solemnities.

Her haire is long, and disheuccled; on her head an antique sea-tyre, encompast with a coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffaty mantle fringed with silver crossing her body. Her right hand supporting a large streamer in which are the *Lord Maiors* armes.

On each side of this Lyon, attend a Mermaid and Merman, holding two banners, with the armes of the two new Shrieues, several fishes swimming as it were about the border. And these two having dispatched on the water, hasten to aduance themselves on land.

The Third.

THE third show is an Estridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horse-shoe: on this bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long Tobacco-pipe, in the other a dart; his attire is proper to the country.

At the four angles of the square, where the estridge stands, are plac'd a Turke, and a Persian, a pikeman and a musketeere.

The Fourth.

THE fourth presentation is called the Lemnian forge. In it are Vulcan, the Smith of Lemnos, with his seruants (the Cyclopes, whose names are

Pyracmon, Brontes and Sceropes, working at the anuile. Their habits are waftcoates and leather aprons : their hair blacke and flaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is feene in the forge, bellowes blowing, fome filing, fome at other workes ; thunder and lightning on occafion. As the fmiths are at worke, they fing in praife of iron, the anuile and hammer : by the concordant ftroakes and founds of which, Tuballcayne became the firft inuentor of muficke.

The Song.

Braue iron ! braue hammer ! from your found,
The art of Muficke has her ground ;
On the anuile thou keep'ft time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a fmiths beft chyme.

Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny finewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickeft barres be beaten flat.

We fhooe the horfes of the funne,
Harneffe the dragons of the moone,
Forge Cupid's quiuer, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with fparrowes.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Ioue's roaring cannons, and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers ;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and fpeare,
And Gorgon fhield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (fhut) the day out-barres,
Thofe golden fluddes which naile the ftarres,

The globes case, and the axle-tree,
Who can hammer these but wee?
Till thwick a-thwack, &c.

A warning-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead;
Hob-nailes to ferve the man i' th' moone,
And sparrowbils to cloute Pan's shoone,
Whose work but ours?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or else she brawles and bannes;
Tonges, shouels, andirons haue their places,
Else she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Cupid sits in one place of this forge, on his head a curld yellow haire, his eyes hid in layne, a bow and quiver, his armour: wings at his backe; his body in light colours, a changeable silke mantle crossing it; golden and siluer arrowes are euer and anone reached up to him, which he shootes vppward into the aire, and is still supplied with more from the forge.

On the top sits Ioue, in a rich antique habite, a long white reuerend hayre on his head, a beard long and curld: a mace of triple fire in his hand burning; who calling to *Vulcan*, this language passes betweene them.

Ioue. Ho, Vulcan.

Vul. Stop your hammers: what ayles Ioue?
We are making arrowes for my slip-string sonne.
Here, reach him those two dozen; I must now
A golden handle make for my wifes fann:
Worke, my fine Smugges.

Ioue. First heare: you shall not play,
The Fates would scold should you keepe holiday.

Vul. What then?

Ioue. Command thy brawny-fisted slaues to sweate
At th' anuile, and to dust their hammers beate,

To stufte with thunder-bolts Ioue's armoryes,
 For *Vices* (mountain-like) in black heapes rize.
 My finewes cracke to fell them. Ideot pride
 Stalkes vpon stilts; Ambition, by her side,
 Climbing to catch flarres, breakes her necke i' th'
 fall;

The gallant roares; roarers drinke oathes and gall;
 The beggar curfes: Auarice eates gold,
 Yet ne're is fil'd; Learning's a wrangling scold;
 Warre has a fatall hand; Peace, whorish eyes;
 Shall not Ioue beat downe such impieties?

If't not high time? if't not true iustice then,
 Vulcan, for thee and thy tough hammer-men
 To beate thy anuile, and blow fires to flames,
 To burne these broodes, who kill euen with their
 names?

Vul. Yes, Ioue, 'tis more then time.

Ioue. And what helps this, but iron! O then,
 how high

Shall this great Troy, text up the memory
 Of you her noble prætor, and all those
 Your worthy brotherhood, through whose care goes
 That rare rich prize of iron to the whole land,
 Iron, farre more worth than Tagus' golden sand.

Iron! best of metals! pride of minerals!
 Hart of the earth! hand of the world! which fals
 Heavy when it strikes home. By iron's strong
 charmes

Ryots lye bound. Warre stops her rough allarmes.
 Iron, earthquakes strikes in foes: knits friends in
 loue;

Iron's that maine hinge on which the world doth
 moue;

No kingdomes globe can turne, euen, smooth, and
 round,

But that his axletree in iron is found:
 For armies wanting iron are puffs of wind,
 And but for iron, who thrones of peace would mind?
 Were there no gold nor siluer in the land,

Yet nauigation (which on iron does stand),
Could fetch it in. Gold's darling to the funne,
But iron, his hardy boy, by whom is done
More then the t'other dare : the merchants gates
By iron barre out theeuish assassinatedes :
Iron is the shop-keeper's both locke and key ;
What are your courts of guard when iron's away ?
How would the corne pricke up her golden eares,
But that iron plough-shares all the labour beares
In earth's strange midwifery ? Braue iron ! what
 praise
Deferues it ! more 'tis beate, more it obeyes ;
The more it suffers, more it smoothes offence ;
In drudgery it shines with patience.

This fellowship, was then, with judging eyes,
Vnited to the twelue great companies :
It being farre more worthy than to fill
A file inferiour. Yon's, the funn's guilt hill,
On too't, Loue guardes you on : Cyclopes, a ring
Make with your hammers, to whose musicke sing.

The Fift.

THE fift presentation is called *Londons Tempe*,
or the Field of Happineffe ; thereby reflecting
upon the name of Campe-bell or *Le Beau Champ*, a
faire and glorious field. It is an arbor supported by
four great termes : on the four angles, or corners over
the termes, are placed four pendants with armes in
them.

It is round about furnished with trees and flowers :
the vpper part with feuerall fruites, intimating that
as London is the best stored garden in the king-
dome for plants, herbes, flowers, rootes, and such-
like ; so, on this day it is the most glorious city in the
Christian world.

And therefore Tytan (one of the names of the sun)
in all his splendor, with Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver,

and Eftas, are feated in this Tempe ; on the top of all ftands a lyon's head, being the Lord Maiors creft.

Tytan being the fpeaker, does in this language court his lordfhip to attention.

Tytan his Speech.

WElcome, great prætor : now heare Tytan
 fpeak,
 Whofe beames to crowne this day, through clouds
 thus break.

My coach of beaten gold is fet afide,
 My horfes to ambrofiall mangers tied ;
 Why is this done ? why leaue I mine own fphere ?
 But here to circle you for a whole yeare.
 Embrace then Tytan's counfell : now fo guide
 The chariot of your fway in a iuft pace,
 That all (to come hereafter) may with pride
 Say, None like you did noblier quit the place ;
 Lower than now you are in fame, neuer fall ;
 Note me (the Sunne) who in my noone carcere
 Render a fhadow, fhort, or none at all ;
 And fo, fince Honor's zodiac is your fphere,
 A fhrub to you muft be the talleft pine ;
 On poor and rich you equally muft fhine.

This if you doe, my armes fhall euer fpread
 About thofe roomes you feaft in ; from her head
 Flora her garlands pluck (being queene of flowers),
 To drefs your parlors vp like fummer's bowers.
 Ceres lay golden fheaffes on your full boord ;
 With fruit, you from Pomona fhall be ftord ;
 Whilft Ver and Eftas (Spring and Summer), driue,
 From this your Tempe, Winter, till he diue,
 I' th' frozen zone, and Tytan's radiant fhield
 Guard Campbel's Beauchampe, London's faireft field.

The Sixth and Laft Presentation.

THis is called Apollo's pallace, becaufe feuen per-
 fons representing the feuen liberal fcienes are

richly introned in this city. Those seuen are in loose robes of feuerall cullors, with mantles according, and holding in their hands escutcheons, with emblems in them proper to euery one quality.

The body of this worke is supported by twelue silver columnes ; at the four angles of it, four pendants play with the wind ; on the top is erected a square tower supported by four golden columnes, in euery square is presented the embos'd antique head of an emperour, figuring the four monarches of the world, and in them pointing at foure kingdomes.

Apollo is the chiefe person, on his head a garland of bayes, in his hand a lute. Some hypercriticall censurer perhaps will aske, why hauing Tytan, I should bring in Apollo, sithence they both are names proper to the sunne. But the youngest nouice in poetry can answer for me, that the sunne when he shines in heauen is called Tytan, but being on earth (as he is here) we call him Apollo. Thus therefore Apollo tunes his voyce.

Apollos Speech.

A Pollo neuer stucke in admiration till now, my Delphos is remouen hither, my oracles are spoken here ; here the sages utter their wisdom, here the sybills their diuine verses.

I see senators this day in scarlet riding to the capitoll, and tomorrow the same men riding vp and downe the field in armours, gowned citizens and warlike gownmen. The gunne here giues place, and the gowne takes the upper hand ; the gowne and the gunne march in one file together.

Happy king that has such people, happy land in such a king ! happy prætor so graced with honours ! happy senators so obeyed by citizens, and happy citizens that can command such triumphes.

Go on in your full glories, whilst Apollo and these

mistresses of the learned sciences waite you to that honorable shore whither Time bids you hasten to arrive.

*A Speech at Night, at taking leave of his Lordship
at his gate, by Oceanus.*

After the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home; Night, who
does lay

All pompe, all triumphs by, state now descends;
Here our officious trayne their service ends,
And yet not all, for see, the golden funne,
Albeit he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits vp above his houre, and does his best
To keep the starres from lighting you to rest.
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lap, Peace therefore guard your bedde;
In your yeares zodiacke may you fairely moue,
Shin'd on by angels, blest with goodnes, loue.

Thus much his owne worke cryes up the workman,
(M. Gerard Christmas) for his inuention, that all the
pieces were exact, and fet forth liuely with much cost.
And this yeare giues one remarkable note to after
times, that all the barges followed one another (euery
company in their degree,) in a stately and maiestically
order; this being the inuention of a noble citizen, one
of the captaines of the city.

FINIS.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY:
Called,
Match mee in LONDON.

As it hath beene often Presented; First,
at the *Bull* in St. Iohns-street; And lately,
at the Private-House in DORRY-Lane,
called the PHŒNIX.

Si non, Illis vivere Mecum.

Written by THO: DEKKER.



LONDON.

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yard. 1631.

Drammatis Personæ.

KING OF SPAIN.

DON JOHN, Prince.

DON VALASCO, Father to the Queene.

GAZETTO, Louer of TORMIELLA.

MALEVENTO, Father to her.

CORDOLENTE, her Husband.

APLHONSO.

IAGO.

MARTINES.

} Courtiers.

LVPO.

DOCTOR.

2. CHVRCHMEN.

BILBO.

PACHECO.

LAZARILLO.

QUEENE.

TORMIELLA.

DILDOMAN, a Bawd.



TO
THE NOBLE LOVER

(and deferuedly beloued) of the Muses,

L O D O V V I C K C A R L E L L,

Esquire, Gentleman of the B O V V E S, and

Groome of the King, and Queenes

Priuy-Chamber.

*That I am thus bold to sing a Dramatick
Note in your Eare, is no wonder, in regard
you are a Chorister in the Quire of the
Muses. Nor is it any Over-daring in mee,
to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier;
Roman Poets did so to their Emperours, the Spanish,
(Now) to their Grandies, the Italians to their Illustri-
simoes, and our owne Nation, to the Great-ones.*

*I haue beene a Priest in A P O L L O ' S Temple, many
yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours
being cleare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee,
if you but listen to my old Tunes. Are they set Ill!
Pardon them; Well! Then receiue them.*

Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, ſpeakes our Language in the Court of England; yet haue you wrought as great a wonder, For the Nine ſacred Siſters, by you, are (There) become Courtiers, and talke with ſweet Tongues, Inſtructed by your Delian Eloquence. You haue a King to your Maſter, a Queene to your Miſtreſſe, and the Muſes your Play fellowes. I to them a Seruant: And yet, what Duty ſoeuer I owe them, ſome part will I borrow to waite vpon you, And to Reſt

Ever,

So devoted.

THO: DEKKER.



MATCH MEE IN LONDON.

ACTUS, I.

Enter Malevento.

Malevento.

Ormiella Daughter—nor in this roome—
Peace.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

The dawne of Midnight, and the Drunk-
ards noone,

No honest foules vp now, but Vintners, Midwiues;
The nodding Watch, and pitious Constable, Ha!

Bilbo

My street doore open! *Bilbo, Puskeena, Bilbo.*
Bawds, Panders, to a young Whore;

Enter Bilbo.

Bilb. Theeucs, Theeues, Theeues, where are they Maſter?

Mal. Where are they *Bilbo*? what Theefe feeſt thou?

Bil. That ilfauor'd Theefe in your Candle fir, none elſe not I.

Mal. Why didſt thou cry Theeues then?

Bil. Becauſe you cry'd Whores; I knew a Theefe was alwayes within a ſtones caſt of a Whore.

Mal. What mak'ſt thou vp at Midnight?

Bilb. I make them which are made euery houre i'th day (patches.)

Mal. Slaue what art doing?

Bil. That which few men can doe, mending Sir.

Mal. VVhat art mending?

Bil. That which few men care to mend, a bad ſole.

Mal. Looke here, come hither, doſt thou ſee what's this?

Bil. I ſee tis our Wicket maſter.

Mal. Stop there and tell me, is *Tormiella* forth?

Bil. I heard *Puskeena* our Kitchin-maid ſay, ſhe was going about a murther:

Mal. A murther; of whom?

Bil. Of certaine Skippers; ſhe was fleaing her ſelfe.

Mal. She dwels not in her Chamber, for my Ghof

Call'd from his reſt) from Roome to roome has ſtalk'd,

Yet met no *Tormiella*.

Was not her ſweet heart here to night, *Gazetto*?

Bil. *Gazetto*! no ſir, here was no *Gazetto* here.

Mal. Walke round the Orchard, holla for her there.

Bil. So, ho ho, ho ho.

Exit.

Mal. She's certaine with *Gazetto*,

Should he turne Villaine, traine my poore child forth
Though she's contracted to him, and rob her youth
Of that Gemme none can prize (becaue nere seene)
The Virgins riches (Chastity) and then
(When he has left her ugly to all eyes)
His owne should loath her, vds death I would draw
An old mans nerues all vp into this arme.
And nayle him to the Bed——

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. So, ho, ho, ho, the Conyes vse to feed most
i'th night Sir, yet I cannot see my young mistris in our
Warren.

Mal. No !

Bil. No, nor you neither, tis so darke.

Mal. Where should this foolish girle be ? tis past
twelue,

Who has inuited her forth to her quicke ruine !

Bil. My memory jogs me by the elbow, and tels
me——

Mal. What *Bilbo* out with all.

Bil. A Barber stood with her on Saturday night
very late when he had shau'd all his Customers, and as
I thinke, came to trimme her.

Mal. A Barber ! To trim her ! Sawst thou the
Muskcod ?

Bil. A chequer'd aprone Gentleman I assure you :
he smelt horrible strong of Camphire, Bay leaues and
Rose water : and he stood fidling with *Tormiella*.

Mal. Ha ?

Bil. Fidling at least halfe an houre, on a Citterne
with a mans broken head at it, so that I thinke 'twas a
Barber Surgion : and there's one *Cynamono* a Shop-
keeper, comes hither a batfowling euery Moone-shine
night too.

Mal. What's he ! *Cynamono* !

Bil. I take him to be a Comfitmaker with rotten
teeth, for he neuer comes till the Barber's gone.

Mal. A Comfitmaker !

Bil. Yes Sir, for he gaue *Tormiella* a Candied roote once, and she swore 'twas the sweetest thing——

Mal. Dwels he here i'th City ?

Bil. He has a house i'th City, but I know not where he liues.

Mal. Sheele follow her kind ; turne Monster, get a light.

Bil. My sponce is ready Sir.

Mal. Call at *Gazettoes* Lodging, aske how he dares

Make a Harlot of my child,—flaue say no more :
Begon, beat boldly.

Bil. Ile beat downe the doore ; and put him in mind of a Shroue-tuesday, the fatall day for doores to be broken open. *Exit.*

Mal. For this night I'm her Porter ; Oh haplesse Creatures !

There is in woman a Diuell from her birth,
Of bad ones we haue sholes, of good a dearth. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente and Tormiella.

Cor. No more my *Tormiella*, night hath borne
Thy vowes to heauen, where they are fyl'd by this
Eyther one day to crowne thy constant Soule
Or (if thou spot it with foule periury,) For euer to condemne thee.

Tor. Come it shall not :
Here'am I sphear'd for euer, thy feares (deare Loue)
Strike coldly on thy jealous breast I know
From that my Fathers promise to *Gazetto*
That he should haue me, contract is there none,
For my heart loath'd it, is there left an oath
Fit for a Maid to sweare by.

Cord. Good sweet giue o're,
What need we binding oathes being fast before ?
I dare the crabbed't Fate, thee cannot spin
A thred thus fine and rotten ; how now ! sad !

Tor. Pray Heauen, I bee not mist at home, deare
Cordolente

Thou shalt no farther, Ile venter now my selfe.

Cor. How sweet ! venture alone !

Torm. Yes, yes, good rest.

Cor. By that are Louers parted, feldome blest.

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Who goes there, if you be a woman stand, for
all the men I met to night, lye in the Kennell.

Tor. My Fathers man ! I am betray'd.

Cor. Feare nothing.

Tor. *Bilbo !*

Whether art thou running ?

Bil. Out of my wits and yet no Charles Executor,
'tis no money makes me mad, but want of money.

Tor. Good tell me whether art going ?

Bil. I am going to Hell (that's to say home) for
my Master playes the Diuell, and I come from seeking
out a house of euerlasting Thunder, (that's to say a
Woman) I haue beene bouncing at Signior *Gazetto's*
Chamber for you.

Tor. Ha !

Bil. You'll be haa'd when you come home.

Tor. I am vndone for euer.

Cor. Thou art not, peace.

Bil. Signior *Gazetto* is horne-mad, and leapt out
of his Bed, (as if fleas had bit him) so that I thinke
he comes running starke naked after me.

Tor. Oh me, what helpe my dearest Soule ?

Cor. To desperate wounds

Let's apply desperate cure, dar'st thou flye hence ?

Tor. Dare ! try me.

Cor. Then farewell *Cordoua* ;

Horfes wee'l forthwith hire, and quicke to *Siuell*
My birth-place, there thou shalt defie all stormes.

Tor. Talke not, but doe.

Bil. She would haue you doe much but say little.

Tor. *Bilbo*, thou see'st me not.

Bil. No, no, away, mum I.

Cor. To shut thy lips fast, here are lockes of Gold.

Bil. I spy a light comming, trudge this way.

Tor. You dally with fire, haste, haste, *Bilbo* farewell.

Cor. O starre-croft Loue !

To find way to whose Heauen, man wades through
Hell. *Exeunt, manet Bilbo.*

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Wo, ho, ho, ho, — whew.

Bil. Another Fire-drake ! More Salamanders !
Heere Sir.

Gaz. *Bilbo* ! How now ! Is the Dy-dapper aboue
water yet ?

Bil. Signior *Gazetto* ! Mine Eyes are no bigger
then litle pinnes heads with staring, my heeles ake
with trotting, my candle is come to an vntimely end
through a Consumption. Yet my yong Mistris your
sweet hart, like sweet breath amongst Tobacco-
drinkers, is not to be found.

Gaz. On, take my Torch, apace : the neer'st way
home.

Fluttering abroad by Owle-light !

Bil. Here fir, turne downe this Lane ; shall I
knocke your Torch Signior ?

Gaz. Prithee doe what thou wilt, the Diuell !
where is she ?

Bil. Had you knockt your Torch well before *Tor-
miella* (ware the post) and held it well vp when it was
lighted, she had neuer giuen you the slip, and i'faith
Signior when is the day ?

Gaz. The wedding (meanst thou) on Saint *Lukes*
day next,

'Tis mine owne name thou know'st : but now I feare
She's lost, and the day too.

Bil. If she should driue you by foule weather into

Cuckolds Hauē before Saint *Lukes* day comes,
Signior *Luco* how then ?

Gaz. If she dares let her, I haue her Fathers promise,
nay oath that I shall haue her.

Bil. Here is my Masters Gate.

Gaz. Stay she's at home fure now : Ile slip aside,
Knocke thou, and if she answeres (as 'tis likely)
Weel try if still th' old fencing be in vse,
That faulty women neuer want excuse.

Bil. They are made for the purpose to lye and
cullor,
Ile knocke.

Mal. Who's there ?

Bil. 'Tis I, open the doore.

Mal. What ! to a Common !

Bil. What common ! You doe me wrong fir,
though I goe in breeches, I am not the roaring girle
you take me for.

Mal. Wert thou with *Gazetto* ?

Bil. Yes.

Mal. Was she with *Gazetto* ?

Bil. No.

Mal. Was *Gazetto* alone ?

Bil. No fir, I was with him.

Mal. Foole knew not he she was forth ?

Bil. Yes when I told him.

Gaz. Signior *Malevente* open the doore pray.

Mal. Oh *Luke Gazetto*.

Gaz. Not yet come home !

Mal. No, no.

Gaz. Not yet ! vds death
When I shall take the Villaine does this wrong,
Had better stolne away a Starre from Heauen
No *Spaniard* fure dares doe it.

Bil. 'Tis some *English* man has stolne her, I hold
my life, for most Theeues and brauest Cony-catchers
are amongst them.

Gaz. All *Cordoua* search ere morning, if not found
Ile ride to *Siuill*, Ile mount my Iennet Sir

And take the way to Madrill.

Mal. Ne're speake of Madrill,
The iourney is for her too dangerous,
If *Cordoua* hold her not, lets all to *Siuill*.
Hafte, hafte, by breake of day
Signior *Gazetto* let vs meet agen.

Gaz. Agreed :

Mal. We'll hunt her out.

Exit.

Bil. But you know not when, will you take your
Torch.

Exit.

Gaz. Keepe it, luftfull maiden !

Hot *Spanishe* vengeance followes thee, which flies
Like three forkt Lightning, whom it fmites, he dyes.

Exit.

Enter Prince Iohn all vnready, and Pacheco his Page.

Ioh. *Pacheco* ?

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Is't fo earely ! What a Clocke Is't ?

Pach. About the houre that Souldiers goe to bed,
and Catchpoles rise : Will your Lordship be trufs'd vp
this morning ?

Ioh. How dost meane, goe to hanging !

Pach. Hanging ! does your Lordship take me for
a crack-rope.

Ioh. No, but for a notable Gallowes, too many
Lordships are trufs'd vp euery day (boy) some wud
giue a 1000. Crownes to haue 'em vnty'd, but come
fir tye vp my Lordship.

Pach. As fast as I can, Oh my Lord and a man
could tye friends to him as fast as I doe these points,
'twere a braue world.

Ioh. So he does, for these are fast now, and loose
at night.

Pach. Then they are like the loue of a woman.

Ioh. Why boy ! Do you know what the loue of a
woman is !

Pach. No faith my Lord, nor you neither, nor any man else I thinke.

Ioh. Y'are a noble Villaine.

Pach. Would I were, then I should be rich.

Ioh. Well get you gon ————— *Exit.*

Here's a braue fyle of noble *Portugals*

Haue fworne to helpe me, its hard trusting strangers,

Nay more, to giue them footing in a Land
Is easie, hard to remoue them ; say they and I
Should fend my Brother King out of this world,
And inthron me (for that's the Starre I reach at,)
I must haue *Spaine* mine, more then *Portugall*,
Say that the *Dons* and *Grandi'es* were mine owne,
And that I had the Keyes of the Court Gates
Hang at my Girdle ; in my hand the Crowne,
There's yet no lifting it vp to my head
Without the people : I must ride that Beast,
And best fit fast : who walkes not to his Throne
Vpon their heads and hands, goes but alone ;
This Dogfish must I catch then, the Queenes
Father !

(*Pedro Valasco*) what if I got him !
Its but a shallow old fellow, and to build
On the great'st, wisest Statesman, in a designe
Of this high daring, is most dangerous ;
We see the tops of tall trees, not their heart ;
To find that found or rotten, there's the Art.
How now *Iago* ?

Enter Iago.

Iago. Good morrow to your Lordship,
The King lookes for you,
You must come presently.

Ioh. Well Sir : must come ! So ; *florish.*
As I must come, so he ere long must goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Valasco, Martines, Alphonso.

Valasc. And broad awake !

King. As is that eye of Heauen.

Val. It spake ! not, did it ?

King. No ; but with broad eyes,
Glasfie and fierie flair'd vpon me thus,
As blacke, as is a Soule new dipt in Hell ;
The t'other was all white, a beard and haire
Snowie like *Portugall*, and me thought his looke :
But had no armes.

Val. No armes !

King. No : iust my height,
Now, and e're this it was shot vp so high,
Me thought I heard the head knocke at a Starre,
Cleane through the Seeling.

Val. Fancy, Fancy.

King. I saw it.

Val. A meere *Deceptio visus*.

King. A vice Affe ;
Y'are an incredulous Coxcombe, these saw it.

Val. Well ; they did, they did.

King. I call'd for helpe ; these enter'd, found mee
dead with feare !

Omn. 'Tis right Sir.

King. Did not the Spirits glide by thee ?

Mar. Your Grace must pardon me, I saw none.

King. 'Shart doe I lye ! doe you braue me ! you
base Peasant.

Mart. No my Lord, but I must guard my life
against an Emperor.

King. One of my wiues men, is't not ! Ha !
What a Pox fawnes the Curre for here ! away.

Exit. Martines.

Her Spye Sir ! Are you !

Val. Sooth him vp, y'are fooles,
If the Lyon say the Affes eares are hornes

The Affe if he be wife will sweare it, la Sir
These tell me they all saw it.

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Enter Iago.

King. And yet I lye ! a whorefons buzzard—
Now fir.

Iago. Prince *John* is comming.

King. When fir !

Iago. Instantly.

King. Father Ile tell you a Tale, vpon a time
The Lyon Foxe and silly Affe did jarre,
Grew friends and what they got, agreed to share :
A prey was tane, the bold Affe did diuide it
Into three equall parts, the Lyon spy'd it,
And scorning two such sharers, moody grew,
And pawing the Affe, shooke him as I shake you.

Valasc. Not too hard good my Lord, alas I am
craz'd.

King. And in rage tore him peece meale, the Affe
thus dead,
The prey was by the Foxe distributed
Into three parts agen ; of which the Lyon
Had two for his share, and the Foxe but one :
The Lyon (smiling) of the Foxe would know
Where he had this wit, he the dead Affe did show.

Valasc. An excellent Tale.

King. Thou art that Affe.

Valasc. I !

King. Thou : you, and the Foxe my Brother cut
my Kingdome,
Into what steakes you list, I share no more,
Then what you list to giue.
You two broach Warre or Peace; you plot, contriue,
You flea off the Lyons skinne, you sell him aliue,
But hauing torne the Affe first limbe from limbe
His death shall tell the Foxe Ile so serue him.

Valasc. I doe all this ! 'tis false : in Prince *Iohns* face
 Ile spit if he dares speake it, you might ride me
 For a right Affe indeed if I should kick
 At you, vndermine you, or blow you vp ?
 In whom the hope of my posterity
 (By marriage of my child your wife) doth grow
 None but an Affe would doe it.

King. If I know, your little finger was but in't,
 neither age ;
 Your place in Court, and Councell, respect of
 honour,
 Nor of my wife (your Daughter) shall keepe this
 head
 Vpon these shoulders—

Enter Prince Iohn.

Valasc. Take it ; now here's Prince *Iohn*.

King. How now Brother ! Sick !

Ioh. Not very well.

King. Our Court is some Inchantèd Tower you
 come not neare it.

Are you not troubled with some paine i'th head ?
 Your Night-cap shewes you are ?

Ioh. Yes wonderouly——a kind of Megrin Sir,

King. I thinke to bind
 Your Temples with the Crowne of *Spaine* would ease
 you.

Ioh. The Crowne of *Spaine* ! my Temples !

King. Nay, I but iest,
 A Kingdome would make any Sicke man well,
 And *Iohn* I would thou hadst one.

Ioh. It shall goe hard elfe.

Valasc. The King I thanke him says that you and
 I—

King. What ?

Valasc. Cut you out fir in fleakes : Ile not be
 silent,

And that I am an Affe, and a Foxe you ;
Haue I any dealings with you ?

Ioh. When I am to deale fir,
A wifer man than you shall hold the Cards.

Valasc. Now I'm call'd foole too.

King. Sir if you remember
Before he came, you buzz'd into mine eare,
Tunes that did found but scruily.

Val. I buz ! What buz !

King. That he should fell me to the *Portugall.*

Val. Wer't thou as big as all the Kings i'th
world,

Tis false and I defie thee.

King. Nay Sir, and more,—

Val. Out with't ; no whispering.

King. I shall blush to speake it,
Harke you, a Foxe vpon't, cannot you sooth
His fullen Lordship vp, you see I doe
Flatter him, confesse any thing.

Val. A good Iest !
I should confesse to him I know not what,
And haue my throat cut, but I know not why.

Ioh. W'ud your Grace
Would licence me a while to leaue the Court
To attend my health.

King. Doe.

Ioh. I take my leaue—as for you Sir. *Exit.*

King. My Lord doe you see this Change i'th Moone,
sharpe hornes

Doe threaten windy weather, shall I rule you
Send to him dead words, write to him your mind
And if your hearts be vnfound purge both, all
humors

That are corrupt within you.

Val. Ile neuer write, but to him in person.

Enter old Lady.

King. Pray Madam rise.

Iag. Doe you know this old furie ?

Alph. No : what is she ?

Iag. She's the Kings nuthooke (if report has not a blifter on her tongue) that when any Filberd-tree is ripe ; puls downe the braueft bowes to his hand : a Lady Pandrefle, and (as this yeares Almanacke fays) has a priuate hot-houfe for his Grace onely to fweat in : her name the Lady *Dildoman* : the poore Knight her Husband is troubled with the City Gowt, lyes i'th Counter.

K. Ile hang him that flirres in't, the proudeft Fawlfcon that's pearcht vp neareft the Eagle, if he dare, make this his prey, how many yeares !

Lad. Fifteene and vpwards if it pleafe your Grace.

Kin. Some two footed Diuell in our Court,
Would thrust you out of all, Inclos'd ! or Common !

Lad. 'Tis yet inclos'd if it like your Grace.

King. Entayl'd !

Lad. Newly Entayl'd, as there 'tis to be feene in blacke and white.

King. This cafe my felfe will handle ; fee no
Lawyer

Ile ftand for you, ha ! Servants of mine turn'd grinders !

To opprefle the weake ! What flaue is't ! from my fight,

Leaft my heau'd hand fwerue awry, and Innocence fmite.

Alph. This Bawd belike has her houfe pull'd
downe. *Excunt.*

King. So : come hither, nearer, where fhines this ftarre ?

Lad. I'th City, brightly, fpightly, brauely, oh 'tis
a Creature—

King. Young !

Lad. Delicate, piercing eye, enchanting voyce, lip
red and moyft, skin foft and white ; she's amorous,
delicious, inciferous, tender, neate.

King. Thou madst me, newly married !

Lad. New married, that's all the hole you can find in her coate, but so newly, the poesie of her wedding Ring is scarce warme with the heate of her finger ; therefore my Lord, fasten this wagtayle, as soone as you can lime your bussh, for women are Venice-glaffes, one knocke spoyles em.

King. Crackt things ! pox on 'em.

Lad. And then they'l hold no more then a Law-yers Conscience.

King. How shall I get a fight of this rich Diamond.

Lad. I would haue you first disguis'd goe along with mee, and buy some toy in her shop, and then if you like *Danae* fall into her lap like *Love*, a net of Goldsmiths worke will plucke vp more women at one draught, then a Fisherman does Salmons at fiteene.

King. What's her Husband ?

Lad. A flatcap, pish ; if he storme, giue him a Court-Loafe slop's mouth with a Monopoly.

King. T'haft fir'd me.

La. You know where to quench you.

King. Ile steale from Court in some disguise presently.

Lad. Stand on no ground good your Highnesse.

King. Away, Ile follow thee, speake not of hast, Thou tyest but wings to a swift gray Hounds heele, And add'st to a running Charriot a fift wheele. Thou now dost hinder me, away, away.

ACTVS, II.

*A shop opened, Enter Bilbo and Lazarillo.**Bil.* *Lazarillo* art bound yet ?*Laz.* No, but my Indentures are made.*Bil.* Make as much hafte to feale, as younger Brothers doe at taking vp of Commodities: for *Lazarillo*, there's not any *Deigo* that treads vpon *Spanifh* leather, goes more vpriht vpon the foles of his Confcience, then our Mafter does.*Laz.* Troth fo I thinke, now I like my little fmirking Miftris as well.*Bil.* Like her, did not I like her fimply, to runne away from her father (where I had both men Seruants and maid Seruants vnder me) to weare a flat cap here and cry what doe you lacke.*Enter Gallants.**Laz.* What is't you lacke Gentlemen, rich garters, fpangled rofes, filke ftockins, embrodered gloues or girdles.*Dil.* *Don* fweet *Don*, fee here rich *Tufcan* hatbands, *Venetian* ventoyes, or *Barbarian* fhoo-ftings—no poynt—*Exeunt Gallants.**Laz.* Their powder is dankifh and will not take fire.*Bilb.* Reach that paper of gloues what marke is't ?*Laz.* *P.* and *Q.**Enter Malevento.**Bil.* *P.* and *Q.* chafe thefe, chafe, chafe, here's a world to make Shopkeepers chafe.

Laz. What is't you buy Sir, gloues, garters, girdles.

Bil. *Lazarillo, Lazarillo*, my old master *Andrada Malevento*; do you heare sir, the best hangers in *Spaine* for your worship.

Mal. Vmh! I haue knowne that voyce, what! Run away! Why how now *Bilbo*! growne a Shop-keeper!

Bil. Iogging on Sir, in the old path to be call'd vpon to beare all offices, I hope one day.

Mal. 'Tis well: good fortunes bleffe you.

Bil. Turn'd Citizen sir, a Counter you see still before me, to put me in mind of my end, and what I must goe to, if I trust too many with my ware, it's newes to see your worship in *Siuill*.

Mal. 'Tis true: but *Bilbo*, no newes yet of my Daughter?

Bil. None.

Mal. Not any!

Bil. What will your worship giue me, if I melt away all that sowe of lead that lyes heauy at your heart, by telling you where shee is.

Mal. Prithee step forth, speake softly, thou warm'st my blood. Ile giue thee the best suite Prentize e're wore.

Bil. And I can tell you Prentizes are as gallant now, as some that walke with my cozen *Bilbo* at their sides, you can scarce know 'em for Prentizes of *Siuill*.

Mal. Fly to the marke I prithee?

Bil. Now I draw home, doe you see this shop, this shop is my Masters.

Mal. So, so, what of all this?

Bil. That master lies with my yong mistris, and that mistris is your Daughter.

Mal. Ha!

Bil. Mum: she's gone forth, this morning to a Wedding, he's aboue, but (as great men haue done) he's comming downe.

*Enter Cordolente.**Mal.* Is this he ?*Bil.* This is he.*Cord.* Looke to the shop.*Mal.* Pray fir a word ?*Cor.* You shall.*Mal.* You doe not know me ?*Cord.* Trust me not well.*Mal.* Too well, thou hast vndone me,
Thou art a Ciuill Theefe with lookes demure
As is thy habit, but a Villaines heart.*Cor.* Sir——*Mal.* Heare me fir—to rob me of that fire
That fed my life with heate (my onely Child)
Turne her into——*Cor.* What fir ! She's my wife.*Mal.* Thy Strumpet, she's a difobedient Child,
To crosse my purposes ; I promis'd her
To a man whom I had chofen to be her Husband.*Cord.* She lou'd him not ; was she contracted to
him ?

Can he lay claime to her by Law ?

Mal. Ile sweare,She told me I should rule her, that she was
Affy'd to no other man, and that to please me
She would onely take *Gazetto*.*Cord.* I will forbear SirTo vex you ; what she spake so, was for feare,
But I ha' done, no Begger has your child
I craue no Dowrie with her, but your Loue,
For hers I know I haue it,*Mal.* Must I not see her !*Cord.* You shall but now she's forth fir.*Mal.* She has crackt my heart-strings quite in
funder.*Cord.* Her loue and duty shall I hope knit all
more strongly
Sir I beseech your patience, when my bosome

Is layd all open to you, you shall find
An honest heart there, and you will be glad
You h'a met the Theefe that rob'd you, and forgiue
him,

I am ingag'd to businesse craues some speed,
Please you be witnesse to it.

Mal. Well I shall,
Parents with milke feed Children, they them with gall.
Exeunt.

Bil. As kind an old man *Lazarillo*, as euer drunk
mull'd Sack.

Laz. So it seemes, for I saw him weepe like a Cut
Vine.

Bil. Weepe; I warrant that was because hee
could not find in's heart to haue my Master by
th'eares.

Enter Tormiella.

Laz. My Mistris.

Bil. Chafe chafe.

Tor. Where's your master.

Bil. Newly gone forth forfooth.

Tor. Whether, with whom?

Bil. With my old Master your Father.

Tor. Ha! my Father! when came he! who was
with him?

What said he, how did my Husband vse him?

Bil. As Officers at Court vse Citizens that come
without their Wiues, scarce made him drinke, but they
are gone very louingly together.

Torm. That's well, my heart has so ak't since I
went forth, I am glad I was out of the peales of
Thunder, askt hee not for mee, was *Gazetto* with him,
Luke was not hee with him ha!

Bil. No onely the old man.

Tor. That's well, reach my workebasket, is the
imbrodered Muffe perfum'd for the Lady?

Bilbo. Yes forsooth, she neuer put her hand into a sweeter thing.

Torm. Are you sure *Gazetto* was not with my father?

Bil. Vnlesse he wore the invisable cloake.

Tor. Blessè me from that diseafe and I care not, one fit of him would soone send me to my graue; my hart so throbs?

Enter Gazetto and Officers.

Laz. What is't you lacke.

Bil. Fine Garters, Gloues, Glaffes, Girdles what is't you buy.

Gaz. I haue a warrant you see from the King to searck all Siuell for the woman that did this murther, the act of which has made me mad, misse no shop, let me haue that, which I can buy in some Country for feuen groates Iustice!

Off. Your searching house by house this is so spread abroad that 'tis as bad as a scarecrow to fright away the bird you seeke to Catch, me thinks if you walke foberly alone, from shop to shop your bat fowling would catch more wagtailes.

Gaz. Well shot *Sagitaris*, Ile nock as thou bidst mee.

Off. What thinke you of yonder parrot i'th Cage.

Gaz. A rope—ha—puffe—is the wind with mee.

Tor. What flares the man at so.

Off. His wits are reeld a little out of the road way nothing else.

Bil. Alas misstris, this world is able to make any man mad.

Gaz. Ha ha ha ha.

Off. What doe you laugh at, is this shee.

Gaz. No, but I saw a doue fly by that had eaten Carrion it shewd like a corrupted Churchman fare-well.

Off. Doe you discharge vs then. *Excunt Officers.*

Gaz. As haile shot at a dunghill where Crowes are.
Th'art mine; thankes vengeance; thou at last art
come,

(Tho with wolly feet) be quick now and strike home.
Exit.

Enter King and Lady.

Laz. What is't you lacke.

Bil. What is't you buy.

Lady. That's shee.

King. Peace; Madam lets try here.

Bil. What is't you lack fir!

King. A gloue with an excellent perfume.

Bil. For your felse fir!

King. I would fit my felse fir, but I am now for a
woman: a pritty little hand, the richest you haue.

Lad. About the bignesse of this gentlewomans will
ferue.

King. Yes faith Madam, at all adventures Ile make
this my measure, shall I mistriffe!

Tor. As you please fir.

Kin. It pleases mee well.

Bil. Then fir go no farder, heer's the fairest in all
Spaine, fellow it and take mine for a dogskin.

La. Pray forfooth draw it on, if it fit you it fits the
party surely.

Bil. Nay Madam, the gloue is most genuine for any
young Ladies hand vnder the Coape, I assure you.

King. I but the Leather.

Bil. Nay, the Leather is affable and apt to bee
drawn to any generous disposition.

Kin. Pray (faire Lady) does it not come on too
stiffe?

Tor. No fir very gently.

Bil. Stiffe; as proluxious as you please: nay fir
the sent is *Aromaticall* and most odorous, the muske
vpon my word Sir is perfect *Cathayne*, a Tumbasine

odor vpon my credit, not a graine either of your *Sal-mindy* Caram or Cubit musk.

King. Adulterated I doubt.

Bil. No adultery in the world in't, no fophification but pure as it comes from the cod.

Tor. Open more, you shall haue what choyce you please.

Bil. You shall haue all the ware open'd i'th shop to please your worship, but you shall bee fitted.

King. No no, it needs not : that which is open'd already shall serue my turne.

Lady. Will you goe farther sonne and see better.

King. And perhaps speed worse : no : your price ?

Bil. Foure double Pistolets.

King. How !

Bil. Good ware cannot be too deare : looke vpon the cost, Relish the sent, note the workmanship.

King. Your man is too hard, Ile rather deale with you : three Ile giue you.

Lad. Com pray take it, will three fetch 'em ?

Tor. Indeed we cannot, it stands my Husband in more.

King. Well lay thefe by, a Cordouant for my selfe.

Bil. The best in *Siuell* ; Lacke you no rich *Tuskan* Garters, *Venetian* ventoyes Madam, I haue maskes most methodicall, and facetious : assay this gloue fir ?

King. The Leather is too rough.

Bil. You shall haue a fine smooth skin please your feeling better, but all our *Spanish Dons* choofe that which is most rough, for it holds out, sweat you neuer so hard.

King. The price ?

Bil. The price !

Foure Crownes, I haue excellent *Hungarian* shag bands Madam for Ladies, cut out of the same peece that the great Turkes Tolibant was made of.

King. The Great Turke be damn'd.

Bil. Doe you want any *French* Codpeece points Sir?

King. Poxe on 'em, they'l not last, th'are burnt i'th dying.

Bil. If they be blacke they are rotten indeed, fir doe you want no rich spangled *Morisco* shoo-strings.

King. I like this beard-brush, but that the haire's too stiffe.

Bil. Flexable as you can with, the very bristles of the same swine that are fatten'd in *Virginia*.

Lad. What comes all to, before vs?

Bil. It comes to 4. 5. 6. in all, fixe double Pistols, and a *Spanish* Ducket ouer.

King. Too deare, let's goe.

Bil. Madam, worshipfull *Don*, pray fir offer, if any shop shew you the like ware.

Lad. I'rithee peace fellow, how d'ee like her?

King. Rarely, what lure canst thou cast to fetch her off?

Lad. Leaue that to me, giue me your purse.

Bil. Doe you heare Madam!

King. The fatall Ball is cast, and though it fires All *Spaine*, burne let it, hot as my desires:
Haue you dispatch'd?

La. Yes.

Bil. I assure your worship, my master will be a loofer by you.

King. It may be so, but your Mistris will not say so.

Lad. Sonne I tell her of the rich imbrodered stuffe at home for the tops of gloues, and to make mee muffes, if it please the Gentlewoman to take her man along, shee shall not onely see them, but certaine stones, which I will haue set onely in one paire, I can tell you, you may so deale with me, you shall gaine more then you thinke of.

Bil. Mistris strike in with her.

Tor. My Husband is from home, and I want skill

To trade in such Commodities, but my man
Shall wait vpon your Ladiship.

Lad. Nay, nay, come you,
Your man shall goe along to note my House,
To fetch your Husband, you shall dine with vs.

King. Faith doe forfooth, you'l not repent your
match.

Lad. Come, come you shall.

Tor. Ile wait vpon you Madam, Sirrah your
cloake.

Bil. Make vp that ware, looke to th' shop.

Torm. If your Master come in, request him to
stay till your fellow come for him.

Lad. Come Miftris, on Sonne, nay, nay, indeed
you shall not,

My Gloue, one of my gloues lost in your shop.

Torm. Runne backe sirrah.

King. Doe wee'll softly afore.

Tor. Make haste.

Exeunt.

Laz. A Gloue! I saw none.

Bil. Nor I, it drop'd from her somewhere else
then.

Laz. I am call'd vp to Dinner *Bilbo.*

Bil. Are you, then make fast the shop doore, and
play out our set at Maw, for the Miftris of my Masters
alley is trundled before, and my bowles must rub
after.

Laz. Flye then and a great one.

Exit.

Bil. She's out a'th Alley, i'th Cranck belike, run,
run, rum.

Ex.

Enter Lady, Tormiella, and King.

Lad. Low stooles, pray fit, my man shall fetch the
stuffles

And after Dinner you shall haue those stones :
A cup of wine ; what drinke you ! Loue you bastard !
Ile giue you the best in *Spaine.*

Tor. No wines at all.

Lad. Haue you beene married long?

Torm. Not long.

Lad. I thinke your wedding shooes haue not beene oft vnty'd.

Torm. Some three times.

Lad. Pretty Soule; No more! indeed
You are the youngest Vine I e're saw planted,
So full of hope for bearing; methinks 'tis pittie
A Citizen should haue so faire a Tree
Grow in his Garden.

Torm. I thinke him best worthy,
To plucke the fruit, that sets it.

Lad. Oh you'd h'a shon
At Court like a full Constellation,
Your Eyes are orbes of Starres.

Tor. Muse my man stayes.

La. Your man is come, and sent to fetch your
Husband,
Trust me you shall not hence, till you haue fill'd
This banqueting roome with some sweet thing or
other:

Your Husband's wonderous kind to you.

Tor. As the Sunne
To the new married Spring, the Spring to th' Earth.

Lad. Some children looke most sweetly at their
birth,
That after proue hard fauor'd; and so doe Hus-
bands:
Your honey Moones soonest waine and shew sharpe
hornes.

Tor. Mine shall shew none.

Lad. I doe not wish it should,
Yet be not too much kept vnder, for when you would
You shall not rise.

Tor. Vmh!

Lad. I was once as you are,
Young (and perhaps as faire) it was my Fate
Whilst Summer lasted and that beauty rear'd

Her cullors in my cheekes, to serue at Court :
 The King of *Spain* that then was, ey'd me oft :
 Lik't me, and lou'd me, woo'd me, at last won me.

Tor. 'Twas well you were no City.

Lad. Why ?

Tor. It seemes,
 You yeelded e're you needed.

Lad. Nay, you must thinke,
 He ply'd me with fierce batteries and assaults :
 You are coy now, but (alas) how could you fight
 With a Kings frownes ? your womanish appetite
 Wer't ne're so dead and cold would soone take fire
 At honors, (all women would be lifted higher)
 Would you not stoope to take it, and thrust your
 hand

Deepe as a King's in Treafure, to haue Lords
 Feare you, t'haue life or death fly from your words.
 The first night that I lay in's Princely armes,
 I seem'd transform'd, me thought *Ioues* owne right
 hand.

Had snatcht mee vp and in his starry spheare.
 Plac'd me (with others of his Lemmans there)
 Yet was he but the shadow I the funne.
 In a proud zodiacke, I my Course did runne.
 Mine eye beames the dyals stile ; and had power
 To rule his thoughts, as that Commands the hower.
 Oh you shall find vpon a Princes pillow
 Such golden dreames.

Tor. I find 'em.

Lad. Cry you mercy.

Tor. My husband comes not, I dare not stay.

Lad. You must.

King. You shall.

Lad. Before you lyes your way
 Beaten out by mee, if you can follow doe.

Tor. What meanes this, are there bawds Ladies
 too ?

King. Why shake you, feare not, none here threats
 your life.

Tor. Shall not a lambe tremble at the butchers knife.

Let goe your hold, keepe off, what violent hands
Socuer force mee, ne're shall touch woman more,
Ile kill ten Monarches ere Ile bee ones whore.

King. Heare mee.

Tor. Avoyd thou diuell,

Lad. Thou puritan foole.

Tor. Oh thou base Otter hound, help, help.

King. In vaine.

Tor. The best in *Spaine* shall know this.

Lad. The best now knowes it.

Tor. Good pitch let mee not touch thee, *Spaine*
has a King :

If from his royall throne Iustice bee driuen,
I shall find right, at the Kings hands of Heauen.

Lad. This is the King.

Tor. The King, alas poore slaue. †

A Rauen stucke with Swannes feathers, scarcrow drest
braue.

King. Doe you not know me ?

Torm. Yes, for a whore-master.

Lad. No matter for her scoulding, a womans
tongue Is like the myraculous Bell in *Aragon*, which
rings out without the helpe of man.

King. Heare me, thou striu'st with Thunder, yet
this hand

That can shake Kingdomes downe, thrusts into thine,
The Scepters, if proud fall, thou let'st them fall
Thou beat'st thy selfe in peeeces on a rocke
That shall for euer ruine thee and thine
Thy Husband, and all opposites that dare
With vs to cope, it shall not serue your turne
With your dim eyes to iudge our beames, the light
Of Common fires, We can before thy sight
Shine in full splendor, though it suites vs now
To suffer this base cloud to maske our brow
Be wise, and when thou may'st (for lifting vp

Thine arme) plucke Starres, refufe them not, I
fweare

By heauen I will not force thee 'gainst thy blood,
When I fend, come : if not, withftand thy good ;
Goe, get you home now, this is all, farewell.

Tor. Oh me ! what way to heauen can be through
hell. *Exit.*

King. Why diue you fo ?

Lad. I hope your Maiefty,
Dare fweare I ha play'd the Pylot cunningly.
Fetching the wind about to make this Pinnace
Strike Sayle as you defir'd.

King. Th'art a damn'd Bawd ;
A foaking, foddenn, fplay-foot, ill-fac'd Bawd ;
Not all the wits of Kingdomes can enact
To faue what by fuch Gulphes as thou art wrack'd,
Thou horie wickedneffe, Diuels dam, do'ft thou
thinke

Thy poyfons rotten breath fhall blaft our fame.
Or thofe furr'd gummes of thine gnaw a King's
name !

If thou wouldft downe before thy time, to thy crew,
Prate of this—yes ; doe, for gold, any flaue
May gorge himfelfe on sweetes, Kings cannot haue
By helpe of fuch a hag as thou, I would not
Difhonour her for an Empire, from my fight.

La. Well fir.

King. Giue o're your Trade.

Lad. Ile change my Coppy.

King. See you doe.

Lad. I will turne ouer a new leafe.

King. We fearch for Serpents, but being found de-
stroy them,
Men drinke not poyfons, though they oft imploy
them. *Exit.*

Lad. Giue o're ! how liue then ! no, Ile keepe that
ftill

If Courtiers will not, I'me fure Citizens will. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella and Gazetto.

Gaz. Speake with you.

Torm. Ha ! good fellow keepe thy way.

Gaz. Yare a whore.

Torm. Th'art a bafe Knaue, not the streets free !

Exit.

Gaz. Though dead, from vengeance earth thee
shall not faue,

Hyena like, Ile eate into thy Graue. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente, and Malevento.

Cord. I dare now bestow on you a free,
And hearty welcome to my poore houle :

Mal. 'Thankes Sonne :

Good Ayre, very good Ayre, and Sonne I thinke.
You stand well too for trading.

Cord. Very well fir.

Mal. I am glad on't.

Enter Lazarillo.

Cord. Sirrah where's your Mistris ?

Mal. I, I, good youth call her,
She playes the Tortoyes now, you shall 'twixt her and
me,

See a rare Combat ; tell her here's her Father,
No, an old fwaggering Fencer, dares her at the
weapon,

Which women put downe men at, Scoulding ! boy
I will so chide her Sonne.

Cord. Pray doe Sir, goe call her ?

Laz. She's forth Sir with my fellow, a Lady tooke
her along.

Mal. Taken vp already, it's well, yet I commend
her

She flyes with birds that are of better wing

Then those she spreads her selfe.

Cord. Right Sir.

Mal. Nay she's wife

A fubtill Ape, but louing as the Moone, is to the Sea.

Cord. I hope she'l proue more constant :

Mal. Then is the needle to the Adamant,
The God of gold powre downe on both your heads
His comfortable showers.

Cord. Thanks to your wishes.

Mal. May neuer gall be fill'd into your Cup,
Nor wormewood strew your Pillow ; so liue, so loue,
That none may say, a Rauen does kisse a Doue,
I am sorry that I curst you, but the string
Sounds as 'tis play'd on, as 'tis fet we sing.

Enter Bilbo.

Cord. Where's thy Mistrresse ?

Mal. Oh-pray Sonne, vse *Bilbo* *Caueare* well.
Where's thy Mistrresse ?

Bil. She's departed Sir.

Cord. Departed ! whether prithee !

Bil. It may to a Lord, for a Lady had her away,
I came backe to fetch a Gloue which dropt from the
Lady, but before I could ouertake them, they were all
dropt from me ; my Mistris is to me Sir, the needle in
the bottle you wot where.

Mal. Of hay thou mean'ft, she'l not be lost I war-
rant.

Enter Tormiella, and passes ouer the Stage.

Cord. Here she comes now sir,
Tormiella, call her.

Bil. What shall I call her ?

Exit.

Mal. Nothing by no meanes
No let her flutter, now she's fast i'th net,
On disobedience, a gracefull shame is fet.

Cord. A strange dead palfie, when a womans
tongue
Has not the power to stirre, dumb ! call her I say !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Strange newes Sir !

Cord. What is't ?

Bil. Yonders a Coach full of good faces.

Cord. That so strange ?

Bil. Yes to alight at our Gate ; They are all coming vp as boldly, as if they were Landlords and came for Rent, see else.

Enter Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

i. Gent. The woman of the House fir pray ?

Cor. She's in her Chamber, firrah shew the way.

Exeunt many Gentlemen and walke.

Mal. Doe you know these !

Cord. Troth not I fir, I'me amaz'd
At this their strange ariuall.

Mal. By their starcht faces,
Small shancks, and blisted shoo-knobs, they should be
Courtiers.

Cord. Our *Spanish* Mercers say, th'are the brauest
fellowes.

Mal. For braue men, th'are no lesse i'th Taylors
bookes,
Courtiers in Citizens Houses, are Summer fires,
May well be spar'd, and being cleane out are best
They doe the house no good, but helpe consume
They burne the wood vp, and o're-heat the roome,
Sweetening onely th'ayre a little, that's all,
Play the right Citizen then, whil't you gaine by
them,
Hug 'em, if they plucke your feathers, come not nigh
them.

Cord. Ile close with them.

Mal. Doe.

Cord. Welcome Gentlemen.

Omn. Thanks.

Cord. Pray fir what Ladies may thesc be with my Wife ?

1. *Gent.* Faith fir if they would cast themselves away vpon Knights, they may be Knights Ladies, but are onely Gentlewomen of an exceeding sweet carriage and fashion, and 'tis fo Sir, that your wiues doings being bruited and spread abroad to be rare for her handling the *Spanissh* needle, these beauties are come onely to haue your wife pricke out a thing, which must be done out of hand, that's the whole bufineffe Sir.

Cord. In good time Sir.

Mal. Of Court I pray Sir are you ?

2. *Gent.* Yes Sir, we follow the Court now and then, as others follow vs.

Cord. He meanes those they owe money too.

Mal. Pray Sir what newes at Court ?

1. *Gent.* Faith Sir the old stale newes, black Iackes are fill'd and standing Cups emptied.

Mal. I see then Iacks are fawcie in euery corner, I haue giuen it him vnder the lift of the eare.

Cord. 'Twas foundly, you see he's strucke dead.

Mal. Dauncing Baboone !

Enter Tormiella mask'd, and in other Garments, the Gentlewomen with her, and Gentlemen leading her away.

Torm. Farewell.

Omn. To Coach, away.

1. *Gent.* The *Welch* Embassador, has a Message to you fir.

2. *Gent.* Hee will bee with you shortly, when the Moones Hornes are i'th full. *Exeunt.*

Mal. What's that they talke !

Cord. Nothing but this, they haue giuen it me foundly, I feele it vnder the lifts of both eares, where's my wife !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. She's falne sicke fir.

Cord. The Night-mare rides her.

Mal. Ha ! sicke ! how sicke !

Bil. Of the falling sicknesse ; you and my Master haue vs'd her to runne away, that she has shew'd you another light paire of heeles, she's gon Sir.

Cord. Thou lyest.

Bil. It may be she lyes by this time, but I stand to my words, I say agen She's gon fir ; cast your Cap at her, but she's gon hurried into a Coach drawne with foure Horses.

Cord. These her oathes, vowes, protestations, damnations, a Serpent kist the first woman ; and euer since the whole sexe haue giuen sucke to Adders.

Mal. Run into th' Street, and if thou seest the priuileg'd Bawdy house she went into,

Bil. That runs on four wheeles, the Caroch fir.

Cor. Cry to the whole City to stop her.

Bil. I will fir, 'tis euery mans case i'th City, to haue his wife stop'd. — *Exit.*

Mal. Well ; what wilt thou say, if this be a plot, Of merriment betwixt thy wife and them, For them to come thus, and disguise her thus, Thus whorry her away to some by-Towne, But foure or fue miles distance from the City, Then must we hunt on Horsebacke, find our game See and not know her in this strange disguise, But the jest smelt out, showts, and plandities Must ring about the Table where she sits, Then you kissing her, I must applaud their wits.

Cor. Well, I will once be gull'd in this your Comedy,
A while Ile play the Wittall, I will winck Sir.

One Bird you see is flowne out of the nest,

Mal. What Bird !

Cord. A wagtaile, after, flye all the rest.

Mal. Come then.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS, III.

Enter Iohn, a Doctor, and Pacheco.

Ioh. *Pacheco.*

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. It shall be so, to the King presently
See my Caroach be ready, furnish me
To goe to Court fir.

Pach. Well Sir.

Exit.

Do. Why my Lord ?

Ioh. What sayst thou ?

Do. You will ouerthrow the state
Of that deare health which so much cost and time
Haue beene a building vp, your pores lying open
Colds, Agues, and all enemies to pure bloods
Wil enter and destroy life.

Enter Pacheco, with Cloake and Rapier.

Ioh. I will to Court.

Do. Pray my Lord stirre not forth.

Ioh. Lay downe, begon.

Exit Pacheco.

Do. The Ayre will pierce you

Iohn. I ha tooke cold already.

Do. When fir ?

Ioh. When you counsell'd me to ride my horse.

Do. Nay that was well, how slept you the next night?

Ioh. Not a winck.

Doct. All the better.

Ioh. But i'th next morning,

I could not in a Russian stoue sweate more

Then I did in my Bed.

Doct. Marry I'me glad on't.

Ioh. And had no clothes vpon me.

Doct. Still the better.

Ioh. My bones Sir pay'd for all this, and yet you cry, still the better : when you ha' purg'd your pockets full of gold out of a Patient, and then nayl'd him in's Coffin, you cry then still the better too, a man were better to lye vnder the hands of a Hangman, than one of your rubarbatiue faces ; firrha Doctör, I doe not thinke but I haue beene well, all this time I haue beene Sicke ?

Doctör. Oh my good Lord.

Ioh. Oh good Master Doctör, come no more of this, I haue another Diaphragma for you to tickle, you minister poyson in some Medicines, doe you not ?

Doct. Yes my good Lord, in Purgatiue and Expulsiue.

Ioh. So, so, breake not my head with your hard words, you can for a need poyson a Great man ?

Doct. Your Lordship's merry.

Ioh. Right Sir, but I must haue it done in sadnesse, 'tis your Trade Master Doctör to send men packing : harke you, 'tis no lesse Bug-beare then *Don Valasco* !

Do. The Admirall of *Castile* !

Ioh. Him you must fincke.

Do. 'Tis my certaine death to doe it.

Ioh. And thy certaine death to deny it, if you will not shew him a cast of your Office, Ile be so bold, as bestow this vpon you of mine, I am sharpe set, will you doe it ?

Do. I will by these two hands.

Ioh. When ?

Do. When you please.

Ioh. This day ?

Do. This hower.

Ioh. And make him fast.

Do. Fast.

Ioh. For speaking.

Do. For speaking.

Ioh. Why then good Doctor rise
To honour by it, be secret and be wife.

Enter Pacheco.

Pa. The Admirall is come my Lord.

Ioh. Away with these, shew him the way in,
Doctor.

Do. Oh my Lord !

Enter Valasco.

Ioh. If you faile.

Val. All health to your good Lordship, I wish
that,
Which most I thinke you want.

Ioh. Thanks my good Lord,
Doctor dispatch, take heed your Compositions,
Hit as I told you.

Do. Oh my Lord, I am beaten to these things.
Exit.

Ioh. Goe then, this visitation of your Lordship,
I take most kindly.

Val. Two maine wheelles my Lord,
Haue hither brought mee, on the Kings Command,
To'ther my loue, with a desire to know
Why I mong'ft all the trees that spread it'h Court
Should still be smote with lightening from your eye ;
Yours onely dangerous Arrowes shootes at mee :
You haue the Courtiers dialect right, your tongue

Walkes ten miles from your heart, when last you
faw me,
Doe you remember how you threaten'd; as for you
Sir —

Ioh. These notes are strange.

Val. Oh my good Lord, be my good Lord, I
read

Harsh Lectures in your face, but meet no Comment
That can dissolue the riddle, vnlesse it be
Out of that noble fashion that great men
Must trip some heeles vp, tho they stand as low
As Vintners when they coniure, onely to shew
Their skill in wrastring, 'tis not well to strike
A man whose hands are bound, like should chuse
' like.

Ioh. I strike you not, nor strue to giue you falls,
Tis your owne guilt afflicts you, if to the King
The song I set of you, did to your eare
Vnmusically sound, 'twas not in hate
To you, but in desire to giue the state
True knowledge of my innocence, be sure a bird,
Chanted that tune to mee, that onely you
Incens'd the King that I should sell him.

Val. Vmh!

Ioh. Doe you thinke I lye?

Val. I doe belecue your Lordship.

Ioh. 'Twas a man most neare you.

Val. A bosome villaine!

Ioh. For you must think that all that bow, stand
bare

And giue Court Cakebread to you, loue you not.

Val. True loue my Lord at Court, is hardly got.

Ioh. If I can friend you, vse me.

Val. Humble thanks.

Ioh. Oh my good Lord, times filuer foretop stands
On end before you, but you put it by.
Catch it, 'tis yours, scap'd neuer yours, your shoulders
Beare the Weale-publique vp, but they should beare,
Like Pillars to be strong themselues: would I

Want fish at Sea, or golden showers at Court
I'de goe awry sometimes, wer't but for sport.

Val. Say you so !

Io. Sell Iustice and she'l by you Lordships,
cloath her

(As Citizens doe their wiues) beyond their worth
She'll make you sell your Lordships and your plate.

No wife man will for nothing serue a state,
Remember this, your Daughter is the Queene
Braue phraze to say my Sonne in Law the King,
Whil't sweet showers fall, and Sunne-shine, make your
Spring.

Val. You looke not out I see, nor heare the
stormes

Which late haue shooke the Court.

Ioh. Not I ! what stormes !

Val. You in your Cabbin know nothing there's a
Pinnace

(Was mann'd out first by th' City,) is come to th'
Court,

New rigg'd, a very painted Gally soist,
And yet our *Spanish* Caruils, the Armada
Of our great vessels dare not flurre for her.

Ioh. What Pinnace meane you ?

Val. From his lawfull pillow,
The King has tane a Citizens wife.

Ioh. For what ?

Val. What should men doe with Citizens wiues at
Court ?

All will be naught, poore Queene 'tis she smarts for't.

Ioh. Now 'tis your time to strike.

Val. He does her wrong,
And I shall tell him soundly.

Ioh. Tell him !

Val. Ile pay it home.

Ioh. Were you some Father in Law now.

Val. What lyes heere,
Lyes here, and none shall know it.

Ioh. How easie were it,

For you to fet this warping Kingdome straight ?

Val. The peoples hearts are full,

Ioh. And weed the State.

Val. Too full of weeds already.

Ioh. And to take all,

Into your owne hands.

Val. I could soone doo't.

Ioh. Then doo't.

Val. Doe what ! misprize me not, pray good my Lord,

Nor let these foolish words we shoot i'th Ayre,

Fall on our heads and wound vs : to take all

Into mine owne hands, this I meane.

Ioh. Come on.

Val. Boldly and honestly to chide the King.

Ioh. Vmh.

Val. Take his minx vp short.

Ioh. Take her vp !

Val. Roundly, to rate, her Wittall husband : to stirre vp——

Ioh. The people, since mens wiues are common Cafes.

Val. You heare not me say so.

Ioh. To force this Tyrant to mend or end.

Val. Good day to your Lordship.

Ioh. Shoot off the Peece you haue charg'd.

Val. No, it recoyles.

Ioh. You and I shall fall to cutting throates.

Val. Why !

Ioh. If euer you speake of this.

Val. If we cut one another throates, I shall neuer Speake of this : fare your Lordship well.

Alphonso de Gramada.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Good health to both your Lordships.

Ioh. Thankes good *Alphonso*, nay pray stay.

Val. Where hast thou beene *Alphonso* !

Alph. In the Marqueffe of *Villa Noua del Rios*,
Garden

Where I gathered thefe Grapes.

Val. And th'are the faireft Grapes I euer toucht.

Ioh. Troth fo they are ; plump *Bacchus* cheekes
were neuer

So round and red, the very God of Wine.

Swels in this bunch, *Lyæus* fet this Vine.

Val. I haue not feene a louelier.

Alph. 'Tis your Lordships, if you vouchsafe to
take it.

Val. Oh I fhall rob you, of too much sweetneffe.

Alph. No my Lord.

Val. I thanke you.

Alph. Make bold to fee your honour.

Ioh. Good *Alphonfo*.

Alph. And (loath to be too troublefome) take my
leauē :

Ioh. My duty to the King.

Val. Farewell good *Alphonfo*. *Exit.*

Ioh. How doe you like your Grapes ?

Val. Moft delicate, tafte 'em :

Is it not ftrange, that on a branch fo faire,
Should grow fo foule a fruit, as Drunkards are ?

Ioh. Thefe are the bullets that make Cities reele,
More then the Cannon can.

Val. This Iuice infus'd
In man, makes him a beaft, good things abus'd,
Conuert to poyfon thus ; how now !

Ioh. I'me dizzie
Oh ! does not all the houfe run round on wheeles !
Doe not the Pofts goe round ! my Lord this fellow,
Loues you I hope ?

Val. Ile pawne my life he does.

Io. Would all we both are worth, were laid to
pawne

To a Broaker that's vndamn'd for halfe a dram
For halfe a fcruple,—oh we are poyfon'd.

Val. Ha !

Ioh. What doe you feele ?

Val. A giddynesse too me thinkes.

Ioh. Without there, call the Doctōr (flaue)

Enter Pacheco.

Pach. He's here Sir.

Enter Doctōr.

Ioh. Oh Doctōr now or neuer—giue him his
last,

We are poyson'd both.

Exit Doctōr.

Val. I thinke our banes are ask'd.

Ioh. Hee'l bring that shall forbid it, call him (villaine.)

Pa. Well Sir I will call him villaine.

Exit.

Val. All thriues not well within me : On my
foule

T'is but Concept, I'me hurt with feare, *Don Iohn*,
Is my Cloſe mortall enemy, and perhaps
Vnder the Cullor I am poyson'd, sends
To pay me foundly ! to preuent the worst,
Preſeruatīue or poyson, he drinks first.

Enter Doctōr.

Ioh. Giue it him.

Va. No begin.

Ioh. What is't ?

Do. Cordiall.

Ioh. The Doctōr shall begin, quickly, so heere,
Halfe this to both our deathes if't come too late.

Val. I pledge them both, death is a common
fate.

Ioh. Shift hands, is't mortall !

Do. It strikes sure.

Ioh. Let it runne.

Va. 'Tis downe.

Ioh. I'me glad, thy life's not a span long.
How is't!

Va. Worfe.

Ioh. Better, I doe feare this phyfick
Like pardons for men hang'd is brought too late.

Do. Hee's gone.

Ioh. Who's without!

Do. Some of his men attending with his Caroach.

Ioh. Take helpe; bestow the body in't, convey it,
To his owne houle and there fir, fee you sweare,
You saw him in your prefence fall dead heere.

Do. This I can safely sweare.

Ioh. Helpe then, away,
Thou art next, for none muſt liue that can betray.

Exeunt.

Flourish. *Enter King, Queene, Tormicella, Ladies, Iago, Martines, Fuentes, and Alphonso.*

King. So sweetneſſe, Ile now walke no longer with
you.

Qu. Are you weary of my Company!

King. Neuer ſhall:

Prithee keepe thy Chamber a while, the Ayre bites.

Qu. 'Tis becauſe the Sunne ſhines not ſo hot as 't
had wont.

King. There's ſome Cloud betweene then.

Qu. Yes, and a horrible foule one.

King. I ſee none but faire ones.

Qu. No! Looke yonder, it comes from the City.'

King. Let it come, by theſe Roſes I am angry that
you let me not go.

Qu. Nay look you, your Grace takes all from me
too; pray Sir giue me my roſes, your Highneſſe is
too couetous.

King. I muſt of neceſſitie haue one.

Qu. You ſhall, ſo you take it of my chooſing.

King. I will, so you choose that which I like.

Qu. Which will you haue, the bud, or that which is blown?

King. The bud sure, I loue no blowne ware.

Qu. Take your bud then.

Offers to go, and throwes it downe.

King. Doe you heare? are you angry?

Qu. No, you are jealous, you are so loath to haue me out of your sight, you need not, for I keepe the fashion of the Kings of *China*, who neuer walke abroad, but besides their Attendants, haue five or sixe as richly attired as themfelues, to cut off treason.

Kin. So.

Q. Here be others in the Troupe will bee taken for Queenes sooner then I.

Kin. You are vext, I haue prefer'd a creature to you.

Qu. Who dares checke the Sunne, if he make a stinking weed grow close to a bed of Violets? vext! not I, and yet me thinkes you might giue me leaue to chuse mine owne women, as well as you doe your men, I commend no man to you, for lifting joyne-flooles to be one of your guard.

King. Your Muffe.

Qu. Take it good wife.

King. You will make me angry: good wife! so, take it.

Qu. Now I hope you'll take it, you need not scorne a Queenes leauings, for a Queene has had yours.

King. What!

Qu. You see; does your Maiestie frowne because I take it from her

Come hither, put your hand here? so, well met,
All friends now, yet tho ty'd neuer so fast,
Being a bow knot, it slips it selfe at last.

Exeunt Queene, Tormiel. Ladies and Mart.

K. Is't so! wert thou a Diamond worth the world,

And ne're so hard, yet thine owne Duft shall cut thee :
Goe call that Lady backe.

Alph. Which ?

King. *Tormicella,*

No doe not ! 'Tis a Cocke the Lyon can fright,
The Hen do'ft now, the Cafe is alter'd quite.

Enter Doctor.

Do. Your gracious pardon to call backe a life
That's halfe lost with despaire.

King. What hast thou done ?

Do. Poyson'd a man.

King. Whom hast thou poyson'd ?

Do. The Queenes Father in Law.

King. Would it had beene the Daughter, thou
shalt feele :

A double death, one heere, and one in Hell.

Do. I must haue company with me then : *Don*
John

Your Highnesse Brother, set against my throat——

King. Back.

Doct. His arm'd sword ; I had dy'd, had I not
done't.

King. Our Guard : goe fetch *Don John* our brother
to Court,

Do. A word in your Highnesse eare :

King. Search him.

Omn. He has nothing.

Do. I in stead of poyson,

Gaue him a sleepey Potion, he's preferu'd
Don John thinks not : the noble Admirall
Feares plots against his life, forbeares the Court
But sends me to your Grace, to bid you set
Your footing stiffe and strongly, for *Don John*
Trips at your life and Kingdome, to his throat
Valasco this will iustifie.

King. He shall

Goe you and fetch him secretly to Court

Alphonso take the Doctor and returne. *Exeunt.*

Death ! when ! *Iago* with your smootheft face

Go greet *Don Iohn* from vs,

Say we haue worke of State, both presently

And clofely bid him come.

Iago. I shall.

Exit.

Enter Gazetto.

King. How now what's he, giue vs leaue, come
hither :

We haue perus'd your paper Sir, and thinke
Your promifes Spring-tides, but we feare you'll ebbe
In your performance.

Gaz. My deeds and speeches Sir,
Are lines drawne from one Center, what I promise
To doe, Ile doe, or loofe this.

King. You giue me phylicke after I'm dead, the
Portugals and we
Haue hung our drummes vp, and you offer heere
Models of Fortification, as if a man
Should when Warre's done, fet vp an Armorors
shop.

Gaz. I bid you fet up none Sir, you may chufe.

King. This fellow Ile fitly cast i'th Villaines
mold,

I find him crafty, enuious, poore, and bold :
Into a Saw Ile turne thee, to cut downe
All Trees which stand in my way ; what's thy name ?

Gaz. You may reade in my paper.

King. *Lupo Vindicado's* ; Vmh ! nay we shall im-
ploy you

Merrit went neuer from vs with a forehead,
Wrinkled or fullen, what place would you serue in ?

Gaz. Any, but one of your turne broaches ; I
would not be one of your blacke Guard, there's too
much fire in me already.

King. You say, you haue the Languages.

Gaz. Yes.

King. What thinke you of an Intelligencer, we'll send you—

Gaz. To th' Gallowes, I loue not to be hang'd in State.

King. You hauing trauel'd as you said so farre, And knowing so much, I muse thou art so poore.

Gaz. Had the confusion of all tongues began In building me, could I sing sweet in all, I might goe beg and hang, I ha' seene *Turkes* And *Iewes*, and *Christians*, but of all, the *Christians* Haue driest hands, they'l see a Brother starue, But giue Duckes to a water-Spaniell.

King. Well obseru'd
Come fir, faith let's crow together, in what stamp
Dost thou coyne all thy Languages.

Gaz. I doe speake *English*
When I'de moue pittie, when dissemble, *Irish*,
Dutch when I reele, and tho I feed on scallions,
If I should brag Gentility, I'de gabble *Welch*,
If I betray, I'me *French*, if full of braues,
They swell in loftie *Spanish*, in neat *Italian*
I court my Wench, my messie is all seru'd vp.

King. Of what Religion art thou?

Gaz. Of yours.

King. When you were in *France*?

Gaz. *French*.

King. Without there.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Sir?

King. Giue this Gentleman fise hundred Pistolets
Be neere vs.

Gaz. In thy bosome, for thy Pistolets
Ile giue thee Pistols, in a peece might ha bene
mine,
Thou shoot'st or mean'st to shoot, but Ile charge
thine,
Thy heart off goes it in thunder.

King. Through the Gallerie,
Vnseene conuay him hither, give vs leaue fir.
Gaz. Leaue haue you ?

Exeunt.

Enter Doctor, Valasco, and Alphonso.

Val. I'm glad to see your Maiesty.
King. You haue reason.
Val. I was going to cry all hid.
King. Come hither
Dead man you'l iustifie this treason ?
Val. To his teeth,
Throate, mouth to mouth, bodie to bodie.
King. So.

Enter Iago.

Iag. *Don John of Castile*'s come.
King. A Chaire, stand you
Full here and stirre not, front him, bring him in
How, now, did a Hare crosse your way ?

Enter Don John.

Ioh. The Diuell
Doctor Ile giue you a purge for this, Ile make
Your Highnesse laugh.
King. You must tickle me soundly then.
Ioh. In this retreat of mine from Court, my
bodie
(Which was before a cleane streame) growing foule
By my minds trouble, through your high displeasure
Which went to th' bottome of my heart ; I call'd
That found Card to me, gaue him fees and bid him
(By all the fairest props that Art could reare)
To keepe my health from falling, which I felt
Tottering and shaken, but my Vrinallist
(As if he fate in Barber-Surgions Hall
Reading Anatomy Lectures) left no Artery
Vnstretcht vpon the Tenters.

King. So he vext you to the guts.

Ioh. My bowels were his coniuring roomes, to quit him

I tempted him to poyson a great man,
I knowing this my honourable friend——

Val. Keepe backe, hee'l poyson my gloue elfe.

Ioh. Comming to visit me,

This was the man must die.

King. Why did you this?

Ioh. Onely to hatch a jest on my pill'd Doddy,
I knew he durst not doo't.

King. But say he had?

Val. Then he had beene hang'd.

Ioh. That had made me more glad.

Doct. I am bound to your Lordship.

Ioh. Being a Doctor you may loofe your selfe.

King. Mens liues then are your Balls, disarme him.

Ioh. How! not all thy Kingdome can. *Drawes.*

King. Hew him in peeces,

Our Guard, s'death kill him.

Ioh. Are you in earnest?

King. Looke.

Ioh. See then, I put my selfe into your Den:

What does the Lyon now with me?

King. Th'art a traytor.

Ioh. I am none.

King. No!

Val. Yes, an arrant traytor.

Ioh. You fir; spit all thy poyson forth.

Val. No, I dranke none fir.

King. Come to your proofes, and see you put 'em home.

Val. You and I one day, being in conference,

You nam'd this noble King (my Sovereigne)

A tyrant, bid me strike, 'twas now my time,

Spake of a Peece charg'd, and of shooting off

Of stirring vp the Rascals to rebell,

And to be short, to kill thee.

Ioh. I speake this !

Val. Yes Traytor, thou.

Ioh. Where !

Val. In your Chamber.

Ioh. Chamber !

Was it not when you told me, that the King
Had got a strumpet.

King. Ha.

Val. How !

Ioh. A Citizens wife ;

'Twas when you fwore to pay him foundly.

Val. See, fee !

Ioh. The peoples hearts were full.

Val. Poxe, a'my heart then.

Ioh. Or was't not when you threaten'd to take all,
Into your owne hands :

Val. There's my gloue, thou lyest.

King. Good stuffe, I shall find traitors of you both,
If you are, be so ; with my finger, thus
I fanne away the dust flying in mine eyes
Rais'd by a little wind ; I laugh at these now,
'Tis fmoake, and yet because you shall not thinke
We'll dance in Earth quakes, or throw squibs at
Thunder,

I charge both keepe your Chambers for a day

Or fo.——

Val. Your will.

Exit.

Ioh. Chambers !

King. We bid it.

Ioh. You may.

Exit.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Omn. The Queene.

Qu. I thanke your highnesse for the bird you gaue
me.

King. What bird ?

Qu. Your Taffell gentle, thee's lur'd off and gone.

King. How gon ! what's gone !

Qu. Your woman's fled
Whom you prefer'd to me, she's stolne from Court.

King. You iest.

Qu. Bee it so.—

Goes away.

King. I haue hotter newes for you,
Your Fathers head lies here, art thou still shooting
Thy stings into my sides ! Now doe you looke
I should turne wild, and send through all the winds
Horsemen in quest of her, because you weare
A kind of yellow stocking ; let her flie
If *Ioue* forsooth would fixe a starre in Heauen,
Iuno runnes mad, thou better mightst haue spurn'd
The gates of hell ope ; then to looke into
Our bosome.

Qu. Where your Trull lyes.

King. Y'are a Toad.

Qu. Womans reuenge awake thee, thou hast flirr'd
A blood as hot and high as is thine owne
Raife no more stormes ; your treafure is not gon,
I fear'd the Sea was dangerous, and did found it
Mischiefe but halfe vp, is with ease confounded. *Exit.*

King. In thine owne ruine, me canst thou hit
But with one finger which can doe no harme
But when a King strikes, 'tis with his whole arme.

Exit.

Enter Queene and Tormiella.

Qu. Make fast the Closet—so—giue me the key
I meane to kill thee.

Tor. Kill me, for what cause ?

Qu. Gueffe.

Tor. I know none, vnlesse the Lambe should aske
The Butcher why he comes to cut his throat.

Qu. I could through loope holes hit thee, or hire
flaues

And send death to thee, twenty secret wayes.

Tor. Why would you doe all this ?

Qu. Or (as the Hart

Drawes Serpents from their Den) with subtill breath
I could allure thee to sit downe, and banquet
With me as with the King thou hast.

Tor. Oh neuer—

Qu. Yet poyson you most sweetly.

Tor. Now you doe it.

Qu. And I could make thee a Queenes bedfellow
As thou hast beene a Kings.

Tor. Neuer by ——

Qu. Sweare,

Yet stifle you in a pillow, but I sorne
To strike thee blindfold, onely thou shalt know
An Eagles nest, disdaines to hatch a Crow :
Why are all mouthes in *Spaine* fill'd to the brim,
Flowing o're with Court newes, onely of you and him
The King I meane, where lies the Court ?

Tor. Sure here.

Qu. It remou'd last, to th' shop of a *Millaner*
The gests are so set downe, because you ride
Like vs, and steale our fashions and our tyers,
You'l haue our Courtiers to turne shopkeepers,
And fall to trading with you, ha !

Tor. Alas the Court to me is an enchanted tower
Wherein I'me lockt by force, and bound by spels
To Heauen to some, to me ten thousand Hels
I drinke but poyson in gold, sticke on the top
Of a high Pinnacle, like an idle vaine
(As the wind turnes) by euery breath being tost
And once blowne downe ; not mis'd, but for euer
lost.

Qu. Out Crocadile,—

Spurue her.

Tor. You will not murder me !

Qu. Ile cure you of the Kings euill.—

Draw 2. kniues.

Tor. To one woman
Another should be pittifull, heare me speake ?

Qu. How dares so base a flower follow my Sunne
At's rising to his setting.

Torm. I follow none.

Qu. How dar'st thou Serpent wind about a tree
That's mine.

Torm. I doe not.

Qu. Or to shake the leaues.

Tor. By Heauen, not any.

Qu. Or once to taste the fruit

Tho throwne into thy lap, if from a Harlot
Prayers euer came ; pray, for thou dy'st.

Torm. Then kill me.

Qu. How did my Husband win thee ?

Torm. By meere force ; a Bawd betray'd me to
him.

Qu. Worfe and worfe.

Torm. If euer I haue wrong'd your royall bed

In act, in thought, nayle me for euer fast,

To scape this Tyger of the Kings fierce lust

I will doe any thing, I will speake treason

Or Drinke a Cup of poyson, which may blast

My inticing face, and make it leprous foule :

Ruine you all this, so you keepe vp my Soule ;

That's all the wealth I care for.

Qu. I haue now no hart left to kill thee, rise, thou
and I

Will like two quarrelling Gallants faster tye

A knot of Loue, we both i'th Field being wounded

Since we must needs be sharers, vse me kindly

And play not the right Citizen, to vndoe

Your partner, who i'th stocke has more than you.

A noyse within. Enter the King.

King. Must you be clofetted ?

Qu. Yes.

King. What are you doing ?

Qu. Not getting Children.

King. Naked kniues ; for what,
Speake, s'death speake you.

Tor. They both fell from her side.

King. You lie, away.

Qu. Must you be clofettèd ?

King. Yes.

Qu. When hart break'ft thou, thou dost too much
fwell,

This Aspisn biting, is incurable.

Exit.

King. Be true to me I charge you ; did the Queene
Offer no violence to you.

Tor. None at all.

King. Why were these drawne.

Tor. I know not.

King. Know not ; what's heere,
Why is this rose deni'd with a pearled teare.
When the funne shines so warme, you know not that
too,

The lambe has am'd the *Lyon*, the vulture tyers
Vpon the Eagles hart, these subtill wyers
Chaine *loue*, these balls, from whose flames *Cupid*
drew,

His wild fire burnes heere, this you know not too.
I loue you, that you know not neither, y'are coy,
And proud, and faire, you know this.

Tor. I beseech you

Let me shake off the golden fetters you tye
About my body, you inioy a body
Without a soule, for I am now not heere.

King. Where then.

Tor. At home in my poore husbands armes,
This is your Court, that mine.

King. Your husbands armes,
Thou art his whore, he plai'd the theefe and rob'd
Another of thee, and to spoyle the spoyler,
Is Kingly iustice, 'tis a lawfull prize
That's ta'ne from Pirates ; there's are fellow wiuers.

Tor. Which of your subiects (which abroad adore
Your state, your greatnesse, presence and your throne
Of funne beames) thinke you now are with a wanton,
Or working a chaste wife to become one.

King. I worke thee not to be so, for when time
Shall iog his glasse and make those sands lye low

Which now are at the top, thy selfe shalt grow
In selfe same place my Queene does.

Tor. What tree euer stood
Long and deepe rooted, that was set in blood;
I will not be your whore to weare your Crowne,
Nor call any King my Husband, but mine owne.

King. No!

Tor. No 'twere shame 'mongst all our City Dames
If one could not scape free, their blasted fames.

King. The found of Bels and Timbrels make you
mad

As it does a Tyger, the foster that I stroke you
The worfe you bite, your father and your Husband
Are at my sending come to Court, Ile lay
Honours on both their backs, here they shall stay
Because Ile keepe you here, if you doe frowne
The engine which reares vp, shall plucke all downe.
Ile fetch 'em to you my selfe. *Exit.*

Tor. Oh who can flitting scape in baser throngs,
When Princes Courts threaten the selfe-same wrongs!
Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS, IIII.

Flourish. *Enter King, Maleuento, Cordolente, Iago,
Alphonso, Gazetto, and Tormiella.*

King. Y' aue the best welcome which the Court can
yeeld,
For the King gives it you.

Mal. Your Grace is gracious.

King. Is this your Father?

Mal. My proper flesh and bloud Sir.

King. And that your Husband?

Cor. Not I sir; I married an honest wench that went in a cap, no whim whams; I did but shuffle the first dealing, you cut last, and dealt last, by the same token you turn'd vp a Court Card.

King. Is the man iealous!

Cor. No, but a little troubled with the yellow Jaundize, and you know if it get to the Crowne of the head, a man's gon.

King. We send not for you hither to be brau'd, Sirrah cast your darts elsewhere.

Cor. Among the wild *Irish* Sir hereafter.

King. 'Tis our Queenes pleasure that your wife be call'd

Her woman, and because she will not loose her, She hath importun'd vs to raise you both; Your name sir?

Mal. Mine, *Andrada Malcuento*.

King. *Andrada Malcuento* we make you Vice-Admirall of our Nauy.

Cor. Oh spitefull Comedy, he's not a Courtier of halfe an houres standing, and he's made a Vice already.

King. We make thy Husband——

Cor. A Cuckold doe you not.

Mal. Sonne you forget your selfe.

Cor. Meddle with your owne office; there's one will looke that none meddles with mine.

Mal. Is not a change good?

Cor. Yes, of a louzie shirt.

King. Take hence that fellow, he's mad.

Cor. I am indeed horne-mad, oh me, in the holiest place of the Kingdome haue I caught my vndoing, the Church gaue mee my bane.

Tor. What the Church gaue thee, thou hast still.

Cor. Halfe parts, I thought one had tane thee vp.

Tor. Take me home with thee, Ile not stay here.

Kin. Ha !

Tor. Let me not come to Court.

Mal. The King is vext, let me perfwade thee
Sonne

To wincke at fmall faults.

Cor. What fir *Pandarus* !

Tor. Sends the King you to blufh in's roome.

Mal. Y'are a baggage.

King. Goe tell the lunatique fo ; *Andrada* harke,

Iag. The King fir bids me fmg into your eare,
Sweet notes of place and office which fhall fall——

Cor. Into my mouth, I gape for 'em,

Iag. He bids me aske what will content you.

Cor. Nothing, nothing, why Sir the powers aboue
cannot pleafe vs, and can Kings thinke you, when we
are brought forth to the world, we cry and bawle as if
we were vnwilling to bee borne ; and when we are a
dying we are mad at that.

King. Take hence that Wolfe that barkes thus.

Cor. I am muzzel'd, but one word with your
Maieftie, I am fober fir.

King. So fir.

Cor. You oft call Parliaments, and there enact
Lawes good and wholefome, fuch as who fo breake
Are hung by th' purfe or necke, but as the weake
And fmaller flyes i'th Spiders web are tane
When great ones teare the web, and free remaine.
So may that morall tale of you be told,
Which once the Wolfe related : in the Fold
The Shepheards kill'd a fheepe and eate him there
The Wolfe lookt in, and feeing them at fuch cheere,
Alas (quoth he) fhould I touch the leaft part
Of what you teare, you would plucke out my hart,
Great men make Lawes, that whofoe're drawes blood
Shall dye, but if they murder flockes 'tis good :
He goe eate my Lambe at home fir.

King. Part, and thus reckon neuer to fee her
more.

Cor. Neuer !

Tor. Neuer thus, but thus a Princes whore.

Exeunt.

Cor. Thou dar'st not, if thou do'st, my heart is great,

Thus wrong'd, thou canst doe little if not threat.

Gaz. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cor. At what dost laugh?

Gaz. At a thing of nothing, at thee; why shouldst thou be afraid to fall into the Cuckolds disease.

Cor. Because it makes a Doctor an Ass, nothing can cure it, are you answer'd Sir?

Gaz. Come th'art a foole, to grieve that thy wife is taken away by the King to his priuate bed chamber. Now like a booke call'd in, shee'l sell better then euer she did.

Cor. Right sir, but could he chuse no stocke to graft vpon, but that which was planted in my nurserie.

Gaz. Ile shew thee a reason for that.

Cor. Why?

Gaz. Leachers comming to women, are like Mice amongst many Cheeses, they taste euery one, but feed vpon the best: hornes rightly weigh'd are nothing.

Cor. How nothing! oh sir, the smallest Letters hurt your eyes most, and the least head-ach which comes by a womans knocking hurts more then a cut to the scull by a mans knocking.

Gaz. Yet I warrant thou dar'st sweare the party's honest?

Cor. Ha; sweare; not I, no man durst euer sweare for his wife but *Adam*, nor any woman for her husband but *Eue*, fare you well sir.

Gaz. Whether art flying?

Cor. In peices dost not see I'me shot out of a Cannon.

Exit.

Gaz. Downwards Ile shoote thee, but as Duels vse

Ile tickle at thy tortures, dance at thy stumbling,
Play with thee, and then paw thee, 'thalt make me merry

The Crowne of blacke deeds that are hatcht in Hell
Is to out-lieue and laugh, and all's play'd well. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne, and Coxcombe.

Clo. I haue not pafs'd by a *Don*, to touch whose hand mine owne was neuer more troubled with a more terrible itch.

Cox. I haue not met a Signior, at whom mine owne eyes (as if roasted enough) did euer burne more in desire to flye out: so that whether to recoyle or aduance on, I am betweene Hawke and Buzzard.

Bil. The honey of sweet Complement so turne vp your Tuskes or Mochatoes, that they be not too stiffe, to bristle against my acquaintance.

Cox. Your acquaintance is a Limbeck, out of which runneth a perfum'd water, bathing my nostrils in a strong scent of your embracings: are you of Court Signior?

Bil. No Signior of the City: are you a Don of the Citie!

Cox. No Signior of the Court City, I smile.

Bil. Why.

Cox. I assure you Signior, you are to vs of the Court but *Animals*

You are held but as shooing hornes to wait on great Lords heeles.

Bil. Let em pay vs what they owe then, and pull on their shoes, and wee'll wait no more.

Cox. You are our Apes.

Bil. But you are fuller of Apish trickes.

Cox. No fooner leape our Ladies into a fashion, but your Wiues are ready to creepe into the same.

Bil. Why not; for tho some of your Ladies invent the fashion, some of our wiues husbands are neuer pay'd for the stufte or making.

Cox. Giue way with your poore scull to our oares: for I tell thee Signior you of the city, are the flatten milke of the kingdome, and wee of the Court, the Creame.

Bil. I tell thee Signior! wee of the City eate none of your Court butter, but some of you munch vp our flatten milk cheefe.

Cox. Be not too loud; tho you are good ringers in the City, for most of you haue bells at your doores.

Bil. Be not you too loud: for you might be good fingers at Court but that most of you are spoyled in learning your prickfong.

Cox. Bee temperate: I will shew you your City Cinquipace, you beare, sweare, teare, reare, and weare; you beare the Tanckerd, sweare shop oathes, teare money out of debtors throates, reare rich estates, weare good clothes, but carry your Conscience in torne pockets.

Bil. Bee attentiu, I will shew you your Court Coranto pace, it consisteth of 5. bees and 3. cees; you borrow of any man, are braue on any termes, brag at any hand to pay, bellow at any that demands it, bite any Catchpole that fangs you, but carry neither Conscience nor coyne in your whole pockets.

Cox. Tell me Signior, tell mee why in the City does a harmlesse signe hang at the doore of a subtyll *Nicodemus* sitting a shop?

Bil. And tell me Signior, tell me, why when you eate of good cheare i'th City, haue you handsome wide chops, but meeting vs at Court, none; your gumme's glew'd vp, your lips coap'd like a Ferret, not so much as the corner of a Custard; in a cold cup, and a dry cheate loafe 'tis well.

Cox. Come, come, You are Acornes, and your Sonnes the Prodigals that eate you vp.

Bil. Goe, goe, you are Prodigals, and glad of the yellow Acornes we leaue our Sonnes.

Cox. I will croffe my selfe when I owe money to a Citizen, and passe by his doore.

Bil. I will blesse my selfe, when a Courtier owing me no money, comes neare my doore.

Cor. You are discended from the tanckerd generation.

Bil. You are ascended vp to what you are, from the blacke Iacke and bumbard distillation.

Cox. Deere Signior.

Bil. Delicious *Don.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Don Iohn.

Ioh. Boy.

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Art fure thou saw'st the Admirall at Court !

Pach. Am I fure I see your Lordship in your gowne.

Ioh. And talking with the King ?

Pach. Most familiarly.

Ioh. And what say the people about my committing to mine owne house ?

Pach. The beaſt grinneth at it, there's a Libell already of you my Lord.

Ioh. A Libell, away.

Pa. Yes ſaith my Lord, and a Song to the tune of Lament Ladies, Lament.

Ioh. I'me glad the ſtinkards are ſo merry, a halter on 'em, it is muſick to them to have euery man thrown off, you haue ſeen the Kings Miſtris, boy haue you not, what manner of peice is't ?

Pach. Troth my Lord I know not, I neuer ſaw her ſhot off a pretty little pocket dag.

Ioh. What report giues ſhe ?

Pach. A very good report of her Husband, but he giues an ill report of her.

Ioh. How does the Ladies take it ; now the King keepes a Wench vnder the Queenes noſe ?

Pach. They take it paſſing heauily, it goes to the heart of ſome of them, that he keepes not them too.

Ioh. I heard ſay they were all once leauing the Court ?

Pach. True ſir, but there was a deuife which ſtopp'd 'em.

Ioh. Who are you !

Knocking within.

Val. My Lord, we must speake with you.

Ioh. What are you? fetch me a weapon.

Omn. Your friends.

King. 'Sdeath breake it open.

Enter King, Valasco, and others.

Ioh. The King; I did not vnderstand your Ma-
iesty.

King. You shall, for Ile speake plaine to you,
know you these?

Ioh. Not I.

King. You doe not, a Kings arme thou seest
Has a long reach, as farre as *Portugall*

Can We fetch treason backe hatcht here by you.

Ioh. Me!

King. Thee and the trayterous *Portugals* to de-
priue me

Of life and Crowne, but I shall strike their King
And them, and thee beneath into the earth.

Ioh. And lower then earth you cannot.

King. Halfe your body is in the graue, it only
lackes our hand

To cast the dust vpon you, yet you stand

On slippery Ice your selfe, and trip at vs

Whose foot is fixt on Rocks, but since th'ast, throwne
Thy selfe downe neuer looke to rise.

Ioh. I care not, I will be little so in debt to you,
that I will not owe you so much as God a mercy for
my life.

King. You shall not then, stand not to ayme at
markes

Now roue not but make choise of one faire white
Th'ast but one arrow to shoote, and that's thy flight
The Admirall knowes our pleasure. *Exit.*

Ioh. And Heauen knowes mine
Left in mine enemies hand, are you my Taylor?

Val. No my Lord, I thinke I'me rather left

To be your Confessor.

Ioh. I need not any,
That you and I should both meet at one Ball,
I being the stronger, yet you giue the fall.

Val. A kind of foot-ball flight, my Lord, men
vfe

Exceeding much at Court, your selfe has heard
Little shrimps haue thrown men higher then the
Guard;

But barring this rough play, let's now confider,
For what I stay, and what you are to doe.

Ioh. Doe what?

Val. To die.

Ioh. And must you play the Hangman.

Val. Breake in fellowes. *Guard.*

Ioh. 'Sdeath what are these?

Val. Your Executioners appointed by the King.

Ioh. These my Executioners,
And you my ouer-seer, wherefore kneele they?

Val. To beg your pardon, for they feare their
worke

Will neuer please you.

Ioh. What booke's that they hold
This is no time for Dedications.

Val. That booke is sent in Loue to you from the
King

It contains pictures of strange fundry deaths
He bids you choose the easiest.

Ioh. Then I chuse this. *Snatches a Halbert.*

Val. Your choyce is ill made.

Ioh. I'me more forry Sir,
I had rather haue my body hackt with wounds,
Then t'haue a Hangman fillip me.

Val. My Lord pray pardon me
I'me forct to what I doe, 'tis the Kings pleasure
To haue you die in priuate.

Ioh. Any where
Since I must downe, the King might let me fall
From lofty Pinacles, to make my way

Through an arm'd Feild, yet for all that, euen then
Vnlesse I flew a kingdome full of men
I should at last be pay'd home : blackest fate
Thy worst, I heere defie thee, what the State
Appoints 'tis welcome.

Val. That's to haue your head.

Ioh. 'Tis ready.

Val. Hee'l be quiet when you are dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, and Alphonso.

Alph. Madam there's a fellow staves without to
speake with you.

Tor. With me !

Enter Cordolente.

Alph. Your shoo-maker I thinke.

Tor. Ha'ft brought my shooes ?

Cor. Yes Madam.

Tor. You drew them not on last.

Cor. No Madam, my Master that seru'd you last
has very good custome, and deales with other Ladies
as well as you, but I haue fitted you before now, I
should know the length of your foote.

Tor. I doe not remember thee.

Cor. I'me sorry you haue forgotten me.

Tor. What shooe was the last you drew on ?

Cor. A yellow.

Tor. A yellow ! I neuer wore that cullor.

Cor. Yes Madam by that token when I fitted you
first, you wore not your shoes so high i'th instep, but
me thinks you now go cleane awry.

Tor. A fault I cannot helpe, manie Ladies besides
me go so, I hope 'twill grow to a fashion.

Mal. Has not that fellow done there ?

Cor. Yes sir, I haue now done, I haue a fuit to you
Madam, that none may be your shoo-maker but I.

Tor. Thy Master thou sayst serues me, I should wrong him then.

Cor. Yet doe you me more wrong, oh my *Tor-miella* !

Is the leafe torne out where our Loue was writ,
That I am quite forgot !

Tor. Softly good fweet.

Cor. Oh miferie, I make my felfe a theefe,
To steale mine owne, another at my fire
Sits whiles I shake with cold, I fatten a stranger,
And starue my felfe.

Tor. Danger throwes eyes vpon thee,
Thus visit me, watch time for my escape
To any Country, by thy dearest fide
Ile lackey all the world or'e, Ile not change
Thee for a thousand Kings; there's gold.

Mal. Not yet done ?

Cor. Yes fir, I'me onely taking instructions to
make her a lower Chopeeene, she finds fault that she's
lifted too high.

Mal. The more foole shee.

Enter Iago.

Iag. The King comes Madam, he enquires for
you.

Enter King, Valasco, Gazetto, and others.

King. My brother *John* is gone then ?

Val. I ha bestow'd him as you commanded, in's
graue.

King. Hee's best there,
Except the Gods, Kings loue none whom they
feare.

How now !

Tor. My Shoo-maker.

King. Oh hast thou fitted her, so, hence fir.

Cor. As a worme on my belly, what should the
Ant,
On his poore Mole-hill braue the Elephant,
No, Signior no,
No braines to stay, but saues a head to goe. *Exit.*
King. Let me haue no more of this ; haue not we
eyes
Pointed like Sun-beames, goe to, get you in.
Tor. Angell from Heauen, falne a Kings Concu-
bine. *Exit.*

Enter Martines.

Mar. May it please your Grace.
King. Ha !
Mar. Her Highnesse drown'd in forrow, that your
brow
Has beene so long contracted into frownes,
Wishing to die vnlesse she see it smooth'd,
Commends her best loue to you in this Iewell
The Image of her heart.
King. My Lord Admirall, my wife's growne kind,
see !
Val. One of the happiest houres,
Mine age e're numbred ; would your Highnesse now
Would fetch vp the red blood her cheeks hath lost
By fending her, some simbole of your loue.
King. Pray step your selfe vnto her, say I locke
My heart vp in your bosome to her vse, and giue it
her.
Val. Ile lend it in your name.
King. Doe.
Val. She shall pay her heart for it in interest. *Exit.*
King. Ile see her anon.
Leaue vs, stay you, and set that Table here. *Exeunt.*
A chaire, none trouble vs, doe you serue the Queene ?
Mar. Yes sir.
King. We know you now, y'are in our eye.

Are the doores fast ?

Mar. They are Sir.

King. Nearer yet,

Doe not you know of a conspiracie,

To take away my life vpon Saint——tush,

No matter for the day, you know the plot Sir ?

Mar. By Heauen I know of none !

King. Blushing doe you staine ?

Mar. It is not guilt but anger.

King. Y'au'e all fixt

Your hands and Seales to an Indenture drawne

By such a day to kill me.

Mar. For my part

My Loyaltie like a rough Diamond shines

The more 'tis cut, I haue no hand in that

Or any baseneffe else against your Life

Or Kingdome.

King. No !

Mar. None.

King. Fetch me Inke and Paper

I foone shall try that, come Sir write your name :

Stay, your owne words shall choake you, 'twas a letter

Wrap'd vp in hidden Characters, and sent

Inclos'd in a Pomgranet, to a great *Don*

And thus subscrib'd : *At your pleasure your obsequious*
vassaille.

Write this, and then your name, here.

Mar. *At your pleasure.*

King. Thy hand shakes.

Mar. No sir, *Your obsequious Vassaille.*

King. Here sir, your name now there so low it
stood.

Mar. *Martines Casalla de Barameda.*

King. There's in thy face no Traytor I cannot tell
Good mouthes haue giuen thee to mee, on your life
Be not you like a Wolfes-skin Drum to fright
The whole Heard by your sound, I will compare
Your hand with this, that's all, but sir beware
You prate to none of what 'twixt vs is past.

Mar. Were I i'th world aboue, I would desire
To come from thence, to giue that man the lye,
That once should dare to blot my Loyalty.

King. Here take this Key, meet mee some halfe
houre hence i'th priuy Gallery with two naked Po-
niards.

Mar. Two ponyards.

Exit.

Enter Gazetto.

King. Yes, goe fend some body in, stay, *Lupo*
Can you write ?

Gaz. Yes.

King. Indite a Letter——'sdeath fir——heere begin

Gaz. After my heartie Commendations, so fir.

King. How ! write——*My most admired Mistris.*

Gaz. *Mired Mistris,*

King. *With the fire you first kindled in me, still I
am burnt.*

Gaz. *Still I am burnt:*

King. *So that Thunder shall not hinder mee from
climbing the highest step of the Ladder.*

Gaz. *Chimbing the highest step of the Ladder.*

King. *Of your perfections, though I bee confounded
for euer.*

Gaz. *Be confounded for euer.*

King. *Your high pleasures are mine, mine yours.*

Gaz. *Mine yours.*

King. *And I dye euerlastingly untill I bee in your
bosome.*

Gaz. *And I dye——untill I be in your bosome.*

King. So.

Gaz. So.

King. Hold.

Gaz. Here fir.

King. Where are the Gentlemen of our Chamber ?

Gaz. Without Sir.

King. Bid them attend vs clofe.

Gaz. I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Martines with two Poniards.

Mar. Would this dayes worke were done, I doe
not like
To see a Bull to a wild Fig-tree ty'd
To make him tame, beafts licking 'gainst the hayre
Fore-shew some storme, and I fore-see some snare :
His sword is dipt in oyle, yet does it wound
Deadly, yet stand it, innocence wrong'd is crown'd.

*Enter the King, Alphonso, and Gazetto.**Omn.* Treason !*King.* Where ?*Omn.* Kill the Villaine.*All draw.**King.* Stay, none touch him

On your liues; on Kings shoulders stand
The heads of the Colosse of the Goddess
(Aboue the reach of Traitors) were the beds
Of twenty thousand Snakes layd in this bosome,
There's thunder in our lookes to breake them all,
Leaue vs.

Omn. You are too venturous.*Exeunt.**King.* Ioue cannot fall,

Both person place and businesse were quite lost
Out of our memorie, lay aside these poniards
We haue alter'd now our businesse, you shall beare fir
Our salutation to the Queene —— not seal'd !
'Sfoot, nor indors'd ! some Inke, come let the fore-
head

Haue no more wrinces in't—but this, to the Queene,
Write it.

Mar. To the Queene, no more !*King.* No, no, 'tis well,

Haft thou no Seale about thee ? if my wife
Exceptions take missing our royall signet
Say that not hauing that, I borrowed yours.

Mar. I shall Sir.*Exit.*

Enter All.

King. Hide it, goe—without there.

Omn. Sir.

King. You met him did you not, how lookt the
flaue ?

Omn. Most strangely.

King. Vnparaleld Villaine ! Diuels could not fet
To hatch such spitefull mischiefe, guard me closely,
When you see him at the stake then worry him,
Are all weapon'd ?

Omn. All, all.

King. When Darts inuisible doe flye,
A flaue may kill a Lyon in the eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, and Tormiella.

Qu. Who gaue you this ?

Tor. A Gentleman of your Chamber.

Enter Martines.

Qu. Call in the Villaine,
Thou audacious Serpent !
How dar'st thou wind in knotted curles thy lust
About our honour ; where hadst thou this Letter ?

Mar. I had it from the King.

Qu. Out impudent Traytor.

Enter King, Iago, Gazetto, Alphonso.

King. How now at Barle-brake, who are in Hell ?
What's that ? to the Queene, what Queene !

Qu. Me, 'tis to me
Your mistress there the Messenger, her Secretary
Hee heere.

King. Vds death.

Qu. Your Trull and hee haue laid
Traines to blow vp mine honour, I am betray'd.

King. *Lupo*, Fasten her.

Qu. Fasten mee !

King. *Iago* see.

Looke all, bind fast this Diuell, is there no Circle
To be damn'd in but mine.

Qu. Slaue let me goe.

King. Oh thou lustfull harlot.

Qu. Guard me Heauen.

Mar. I'me fold.

Qu. Thou Villaine speake truth.

King. Keepe her off.

Mar. Most basely

Betray'd and baffled, is that Letter the fame
Sent in to the Queene.

Tor. The very fame.

King. Is this thy hand ?

Mar. 'Tis fir, but heare me.

King. And this thy name, thy hand ?

Mar. My name, my hand.

Qu. Saue him and let him spit
His blackest poyson forth ?

King. Spare him, vnhand her.

Qu. Let me haue Iustice as thou art a King !

King. To prison with them both.

Qu. As I am thy wife
Make not thy selfe a strompit of me.

King. Hence, guard her.

Qu. I come Heauen, guarded with innocence.

Exit.

King. Follow your Mistris, you.

Tor. Yes, to her graue.

Oh that I now were swallowed in some Waue. *Exit.*

King. Oh that I

Should in a womans lap my Kingdome lay,
Honour and life, and she should all betray
To a Groome, a slaue.

Iag. Let not her poyson run
Too neare your heart.

King. *Iago* I haue done,

Pray let my greife want company, this wracke
So great, shall make th' whole Kingdome mourn in
black.

Exeunt.

Lupo !

Gaz. Did your Highnesse call !

King. Yes, harke thee *Lupo* :

It may bee th'art a Serpent dull of fight,
Be quicke of hearing, may be th'art a Hare,
And canst see side-wayes, let me locke vp here,
What euer's layd in there.

Gaz. I am strongly charm'd.

King. Wilt venter for me ?

Gaz. To the threshold of hell.

King. May I trust thee ?

Gaz. Else imploy me not.

King. Didst euer kill a Scorpion ?

Gaz. Neuer, I ha benee stung by one.

King. Didst neuer bait a wild Bull ?

Gaz. That's the pastime I most loue and follow.

King. A strange diseafe

Hangs on me, and our Doctors say the bloud
Onely of these two beafts must doe me good,
Dar'st thou attempt to kill them ?

Gaz. Were they Diuels

With heads of Iron, and Clawes ioynted with brasse,
Encounter them I shall, in what Parke run they ?

King. The Queene that Scorpion is, *Tormiellas*
husband

The mad Oxe broken loose ; in a small volume
What mischiefe may be writ, in a maze !

Gaz. No, in a muse,

I'm plotting how to doe't, and to come off.

King. This does it, by this key burst vp all doores
That can betray thee, done be sure to rise,
Let a Kings royall breath, send the hence flying.

Gaz. As Powder does the Bullet.

King. Heap'd vp honours
Are scedules to thine enterprife annex,
Doe it and mount—

Gaz. To th' Gallowes.

King. Thy selfe goes next.

Exit.

Gaz. I scorn to be thy bloud hound.

Why should I vexe a Soule did neuer greeue me ?

The Queene an honest Lady : should I kill her,

It were as if I pull'd a Temple downe,

And from the ruines of that built vp a stewes,

She liues, but Butcher like the Oxe Ile vse.

Exit.

ACTVS, V.

Enter King, Valasco, Malevento, Alphonso.

Mal. Oh royall Sir, my Daughter *Tormiella*
Has lost her vse of reason and runne mad.

King. When !

Mal. Not halfe an houre since.

King. Mad now ! now frantique !

When all my hopes are at the highest pitch

T'inioy her beauties ! talke no more : thou ly'st.

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. May it please your Maiestie—

King. Curfes confume thee——oh—— *Strikes.*

Gaz. It is dispatch'd, the Queene is lost, neuer to
be found.

King. Waue vpon Waue,

Hard hearted Furies, when will you dig my Graue :

You doe not heare him, thunder shakes Heauen first

Before dull Earth can feelee it :

My deere, dearest Queene is dead.

Val. Ha!

Omn. The Queene dead!

King. What said she last!

Gaz. Commend me to the King

And tell him this, mine honour is not wrack'd,
Though his Loue bee.

King. And so her heart-strings crackt!

Val. Some trickes vpon my life, State-coniuring
To raise vp Diuels in Prisons, and i'th darke:
If she be dead, Ile see her.

King. Villanous man,
Thou see what we haue inioy'd, thou impudent foole
Away, *Iago* giue this tumbling Whale
Empty barreles to play with till this troublous Seas
(Which he more raging makes) good Heauen appease.

Val. Well I say nothing, Birds in Cages mourne
At first, but at last sing; I will take my turne. *Exit.*

King. My Queene dead, I shall now haue riming
flaues

Libell vpon vs, giuing her innocent wings
But say we murdered her, scandall dare strike Kings:
Then here's another Moone of *Spaine* Eclips'd,
One whom our best lou'd Queene put in her bosome,
For sweetnesse of pure life, integritie,
And (in Court beauties wondrous) honesty,
Shee's mad too, *Lupo*, *Tormiella's* mad!

Gaz. Mad!

Iag. As a March whore.

Gaz. Mad, shall I worke vpon her?

King. Use thy skill. *Exit Gazetto.*

Iag. I would to Heauen your highnesse—

King. Ha! the Queene! was she not at my elbow?

Omn. Here was nothing.

King. I must not liue thus, *Iago* if I lye
After the kingly fashion without a woman
I shall run mad at midnight; I will marry

The Lunaticke Lady, she shall be my Queene,
Proclaime her so.

Iag. Your highnesse does but iest !

King. All the world's franticke, mad with mad are
best. *Exit.*

Iag. Wretched state of Kings, that standing hye,
Their faults are markes shot at by euery eye. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, Gazetto.

Gaz. Giue me the key, make all fast, leaue us, Ile
skrew her wits to the right place.

Mal. *Apollo* bleste thee. *Exit.*

Tor. Are not you a woollen Draper ?

Gaz. Yes.

Tor. Whether is a womans life measured by the
Ell or the Yard.

Gaz. All women by the Yard sure, it's no life else.

Tor. I'me now neare feunteene yeares old, if I
should dye at these yeares, am not I a foole.

Gaz. Yes, marry are you, for the Law allowes
none to be of discretion, till they come to twenty
one.

Tor. Out vpon you, you are a Lawyer, pray get
you hence, for you'll not leaue me clothes to my backe
if I keepe you company, I'me mad enough now, and
you'll make me starke mad.

Gaz. I am not what I seeme, no Doctor I
But by your Husband in this disguise
To found your bosome.

Tor. You bob for Eeles, doe you not ?

Gaz. Here has he lockt his mind vp, but for mee
To put a burning linstocke in a hand
That may giue fire, and fend my Soule in powder
I know not, pardon me, fare you well Lady ?

Tor. Hift doe you heare ?

Gaz. The eyes of mercy guard thee

Were't knowne for what I venter'd thus, 'twere death,
Ile to your husband.

Tor. Stay, I am not mad
Yet I haue caufe to raue, my wits like Bels
Are backward rung, onely to fright the Tyrant
That whilst his wild luft wanders, I may flye
To my fweet husbands armes, here I haue hid
The traines I meane to lay for mine escape.

Gaz. Excellent he fhall fecond you.

Tor. Should any watch vs !

Gaz. All's faft, run mad agen then, the King
thinks

Me fome rare fellow, you fhall leaue the Court
Now if you'l taſte my Counfell.

Torm. Ile drinke gall to cure mee of this fick-
neffe.

Gaz. Sit then downe here.
Ile bind you faft becauſe it fhall appeare,
That you grow worſe and worſe, then will I tell
The King, the onely courſe to leaue you well,
Is to remoue you home to mine owne Lodging,
Ile bind you.

Tor. For euer to thee.

Gaz. Once hence, you may flye,
To th' *Straights*, and then croſſe o're to *Barbary* :
So, th'art a Strumpet.

Tor. What's that you ſpeake !

Gaz. A damn'd one,
Doſt thou not know me ! I am *Gazetto*.

Tor. Mercy.

Gaz. Who like a ball of wild-fire haue beene toſt
To make others ſport, but here I burſt and kill :
A periured Strumpet.

Tor. I am none,
My Father ſwore that I ſhould marry thee,
And then a Tyger and a Lambe had met,
I ne're was thine, nor euer will be.

Gaz. Swear thou art not mine,
That when I ſee thy heart drunke with hot oathes,

This Feind may pitch thee reeling into Hell,
Swear that thou art not mine.

Tor. By heauen I am not,
To proue I fweare right to thee, change that weapon,
See at my Girdle hang my wedding kniues,
With those dispatch mee.

Gaz. To th'heart?

Tor. Ayme right I beseech thee.

Gaz. Ile not kill thee now for spight
Because thou begst it.

Tor. Then good villaine spare me !

Gaz. Neither, heere's that shall sinke thee ; to the
King

Thy iugling and these Letters shall be showne.

Tor. Vpon thy head be my confusion
The King ! I shall both feed his rage and lust,
First doome me to any Tortures !

Gaz. Thou shalt then sweare——*Vnbinds her.*
Because I know he'll force the tye a knot,
The Church must see and sigh at, if he marries thee,
Swear when he comes to touch thy naked side,
To bury him in those sheets, thou art his Bride.

Tor. By Heauen that night's his last, my iust hart
keepe
This vow grauen there.

Gaz. Till then my vengeance sleepe,
Where is the King ?

Enter King, Iago, Alphonso, Malevento.

Gaz. I haue refin'd
That Chaos which confounded her faire mind.

Kin. Moue in thy voice the Spheares, when next
thou speakest *Tormiella.*

Tor. I am well my fearefull dreame
Is vanisht, thanks to Heauen and that good man.

King. Thou giu'st me another Crowne, oh *Vindica-*
dos,
The axletree on which my Kingdome moues,

Leanes on thy shoulders, I am all thine ; *Tormiella* !
Bright *Cynthia* looke not pale, *Endimions* heere,
Hymen shall fetch a leape from Heauen t'alight
Full in thine armes, backe thou blacke ominous night.
Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Signior *Lupo*, why *Don*, not know me, I am the poore Shopkeeper, whose ware is taken vp by the King.

Gaz. You lye.

Cor. True, as Iudges doe with their wiues, very feldome, I am *Cordolente* a poore Gudgin diuing thus vnder water, to see how *Neptune* and his Mermaides swim together, but dare not come neare him, for feare he sets Dogfish to deuoure me.

Gaz. An excellent maske against the marriage, now get a priuate coat, the King meanes to haue you stab'd.

Cor. He does that already, with the bodkin that sticks in my wifes hayre.

Gaz. He has not the patience to stay the dressing of his meat of thy providing, he will haue it taken vp, and eate the flesh raw he will be married incontinently.

Cor. Will she fet her hands to my hornes ?

Gaz. Yes, and fet them to your head, she follows the steps of her old grandam, all euils take their names from her, the ills of *Eue*, thy wife for the hoope ring thou marriedst her withall, hath sworne to fend thee a Deaths head.

Cor. Sworne !

Gaz. Sworne, were thy cafe my cafe ; I would fet a Diuell at her elbow in the very Church, I would kill her as she gaue away her hand.

Cor. Wilt helpe me to a fit Circle to play the Diuell in ?

Gaz. Ile place thee, Ile put thy foot into the stirrup.

Cor. And I will rid the world of one of his diseases, a loose woman.

Gaz. Farewell, eate her very hart. *Exit.*

Cor. As we feed one vpon another, hungerly——
Exeunt.

Hoboyes: Enter two Fryers jetting out an Altar, Enter Iago, Alphonso, Gazetto, Malevento, two Churchmen, Tormiella next and the King, Ladies attending, Cordolente steales in, and stands in some by place the King styes or sits in a chayre, Tormiella is brought to him, as she is comming the King meets her; as the ring is putting on, Cordolente steps in rudely, breakes them off, Tormiella flies to his bosome, the King offers to slab him, is held: she kneeles, fues, weepes, Cordolente is thrust out, Gazetto laughs at all, they are preparing to it againe, it Thunders and Lightens: all affrightedly——Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Dost thou tell me of thy Proclamations that I am banisht from the Court, that Court where I came to thee was none of thine, it belongs to a King that keepees open Court, one that neuer wrong'd a poore Begger, neuer tooke away any mans wife, vnlesse he sent his Purfeuant death for her: oh thou daring Sacrilegious royall Theefe; wilt thou rob the Church too as thou hast me! thrust me out of that house too in the Sanctuary turn'd Diuell in a crowd of Angels!

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Why didst not kill her?

Cor. I had no power to kill her
Charmes of Diuinity pull'd backe mine Arme,
She had Armor of prooffe on, (reuerence of the place)
She is not married, is she, shorten my paines;

Gaz. Heauen came it felfe downe, and forbade
the Banes.

Enter Iago.

Iag. You muſt both to th' King.

Gaz. Muſt ! we are for him.

Cor. Now doe I looke for a fig.

Gaz. Chew none, feare nothing. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Enter King, Tormiella, Valaſco, Malevento,
Alphonſo.*

King. Has heauen left chiding yet ! there's in thy
voyce

A thunder that worfe frights mee, didſt thou ſweare
In bed to kill me, had I married thee ?

Tor. It was my vow to doe ſo.

King. And did that Villaine,
That *Lupo Vindicado's*, thruſt this vengeance
Into thy deſperate hand ?

Tor. That Villaine ſwore me
To ſpeed you, I had dy'd elſe ; me had he murdered,
When in a Doctors ſhape he came to cure
The madneſſe which in me was counterfeit,
Onely to ſhun your touches.

King. Strange preſeruation !

Enter Iago, Gazette, and Cordolente.

Val. Here comes the traytor !

King. Diuell, didſt thou tempt this woman 'gainſt
my life ?

Gaz. Has ſhe betray'd me, yes, hence Anticke
vizors

He now appear my ſelfe.

Mal. *Gazetto !*

Gaz. The ſame.

Cor. I ha warm'd a Snake in my boſome.

Mal. This is he,
To whom by promiſe of my mouth, (not hers)

Tormiella should ha' beene married, but flying him
To runne away with this, he in disguise
Has followed Both thus long to be reueng'd.

Gaz. And were not my hands ty'd by your pre-
uention

It should goe forward yet, my plot lay there
(King) to haue her kill thee, this Cuckold her,
Then had I made him Hawkes-meat.

Val. Bloudy Varlet.

King. Rare Prouidence, I thanke thee, what a
heape

Of mischiefes haue I brought vpon my Kingdome,
By one base Aft of lust, and my greateft horror
Is that for her I made away my Queene
By this destroyers hand, this crimfon Hell-hound
That laughes at nothing but fresh Villanies.

Gaz. The laughing dayes I wisht for, are now
come fir

I am glad that leaping into such a Gulph,
I am not drown'd, your Queene liues.

King. Ha!

Gaz. She liues, I had no reason to kill her.

Val. A better Spirit

Stood at his elbow, then you planted there,
My poore Girle your fad Queene, breathes yet.

King. Long may she,

Fetch her, commend me to her, cheere her (Father.)

Val. With the best hart I haue. *Exit.*

King. Let that flye Bawd

Engine of Hell, who wrought vpon thy Chastity
Be whipt though *Siuill*, foure such tempting witches
May vndoe a City: come, you wronged paire
By a King that parted you, you new married are.
Inioy each other and prosper.

Cor. I doe already,
Feeling more ioyes then on my Wedding day,
I nere till now was married.

Tor. Nor I euer happy vntill this houre.

Mal. Nor I, as I am true Lord.

King. No, fir, y'are no true Lord, you haue a title,
A face of honour, as in Courts many haue,
For bafe and feruile prostitutions,
And you are fuch a one, your Daughters fall
Was firft ftep to your rifing, and her rifing
Againe to that fweet goodneffe fhe neuer went from,
Muft be your fall, and ftrip you of all honours
Your Lordfhip is departed.

Mal. Does the Bell ring out ! I care not
Your Kingdome was a departing too, I had a place
in Court for nothing, and if it be gon, I can loofe
nothing ; I ha' beene like a Lord in a play, and that
done, my part ends.

King. Yes fir, I purge my Court of fuch Infection.

Mal. I fhall find company i'th City I warrant ; I
am not the firft hath giuen vp my Cloake of honour.

Exit.

Enter Valafco, Iohn, and Queene.

King. Oh my abufed heart, thy pardon, fee
I haue fent home my ftolne goods :

Qu. Honeftly !

King. As fhe was euer ; now with full cleere eyes
I fee thy beauty, and ftrange Cheekes defpife.

Qu. You call me from a graue of fhame and
forrow.

In which I lay deepe buried.

Ioh. From a graue likewife
Your Maieftie calls me ! I haue lookt backe
On all my poore Ambitions, and am forry,
That I fell euer from fo bright a Spheare,
As is the Loue of fuch a royall brother.

King. Be as you fpeake, we are friends, it was
our will

To let you know, we can, or faue, or kill.

Ioh. Your mercy new transformes me.

King. Sirrah your fauing
My Queene, when I confefle (luft me fo blinded)
I would haue gladly loft her ; giues thee life.

Qu. First I thanke Heauen, then him, and at
last you.

Gaz. I had not the heart to hurt a woman, if I
had, your little face had beene mall'd ere this, but my
Angers out, forgiue me.

Tor. With all my heart.

King. Pray noble brother loue this man, he's
honest,

I ha' made of him good prooffe, we should haue had
A wedding, but Heauen frown'd at it, and I
Am glad 'tis croft, yet we'll both Feast and dance,
Our Fame hath all this while laine in a Trance :
Come *Tormiella*, well were that City blest,
That with but, Two such women should excell,
But there's so few good, th'aft no Paralell. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
W O N D E R
OF
A Kingdome.

Quod non Dant procures, Dabit Histrio.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *Nicholas Vauxfour* ; and are
to bee sold at his Shop in the Inner Temple, neere the
Church-doore. 1636.



The Prologue.

T*Hus from the Poet, am I bid to say ;
Hee knows what Iudges sit to Doome each Play,
(The Over-curious Critick, or the Wise)
The one with squint ; 'Tother with Sunn-like eyes,
Shootes through each scene ; The one cries all things
down
Tother, hides strangers Faults, close as his Owne.
Las ! Those that out of custome come to jeere,
(Sung the full quire of the Nine Muses heere)
So Carping, Not from Wit, but Apish spite,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus ! our Poet does slight.
'Tis not a gay sute, or Distorted Face,
Can beate his Merit off, Which has won Grace
In the full Theater ; Nor can now feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whisperer ;
But to the white, and sweete uncrowded Brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet do's bow :
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all Tempests) from the Rage
Of envious Whirlwindes, O, doe you but steere
His Muse, This day ; And bring her toth' wished
shore,
You are those Delphick Powers whom shee'l adore.*



Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Florence.

Prince of Pisa.

Lord Vanni.

Trebatio his Sonne.

Mutio.

Philippo. } *Courtiers.*

Tornelli.

Piero the Dukes Sonne.

Gasparo his Friend.

*Tibaldo Neri, Lover of
Dariene L. Vanni's wife.*

*Angelo Lotti, Lover of
Fiametta.*

Baptista, his friend.

Iacomo Gentili, The Noble House-keeper.

Signior Torrenti, The Riotous Lord.

Fiametta, the Dukes Daughter,

Dariene, Old Lord Vannies Wife.

Alifandra, her Daughter.

Alphonfina, sister to Tibaldo Neri.

Cargo, Lord Vanni's man.

Two Curtizans.

A Nurse.





THE
W O N D E R
OF
A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Duke of Florence, Prince of Pisa, Nicoletto Vanni, Trebatio his sonne, Mutio, Philippo, Tonnelli, Gallants, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonsina his sister, Dariene Old Vannies wife, Cargo a serving-man.*

EE surfit heere on Pleasures: Seas nor Land
Cannot invite us to a Feast more glorious,
Then this day we have sat at: my Lord
Vanni,

You have an excellent seate heere; Tis a building
May entertaine a *Cæsar*: but you and I
Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces,
Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.

Nico. Old! hem? all heart of brasse, found as a
bell,

Old? why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have pass'd, and I'll goe it all.

Flo. Mad *Vanni* still.

Nic. Old Oakes doe not easly fall:
Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But *May* swimmes in my blood, and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.

Pija. What is your age my Lord?

Nic. Age, what call you age?
I have liv'd some halfe a day, some halfe an houre.

Flo. A tree of threescore-yeares growth, nothing?

Tib. A meere slip, you have kept good diet my
lord.

Nic. Let whores keepe diet,

Tibaldo ner'e; never did Rivers runn
In wilder, madder streames, then I have done,
I'll drinke as hard yet as an Englishman.

Flo. And they are now best Drinkers.

Pija. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.

Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.

Car. Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doublets
Sir.

Nic. Then knave, Ile hit his flesh, and hit your
cockscombe,

If you crosse mine once more.

Flo. Nay be not angry.

Nic. I have my *Passées* Sir: and my *Passadoes*,
My *Longes*, my *Stockadoes*, *Imbrocadoes*,
And all my *Pimtoes*, and *Pimtilloes*,
Here at my fingers end.

Flo. By my faith 'tis well.

Nic. Old? why I ne're tooke *Phisicke*, nor ever
will,

I'll trust none that have Art, and leave to kill:
Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;
The idle-mans-Deville, and the Drunkards-whore,
I never medled with her; my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchen chimney, not my nose.

The Wonder of a Kingdome. 223

Flo. And some Lords have no chimnies but their noses.

Nic. Tobacco-shoppes shew like prisons in hell ;
Hote, smoaky, stinking, and I hate the smell.

Pis. Who'd thinke that in a coale so Ashy white,
Such fire were glowing ?

Flo. May not a snuffe give light ?

Tib. You see it doe's in him.

Alph. A withered-tree, doth oft beare branches.

Nic. What thinke you then of me—sweete Lady ?

Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horse, vilely, if he
can

Neither wihy, nor wagge-Taile.

Flo. The Lady *Alphoncina Neri*, has given it you
my Lord.

Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.

Flo. I doubt Lord *Vanni*, she will cracke no Nutts,
With such a tough shell, as is yours and mine.

But leaving this, lets see you pray at Court.

Nico. I thanke your grace.

Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,
One of the stars of *Florence*, with your sonne,
Heire to your worth and Honours, *Trebatio Vanni*.

Treb. I shall attend your grace.

Flo. The holy knot,
Hymen shall shortly tie, and in faire bands,
Vnite *Florence* and *Pisa* by the hands,
Of *Fyametta* and this *Pisan* Duke
(Our Noble-son in law) and at this daie,
Pray be not absent.

Nic. We shall your will obey.

Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs, and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royall feasts, triumphs, and revellings.

Nic. He's my neere kinsman, mine owne brothers
son,
Who desperately a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a swift Head-long streame.

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Flo. But ther's another layes on more then he.

Nic. Old *Iacomo* ? open-handed charitie,
Sir's ever at his gates to welcome guefts.
He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinsman,
And yet his chimneis caft out braver fmoake.
The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
The rich he fmiles upon, the poore he feeds.

Flo. Thefe gallants we'll be feasted by, and Feaft ;
Fames praifes of 'em, fhall make us their gueft,
Meane time we'll hence. *Exit Florence, Pifa, &c.*

Enter Cargo.

Car. I have News to tell your Lordship, *Signior Angelo* (of the *Lotti Family*) is banifhed.

Dari. How banifh't ? alas poore *Angelo Lotti*.

Treb. Why muft he goe from *Florence* ?

Cargo. Because he can ftay there no longer.

Nic. To what end is he driven from the Citie ?

Cargo. To the end he fhould goe into fome other
my Lord.

Nic. Hoida.

Car. I hope this is newes Sir.

Nic. What fpeake the people of him ?

Car. As bells ring ; fome out, fome in, all jangle,
they fay he has dealt with the *Genoway* againft the
ftate : but whether with the men, or the women ; tis
to be flood upon.

Nic. Away Sir knave and foole.

Car. Sir knave, a new word : fooles, and knaves
Sir ? *Exit.*

Nic. This muttering long agoe flew to mine eare,
The *Genoway* is but a line throwne out,
But *Fiametta's* love, the net that choakes him.

Tre. He's worthy of her equall.

Nic. Peace foolifh boy,
At thefe ftate bone-fires (whose flames reach fo high)
To ftand aloofe, is fafer then too nigh. *Exit.*

The Wonder of a Kingdome. 225

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonsina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?

Tib. I'm ill, exceeding ill.

Alp. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did surfet at Lord *Vannies*.

Alp. Surfet? you eate some Meate against your stomach.

Tib. No, but I had a stomach to one dish, and the not tasting it, makes me sick at heart.

Alp. Was it fish or flesh?

Tib. Flesh sure, if I hit the marke right.

Alp. I'ft not the missing of a marke (which you long to hit)

Makes you draw fighes in stead of arrowes?

Tib. Would I had beene a thousand leagues from thence,

When I sat downe at's table, or bin partner

With *Angelo Lotti* in his banishment;

Oh! sister *Alphonsina*, there I dranke

My bane, the strongest poison that e're man

Drew from a Ladies eye, now swelling in me.

Alp. By casting of thy water then, I guesse thou would'st

Have a medicine for the greene-sicknes.

Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.

Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from ranckling, you are

Over head and eares in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortall Arrowes pierc't I shall fall downe——

Alp. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And dye unlesse her pittie

Send me a quicke and sweete recovery.

Alp. And faith what doctresse is she must call you patient?

Tib. Faire *Dariene*, the Lord *Vannies* wife——

Alp. How! *Dariene*? can no feather fit you but the broach in an

226 *The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

Old mans hatt ? were there so many dainty dishes
To fill your belly, and must you needs long for that
dish

The master of the house fetts up for his owne tooth.

Tib. Could love be like a subject, tied to lawes,
Then might you speake this language.

Alp. Love ? a disease as common with young gallants
as

Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of 'um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a
freight boot,

And to morrow be ready to knock at deathes doore,
But I wo'd faine see one of you enter and set in
His staffe.

Tib. You shall see me then do so.

Alp. I shall looke so old first, I shall be taken for
thy grandame ; come, come'tis but a worme betweene
the skinne

And the flesh, and to be taken out with the point
of a

Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Countesses.

Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you might leave me——

Alp. Leave thee in sicknes ? I had more need give
thee a Caudle ; and thrust thy adle-head into a
night-Capp,
for looke you brother——

Tib. Even what you will must out.

Alp. If what you will might so too, then would
you be in

Tune : I warrant, if the fucket stood here before
Thee, thy stomack would goe against.

Tib. Yes sure my stomack would goe against it :
'Tis onely that which breeds in me despaire.

Alp. Despaire for a woman ? they hang about
mens

Neckes in some places thicker then hops upon poles.

The Wonder of a Kingdome. 227

Tib. Her walls of chastitie cannot be beaten
downe.

Alp. Walls of chastitie ? walls of wafer-cakes, I
have

Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the streete she cast up the
white of

Her eye like a Puritane.

Tib. Sister you do but stretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increase my paine,
Be rather pitifull and ease my torments
By teaching me how in this dreadfull storme,
I may escape ship-wrack and attaine that shore
Where I may live, heere else I'me sure to die.

Alp. Well brother, since you will needs faile by
such a

Starre as I shall point out, looke you heere it is ; if
she were

Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it——

Tib. I do conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you sister, cease to powre
Poison into a wound, so neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.
Woman me thinkes should know it cause she breeds it.

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and
because

I see you diffemble not, heer's my medicine.

Tib. I shall for ever thanke you.

Alp. First send for your Barber.

Tib. For heavens sake.

Alp. Your Barber shall not come to rob you of
your beard ;

I'll deale in no concealements——

Tib. Oh ! fie, fie, fie.——

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken
Your spirits.

Tib. So so.

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Alp. Then whiffle your gold-finches (your gallants)
to your fist.

Tib. Y'ar mad, y'ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drinke stiffe, sweare stiffe,
have your musicke, and your brace, dance, and whiffle
Tobacco,

Till all smoake Agen, and split Sir.

Tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moone cutts off her
hornes; Laugh in the day, and sleepe in the night:
and this wenching fier will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away, away, cruell you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill.

Exit.

Alp. Alas: poore brother now I pittie thee, and
wo'd doe

Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a
Gap must be broken, in another mans hedge to rob
His orchard, within there *Luca Angelo*, give him
Musick:

Musicke has helpt some mad-men, let it then
Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wisest men.

Exit.

*Enter at one doore, Angelo Lotti, and Baptista, at
the other, Piero, and Iaspero.*

Pier. Yonders that villaine, keepe off *Iaspero*:
This prey I'll cease.

All draw.

Iasp. Be more advised Sir.

Bap. At whose life shoote you?

Pier. At that slaves there.

Ang. Slave? I know you for the Dukes sonne, but
I know no cause of quarrell, or this base reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine.

Ang. Wherein?

Pier. And by witch-craft,
Had stole my sister *Fiamettas* heart,
Forcing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.

Ang. If for her love you come to kill me ; heere
I'll point you to a doore where you may enter and
fetch out a loath'd life.

Pier. Iaspero.

Iasp. Oh my Lord.

Ang. Let him come, I ow her all ;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Iasp. Deare Sir heare him——

Aug. But if on any other fier of rage ;
You thirst to drinke my blood, heere I defie
You, and your malice, and returne the villaine
Into your throate.

Pier. So brave fir ! *Change a thrust or two.*

Enter *Nicolletto*, and *Cargo*.

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the
peace ;
Beate downe their weapons, knock 'em downe
Cargo.

Car. I have a Iustices warrant to apprehend your
weapons ;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nico. Oh my Lord : make a fray in an open
streete ? tis to

Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles
Together ; Signior *Angelo*, pray be wife, and be gon.

Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from
danger.

Bapt. Sir, you doe exercife your violence
Vpon a man, stab'd to the heart with wounds ;
You see him finking, and you set your foote
Vpon his head, to kill him with two deathes ;
Trample not thus on a poore banish'd man.

Nico. If hee be banish'd, why dwells hee i'th
house, whose
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head ? You must
hunt

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No more in this Parke of *Florence* ; why then
Doe you lie sneaking heere, to steale venifon ?

Ang. My Lords, I take my last leave of you all ;
Of love, and fortunes——

Bapt. Lower thou canst not fall. *Exit.*

Iasp. Trust mee, my Lord, This *Lotti* is a man,
(Setting aside his rivall-ship in love,
For which you hate him) so abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princeesse bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, such a man
Should so much suffer ; in being so put downe,
Never to rise againe.

Nicol. A terrible case, i'de not be in't for all *Florence*.

Pie. Troth deare friend,
The praises which have crown'd him with thy Iudge-
ment,

Make mee to cast on him an open eye,
Which was before shut, and I pittie him,

Iasp. I never heard 'mongst all your *Romane* spirits.
That any held so bravely up his head,
In such a sea of troubles (that come rowling
One on anothers necke) as *Lotti* doth,
Hee puts the spite of Fortune to disgrace,
And makes her, when shee frownes worst, turne her face.

Pier. No more : I love him, and for all the Duke-
dome,

Would not have cut so Noble a spreading Vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood ; Lord *Vanni*,
I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,
So fare you well. *Exit.*

Nico. A good health to you both.

Iasp. You play the Constable wisely.

Carg. And I his Beadle, I hope as wisely.

Nico. The Constable wisely ; *Cargo* he calls me
foole by craft,
But let 'em passe.

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Carg. As Gentle-men doe by Creditors (muffled).

Nico. I haue another caſe to handle : thou know'ſt the *Donna Alphonſina*, of the *Neri* Familie.

Carg. The little Paraquinto that was heere when the Duke
Was feaſted, ſhee had quick-ſilver in her mouth, for
Her tongue, like a Bride the firſt night, never lay
ſtill.

Nico. The ſame Aſpen-leafe, the ſame ; is't not a
Galley for
The Great *Turke* to be row'd in ?

Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, ſhee
may ſet upon
A Gally-aſſ bigge as your Lordſhip.

Nico. Commend me to this *Angelica*.

Carg. *Angelica*-water is good for a cold ſtomach.

Nico. I am all fire.

Carg. Shee's a cooler.

Nico. Would 'twere come to that.

Carg. A ſmall thing does it my Lord ; in the
time a
Flemming drinkes a Flap-dragon.

Nico. Give her this paper, and this ; in the one
ſhe may know my minde, in the other, feele me : this
a Letter, this a Jewell :

Tell her, I kiſſe the little white naile of her little
white

Finger, of her more little white hand, of her moſt
Little white bodie.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou haſt beene myweavers ſhuttle to runne
betwixt me and my ſtuffes of *Procreandi cauſa*.

Carg. A fuite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better
ſometimes.

Nico. No *Cargo*, I have ſtill the *Lapis mirabilis*,
be thou cloſe—

Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide,

Nico. Away then, nay quick knave, thou rack'ſt
mee. *Exit.*

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Carg. I goe to stretch you to your full length.

Exit.

Enter Iocomo Gentili, in a suite of gray, Velvet-gowne, Cap, Chaines, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Montinello.

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends ;
You are the first, that like to Doves repaire
To my new building : you are my first-borne guests,
My eldest sonnes of hospitalitie ;
Here's to my hearty wellcomes.

Mutio. Worthy Lord,
In one word, and the word of one, for all,
Our thanks are as your welcomes, Infinite.

Phil. Rome in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up
A worke of greater wonder, then this building.

Gent. 'Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no
score,

None can for want of payment, at my doore,
Curse my foundation, praying the rooffe may fall
On the proud builders head, seeing the smoake goe
Out of those Chimneys, for whose bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame so glorious, large, and hie,
Would draw a very sea of silver drie.

Mont. My Lord *Iocomo Gentili*, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this kingly
building ?

Gent. Pray call it not so :
The humble shrub, no Cedar heere shall grow ;
You see Three hundred Dorick pillars stand
About one square, Three hundred Noble friends
Lay'd (in their loves) at raising of those Columnes,
A piece of gold under each Pedestall,
With his name grav'd upon the bottome stone,
Except that cost, all other was mine owne ;
See heere, each dayes expences are so great,
They make a volume, for in this appeares,
It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares :

I trust my steward onely with the key,
Which keepes that secreet ; heere's Arithmetick
For churles to cast up, there's the roote of all ;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.

Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it.

Stew. All the charge

In the groffe fomme, amounteth to——

Gent. To what ?

Thou vaine vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that
Booke,

No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes ;
Goe burne it presently.

Stew. Burne it ?

Exit.

Gent. Away,

I lanch not forth a ship, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry ;
He that will reade the waisting of my gold,
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the winde
Will scatter ere he spends it ; Another day,
The wheele may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by the stormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage ; Rancor shall not then
Spit poyson at me, pinning on my backe
This card ; He that spent thus much, now does lack.

Mont. Why to your house adde you so many
gates ?

Gent. My gates fill up the number of seven dayes,
At which, of guests, seven severall forts Ile welcome :
On Munday, Knights whose fortunes are funke low ;
On Tuesday, those that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I meane) and so on other dayes,
Others shall take their turnes.

Phi. Why have you then built twelue such vaste
roomes.

Gent. For the yeares twelve moones ;
In each of which, twelue Tables shall be spread ;
At them, such whom the world scornes, shall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morne,

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Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)
Are numbred juſt three hundred fixtie five,
And in ſo many daies the funne does drive
His chariot ſtuck with beames of Burniſh't gold,
My Almes ſhall ſuch diurnall progresſe make
As doe's the funne in his bright *Zodiack*.

Tor. You differ from the guiſe of other lands,
Where Lords lay all their livings on the racke,
Not ſpending it in bread, but on the backe.

Gent. Such Lords eate men, but men ſhall eate up
me,

My uncle the Lord *Abbot* had a foule
Subtile and quick, and ſearching as the fier,
By Magicke-ftayers he went as deepe as hell,
And if in devills poſſeſſion gold be kept,
He brought ſome fure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
Knowne (ſave to me) to none, and like a ſpring
The more tis drawne, the more it ſtill doth riſe,
The more my heape waſtes, more it multiplies.
Now whither (as moſt rich-men doe) he pawn'd
His foule for that deare purchaſe none can tell,
But by his bed-side when he ſaw death ſtand
Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by th' hand
Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to ſpend
What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
Which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my
foule

Now at her ſetting forth ; let none feele want
That knock but at thy gates : do wrong to none,
And what requeſt to thee ſo ear is made,
If honeſt, ſee it never be denay'd.

Mont. And yow'le performe all this ?

Gent. Faire & upright,
As are the ſtriſt vowes of an Anchorite :
A benefit given by a Niggards hand
Is ſtale and gravily bread, the hunger-ſterv'd
Takes it, but cannot eate it ; Ile give none ſuch.
Who with free heart ſhakes out but crums, gives much.
Mont. In ſuch a ſhip of worldly cares my Lord

As you muſt faile now in, yow'le need more Pilots
Then your owne ſelfe to fit and ſteare the Helme.
You might doe therefore well to take a wife ;

Gent. A wife ? when I ſhall have one hand in
heaven,

To write my happineſſe in leaves of ſtarres ;
A wife wo'd plucke me by the other downe :
This Barke hath thus long fail'd about the world,
My ſoule the Pilot, and yet never liſten'd
To ſuch a Mare-maids ſong : a wife, oh fetters,
To mans bleſt liberty ! All this world's a priſon,
Heaven the high wall about it, ſin the jalour,
But the iron-ſhackles waying down our heeles,
Are onely women, thoſe light Angells turne us,
To fleſhly devills, I that Sex admire,
But never will fit neere their wanton fier.

Mut. Who then ſhall reape the golden corne you
ſowe ?

Phi. 'Tis halfe a curſe to them, that build, and
ſpare,
And hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.

Gent. My heires ſhall be poore children fed on
almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, ſchollers poore and
ſcorn'd.

And theſe will be a ſure inheritance ;
Not to decay : Mannors and Townes will fall,
Lord-ſhips and Parkes, Paſtures and woods be fold,
But this Land ſtill continues to the Lord :
No ſubtile trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-diſhe, I ſhall drinke healthes
To laſt for ever ; whil'ſt I live, my rooſe
Shall cover naked wretches ; when I die,
'Tis dedicated to St. Charitie.

Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodneſſe
grow

Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues ;
Sent us to give you thanks, for crowning *Florence*
With fame of ſuch a ſubject, and entreats you

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(Vntill he come himfelfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wifhes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
My duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
Beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your visitant.

Gent. He shall be welcome when he comes, that's
all;
Not to a Pallace, but my hospitall.

Omnes. Wee'le leave your Lordship.

Gent. My beft thoughts goe with you :
My Steward ?

Enter Steward, and a foolish Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired ?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I faw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep fafe that Iewell, and leave me ; letters !
from whome ?

Buz. Signior Ieronimo *Guydanus*.

Gent. Oh fir, I know the bufineffe : yes, yes, 'tis
the fame ;

Guydanus lives amongft my bofome friends :
He writes to have me entertaine you fir.

Buz. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furnifh't with ?

Bnz. My Education has bin like a Gentle-man.

Gent. Have you any skill in fong, or Inftrument ?

Buz. As a Gentleman fhoo'd have, I know all, but
play on none : I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber ! no fir, I thinke it ; Are you a Lin-
guift ?

Buz. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue
ferues one head ; I am no Pedler, to travell Coun-
tries.

Gent. What skill ha' you in horfeman-ship ?

Buz. As other Gentlemen have, I ha' rid fome
beafts in my Time.

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Gent. Can you write and reade then ?

Buz. As most of your Gentle-men doe ; my band
has bin

Taken with my marke at it.

Gent. I see you are a dealer, give me thy hand,
He entertaine thee howsoever, because in thee I keepe
halfe a score Gentlemen ; thy name.

Buz. Asinius Buzardo——

Gent. I entertaine thee, good *Buzardo*.

Buz. Thankes sir.

Gent. This fellow's a starke foole, or too wise,
The triall will be with what wing he flies. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Enter *Tibaldo sicke in his chaire, Alphonsina, Mutio,*
Philipppo, Tornelli, Montivello.

Mut. I N Lawes of courtesie, wee are bound sweete
Lady,

(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not sent.

Alp. Thankes worthy sir.

Phil. Signior *Tibaldo* hath desire to sleepe.

Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the sicke.

Alp. Our humblest dutie to my Lord the Duke ;
If in my Brothers name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, wee both shall rest
Highly indebted to you all.

Mut. Sweete Madam,
You shall command our lives to worke your good.

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Alp. Signior, your love.

Ommes. All at your service Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your selfe.

Exit.

So: me thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one skinne, yet one would weare out fooner then the other; I thinke these Courtiers have al offices in the Spicerie. And taking my lips for sweet-meates, are as sawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I wonder *Tibaldo* thou can'st fit still, and not come in for a share; If old *Vanni's* wife had beene heere, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou think'st I lie in, heere's such a gossiping, as if 'twere a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So 'tis, for Ile fweare, all this stirre is about having a woman brought to bed; marry I doubt it must be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell trueth.

Tib. Good sister *Alphonsina*, you still play
The bad Phisicion, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on scoopes of oyle;
I feele ten thoufand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry, Lay on more, and are more cruell
Then all my tortures.

Alp. Sadneffe, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee service venture life,
Mine honour being kept spotlesse.

Tib. Gentle sister,
The easiest thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the poorest Almes to give.

Alp. But aske and have.

Tib. A friendly counsell, loe that's all.

Alp. 'Tis yours.

Be rul'd by me then; in an ashie sheete,
Cover these glowing embers of desire.

Tib. Embers? I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire——

Alp. Come, and fet hand to paper, Ile indite.

Tib. And shée'le condemne me; no, I will not write.

Alp. Then prethee take this Phisick; be not the sea, to drinke strange Rivers up, yet still be drie; Be like a noble streame, covet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou may'st call thine owne, and let those bankes be some faire Ladies armes, fit for thy youth, and birth.

Tib. Against your charmes,
Witch, thus I stop mine eares.

Alp. Ile hollow them; this Deere runnes in my
Lords Parke,
And if you steale it, looke to have Blood-hounds
scent you.

Tib. Are you mad?

Alp. Yes, you shall finde venifon-sawce deerer then
other flesh.

Tib. No, no, none else must, none shall, none can,
My hunger feede but this; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive——

Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this?
now I see th'art too farre gone, this Lady hath over-
spent thee; therefore settle thine estate, plucke up a
good heart, and Ile pen thy will,

Tib. Oh fie, fie.

Alp. Bequeath thy kisses to some Taylor, that
hunts out weddings every funday; *Item*, Thy fighes to
a noyse of fidlers ill paid, thy paleness to a Fencer
fighting at sharpe, thy want of stomack to one of the
Dukes guard.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman,
thoul't make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

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Alp. It's an Instrumēt ever plaid on, caufe well
strung,
Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr.
Carg.

Carg. My Lord hath sent you a Jewell lock't up
in this paper, and the moisture of a goose quill, that's
to say, words in that —

Alp. Oh sir, I thanke your Lord, and this your
paines; have him into the Buttery——let me see,
Lady, that I love you, I dare sweare like a Lord (I
shall have oathes enough then) I send you all that is
mine, in hopes all shall bee mine that is yours, for it
stands to reason, that mine being yours, yours should
bee mine, and yours being mine, mine should be
yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If
you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow
patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin bastina-
do'd, out upon him rammish foxe, he stinks hither;
Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will.

Reades.

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the
devill is my maydenhead blasted? that among such
shoales of Gallants, that swim up and downe the Court,
no fish bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this
tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh sister, peace for heavens sake; heere lies
health

Even in this bitter pill (for me) so you
Would play but my Phisician, and say, take it;
You are offered heere, to sojourne at his house:
Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sir, I have you. And I going vpon so
weightie a businesse, as getting of children, you would
ha' me pin you to my sleeve.

Tib. Most true.

Alp. You care not so I turne whore to pleasure
you.

Tib. Oh Sister, your high worth is knowne full
well

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Gainst bafe assault, a Fort Impregnable ;
And therefore, as you love my life, ith' sprindge,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.

Alp. In the flame I'll finde
My wings, unlesse I put the candle out,
That you ith' darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me.

Tib. You revive me.

Alp. Have a care you cast not your selfe downe
too soone now.

Tib. I warrant you.

Alp. As for my old Huck-sters artillery, I have
walls of

Chastity strong enough shoote he never so hard, to
keepe him

From making any breach.

Tib. 'Twill be a noble-battaile on each side ;
Yet now my spirits are rouzed, a stratageme
Lies hatching heere, pray helpe me noble sifter,
To give it forme and life.

Alp. My best.

Tib. What thinke you ?
(The marke of man not yet set in my face)
If as your sifter, or your kinf-woman,
I goe in womans habit, for thereby,
Speech, free acceffe, faire opportunity ;
Are had without suspition.

Alp. Mine be your will ;
Oh me ! what paines we take to bring forth ill ?
Such a disguise is safe too, since you never but once
Were seene there.

Tib. My wife sifter ever.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the
letter ;
Why how now ? doe his leggs faile him already ?
A staffe for his declining age.

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Carg. I have a pike-staffe of mine owne already,
but I could not

Keep out your scurvy desperate hoggf-head from
coming

In upon me, I'me cut i'th' cockscombe.

Alp. Nothing I fee is so like an old-man, as a young-
man drunke.

Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.

Alp. Before he beare your answer let him sleep.

Tib. Whil't you laugh at what I could almost
weepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptista,
his man.*

Ang. Deare friend, I should both wrong my faith
& fortunes,

To make 'em thus dance Antickes ; I shall never
play the dissembler.

Bapt. Then neuer play the Louer ;
Death ! for a woman, I'de be fleade alive,
Could I but finde one constant : i't such a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and speake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary.

Ang. If thus disguif'd
I'me taken, all the phisicke in the world
Cannot prolong my life.

Bapt. And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're your grave
Will pray that they so kinde a man may have,
As to die for 'em ; say your banishment
Had borne you hence, what hells of discontent,
Had rack'd your soule for her, as hers for you ?
Should you but faint, well might you seeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty shall approve,
Who ventures farthest winns a Ladies-love.

Ang. How are my beard and haire ?

Bapt. Friend I protest,

So rarely counterfeit, as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour : were I sicke my selfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I de cast it at your head, unlesse you cast
The water for me, come, all's pasing well ;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you complexion,
Fit for a fallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd, And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whose apish gesture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My selfe shall practise.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You see I'me fitted, foote by foote I'le walke,
and meete all dangers sent against your breast.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend ; let's then to court.
The pangs a lover suffers are but short. *Exit.*

*Enter Florence, Pifa, Nicolleto, Philipppo, Tonello,
Piero, met by an old Nurse.*

Flo. How now *Nurse*, how does my *Fiametta* ?

Nurf. Oh sweete Lord, shees at it agen, at it agen !

Flo. Who are with her ? call for more helpe.

Nurf. More helpe ! alas there's my Lady *Vanni* with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Pifa. How does it take her *Nurse* ?

Nurf. Oh sweete Princeesse, it takes her all over with a pricking ; first about her stomack, and then she heaves, and heaves, that no one man with all his weight, can keepe her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her sicknesse makes her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that she findes most ease in, is Dr. *Jordan.*

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Flo. I will give halfe my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he shall have the sweetest bed-fellow that ever lay by leane mans-side.

Flo. I entreate thee *Nurse* be tender over her.

Nurf. Tender quoth a? I'me fure my heeles are growne as hard as hoofes, with trotting for her, I'll put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that *Nurse*?

Nurf. In her greatest conflict sh'as had a worthy feeling of her selfe. *Exit.*

Flo. So, so, I'me glad of it my Lord of *Pifa*.
Vnder this common blow, which might have strooke the strongest heart, here pray doe not you shrinke.

Pifa. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I
(What is not to be shun'd) beare patiently ;
But had she health as found as hath the spring,
She wo'd to me prove sickly Autumne still.

Flo. Oh say not so.

Pif. I finde it, for being loyall,
As the touch-needle to one starre still turning,
I loofe that starre, my faith is paid with scorning.
Who then with eagles wings of faith and truth,
W'ud in her sun-beames plaie away his youth,
And kisse those flames, which burne but out mine
eyes,

With scalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward sicknes casts this eye
of flightnes on you.

Pis. 'Tis my Lord her hate ;
For when death sits even almost on her browes,
She spreads her armes abroad, to welcome him,
When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now *Mutio*?

Enter Mutio.

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,

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A profest Doctour, that has seene the Princeesse,
And will on her recovery pawne his life.

Flo. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's see this
Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptista his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you seene my
daughter?

Restore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee, how doe you Iudge her?

Ang. Be me trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad
lady, & no well.

Flo. *Piero* take the Duke of *Pisa* pray and be your
sifters visitants.

Piero. Sir we shall, if the Duke please——

Pifa. The poysoned may drinke gall. *Exit.*

Flo. Attend the Duke.

Enter Cargo, with a letter.

Cargo. The party Sir.

Nico. Thou shalt have *Cæsars* pay—my Coach.

Car. Old Ianuary goes to lie with May. *Exit.*

Flo. Doctour I thus have singled you, to sound
The depth of my girles sicknes, that if no skill
Of man can save her, I against heavens will,
May arme my breast with patience, therefore be
free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa' my Lor', me no point can
play
The hound, and fawne upon *de* most *puissant Roy in*
de world;

A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, so, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tanke you, now for *de* maladie of *de*
Princeesse,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulse, and ron up and
downe all

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De oder parts of her body, and finde noting
but dat

She be troubla with le gran desire of de man.

Flo. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do
some ting in Love upon le gentle home.

Flo. Doctor thou hit't her heart, 'tis there shee's
wounded,

By a poyson'd Arrow, shot from a villaines hand ;

One *Angelo* of the *Lotti* Familie,

And till that head be pluckt out, shee will pine,

Vnlesse controul'd by some deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings possibela me fall undergoe, mee ha
read *Gallen*, *Hipocratus*, *Avicen*, but no point can
peeke out le remedie for de Madam in de bryars of
love.

Flo. No medicine you say in any of them for
Love.

Ang. Ay me, trat not worth a lowfe, onely in my
pergrination about le grand gloabe of de world, me
find out a fine trick for make a de man, and Voman
doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe,
how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable
vell.

Flo. As how pray ?

Ang. Me have had under my fingera, many brave
vench, and most Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee
much troubla, upon de wilde vorme in de taile for
de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord, by experement
me finde dat de heart of de man ; you understanda
me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry
as peppera.

Flo. So fo.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) fall
make it moulder all to crumble and duft.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you fay vell, rub a de mans
dry Art upon de Grater, and drinke de powder in de
pot le Vine, by de Gentle-voman, and by gars-blor,
fhe prefentamently kick up de heele at de man fhe
lova.

Flo. Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le
French poo upon le varlet.

Flo. So fhee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my felfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew
at my fhin; and vill have de rombling a de gut, for
de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'ft up clofe to me now, my brave
Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope fo, and derfore my Lord
apply le desperate Medicine, to le perilous maladie,
and have dis *Angelo* be cut in de troate, and be man-
flaughtered.

Flo. You then advife me to have *Angelo* flaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drinke his
heart.

Ang. Wee, wee.

Flo. Grated and dried, and fo——

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it faft now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a peafant
To climbe above his being, Doctor, hee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But ftay, ftay, hee's fled *Florence*; It will
bee

A worke to find him firft out, and being found,
A taske to kill him: for our Gallants fpeake
Much of his worth; The varlet is valiant.

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Ang. No matera for dat: for two tree foure
crowne, dar be

Rascalls fall run him in on debacke-shide.

Flor. He shall be fought for, and being found, he
dies.

Ang. Pray my lor' suffera le Princeffe and me for
be in private,

Le Doctor uses for toucha doe Ooman—

Flo. Doe, so, whil't I for *Angeloes* death use
speede,

For till I have his heart, mine owne must bleede.

Exit.

Enter Baptista.

Ang. Oh my *Baptista*.

Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym'd at your life.

Ang. And it will strike me dead,
With a most foddaine and Invisibile blowe.

Bapt. Now that you see his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it.

Ang. How?

Bapt. By fayre, and free acceffe,
Open your dangers to your Mistris eyes,
Where shee starke mad, so she be mad for love,
You'le bring her to her witts, if wifely now
You put her into th' way; Gold bar'd with locks,
Is best being stolne; steale her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a wracke at most,
Oh on what boisterous Seas is True love tost! *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Trumpets founding. Enter an Vsher bare, perfuming a roome, Signior Torrenti gorgeously attyred, a company of Gallants.

Tor. **T**His Roome smells.

1. Gal. It has bin new perfum'd.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches, stand off—and shines there (say you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our selfe?

2. Gal. So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are Rascalls, lying devills,
Dung-hills, whose favor poisons brave mens fames,
That Ape of greatnesse (imitating mee)
I meane that slavish Lord *Iacomo*
Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end,
His totall of expence dares equall mine;
How is his house built?

1. Gal. Admirable faire.

Tor. Faire? Ile guild mine (like *Pompey's* Theater)
All ore to out-shine his; the richest hangings
Persian, or *Turke*, or *Indian* slaves can weave,
Shall from my purse be bought at any rates;
Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes,
Wherein shall move an artificiall Sunne,
Reflecting round about me, golden beames,
Whose flames shall make the roome seeme all on fire,
And when 'tis night, just as that Sun goes downe,
A silver Moone shall rise, drawne up by starres,
And as that moves, I standing in her Orbe,
Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone,
So mock't in old wives tales; then over head,
A rooff of Woods, and Forests full of Deere,
Trees growing downwards, full of singing quiers,
And this i'll doe that men with prayse, may crowne

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My fame, for turning the world upside downe :
And what brave gallants are *Gentilies* guesfes?

1. *Gal.* The Lord *Iacomo Gentili* feeds
All Beggars at his Table.

Torr. Hang *Iacomo*,
My boarde shalbe no manger for poore jades
To lick up provinder in.

2. *Gal.* He welcomes souldiers.

Tor. Let souldiors beg and starue, or steale and
hange.

Wo'd I had heere ten thousand Souldiors heads,
Their sculs set all in silver, to drinck healthes
To his confusion, first invented warre,
And the health drunck to drowne the bowles i'th Sea,
That very name of Souldior, makes me shrugg,
And thinck I crawle with vermin ; give me Lutes,
Mischiefe on drumms, for souldiors ; fetch me whores,
Thefe are mens blisse ; those every Kingdomes soares,
Wee gave in charge to searck through all the world
For the best Cookes, rarest musitians,
And fairest girles, that will sell sinne for gold.

1. *Gal.* Some of all forts you have.

Tor. Let me have more

Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle size, the browne, and faire ;
Ide give a Princes ranfome now to kisse
Blacke *Cleopatra's* cheeke ; Onely to drinke
A richer perle, then that of *Anthonyes*,
That Fame (where his name stands) might put downe
mine.

Oh that my mother had bin *Paris* Whore,
And I had liv'd to see a *Troy* on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
But one Lavalto with my Curtezan.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. *Gal.* Patterne of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, before your Excellence

Desires acceffe.

Tor. What creature?

4. *Gal.* Your owne brother,
At least hee termes himfelfe fo.

Tor. Is he brave?

4. *Gal.* Hee's new come from Sea.

Tor. 'Tis true, that *Iafon*
Rig'd out a Fleete to fetch the Golden-Fleece;
'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,
His shippes are great with Child of *Turkish* Treas-
ure,
And heere shall be delivered; marshall him in
Like the seas proud commander give our charge——
Omnes. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord
away.

*Vther him in Bare and ragged. At which Torrenti
starts, his hat falls off, offer it him.*

Torr. Thou whorfon pefant, know me, burne that
wind-fall,
It comes not to my head that drops so low,——
Another.

1. *Gall.* Hatts for my Lord,——

Hatt's brought in 3. or 4.

Torr. It smells of earth, flood it againe so high,
My head would on a dung-hill seeme to lie.
How now? what scar-crow's this?

Broth. Scar-crow? thy brother,
His blood cleare as thine owne, but that it smoakes
not,
With perfum'd fiers as thine doth.

Torr. Has the poore snake, a sting; can he hiss?
What begs the rogue for?

Broth. Vengeance
From the iust thunderer to throw *Lucifer* downe;
How high so ever thou rearest thy Babell-browes,
To thy confusion I this language speake:
I am thy fathers sonne.

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Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.

Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. *Markes* proud-day, .

Never went forth to marry the rich-sea,
With casting in her lapp a ring of gold ;
In greater bravery then my selfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull *Florentines*,
All vow'd to rescue *Rhodes*, from Turkish-flavery :
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd.

Torr. Faire riddance on you.

Broth. Where such a Peacock durst not spread his plumes ;

We fought, and those that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongst whom my selfe was chiefe)

Were three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the reliëts of that misery, *Chaines.*
If thou wu'd'st know more, reade it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezele.

Torr. Hang the dogge.

What tellest thou mee of Peezeles ?

Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee so, note me.

Torr. I know thee not ;

Set mastives on him, worry him from my gates.

Broth. The first unhappy breath I drew, mov'd heere,

And here I'le spend my last, e're brav'd from hence,
Heere I'le have meate and cloaths.

Torr. Kick the curre out.

Bro. Who dares ?

Take from that sumpter-horſes backe of thine,
Some of those gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning ſpaniells.

1. *Gall.* Some spirit of the buttery.

2. *Gall.* It should be by his hunger.

Broth. I am starv'd,

Thirfty, and pinde to th' bare bones, heere, I'le eate
at thine

Owne scorneful board, on thine owne meate, or teare
it from

Thy throate as 'tis chewing downe.

Torr. I'le try that ; if my dinner be prepared
Serue me in my great state along't this way,
And as you passe, two there with pistolls stand
To kill that ravenous Vulture ; if he dare thrust his
tallents

Forth to make one dish his prey. *Exeunt all.*

Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you
sham'd

To owne so poore a brother, let not my heart-strings,
In funder cracke, if we now being lone,
You still disdaine me.

Torr. Wretch I know thee not,
And loath thy sight.

Broth. Slave, thou shalt know me them ;
I'le beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.

Torr. Wilt murder thine owne brother ?

Broth. Pride doth it selfe confound,
What with both hands the Devill strove to have
bound,

Heaven with one little finger hath untied,
This proves that thou maiest fall, because one blast
Shakes thee already, feare not, I'le not take
The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'st
Lawes of humanitie, and brother-hood ;
I'le not doe foe, but as a begger should
(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pittie to come forth,
And looke upon my wretchednes, A shot *Kneeles.*
Toore to the keele that gally where I row'd ;
Sunke her, the men slaine, I by dyving scaped,
And sat three leagues upon a broken mast,
Wash't with the salt teares of the Sea, which wept,
In pittie, to behold my misery.

Torr. Fox on your, tarry misery.

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Broth. And when heavens bleft-hand hal'de me to
a fhoore

To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire,
A dead mans straw-bed throwne into the ftreete.

Torr. Foh, th'art infectious.

Broth. Oh remember this !

He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table.
Where Angells are his fellow fervitours.

Torr. I am no Robbin-red-breaft to bring strawes
To cover fuch a coarfe.

Broth. Thou art turn'd devill, *Rizes.*

*Trumpets found. Enter an arm'd fencer, after him a
company with covered difhes : Coronets on their
heads. Two with piftolls to guard it.*

Torr. Where's thy great ftomack, eat, ftand, let
him choofe

What difh he likes.—fnatches a piftoll : all flye off.

Broth. This then which Ile carve up
On thy bafe bofome, fee thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of fhort reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud bird, but fliest with rotten wings ;
To fiew how little for thy fcorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire, *Shootes up.*
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoote darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge *Leviathan*, when th'aft drunk dry,
That Sea thou rowl'ft in, on fome bafe fhorc dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

Omnes. Where is the Traitor ?

Torr. Now the houfe is fiered,
You come to caft on waters ; barre up my doores,
But one fuch tattered enfigne here being fspread,
Drawes numbers hither, here muft no rogues be fed ;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.

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To manacle bafe beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call 'em my whipping pofts ;
If you fpye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to fuch I'll give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore fnakes night and day,
And whip 'em foundly if they approach my gates ;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye.

Enter 1. Gal.

1. *Gall.* Two Gentlemen fent from the *Florence*
Duke,
Require fpeech with your Lord-ſhip——
Torr. Give'm entrance.

Enter Mutio, Philippo.

What are you ? and whence come you ?

Mut. From the Duke.

Tor. Your bufineffe ?

Mut. This, fame founding forth your worth
For hofpitable princely houfe-keeping ;
Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,
Invites himfelfe (by us) to be your gueſt.

Tor. The honour of Embaſſadors be yours ;
Say to the Duke that *Cæſar* never came,
More welcome to the Capitoll of *Rome*,
Then he to us —— healties to him —— fill rich
wines.

Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to
men ;
By you they have found the golden age agen.

Tor. Which I'll uphold, ſo long as there's a funne,
To play the *Alchymiſt*.

Phil. This proud fellow talkes
As if he graſped the Indies in each hand.

Torr. Health to your Duke.

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Amb. We pledge it on our knees.

Tor. I'le stand to what I do, but kneele to none.

*Musicke, drinck, breake the glasse, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both servitours refuse to take.*

Tor. Breake not our custome (pray ye) with one
beame,

The god of mettailes makes both gold and wine
To Imitate whose greatnesse ; If on you
I can bestow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as *Bacchus* spends his blood ;
And in them drinke our health.

Mat. Your bounty farre
Exceeds that of our *Cæsars*.

Tor. *Cæsar* ero, vel nihil ero :

What are Gold heapes ? but a rich dust for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe by winde ?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenchs lap his golden showres,
May be *Ioues* equall, oh but hee that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debter,
And such a Noble spender is *Ioues* better ;
That man Ile be, I'me *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wish there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to sell
For Alpine hills of silver, And that I
Might at one feast, spend all that treasure drie ;
Who hoards up wealth, is base ; who spends it, brave,
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave ;
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke. *Exit.*

Amb. Wee shall great fir.

Mut. *Torrenti* call you him ; 'tis a prowde rough
streame.

Phil. Hee's of the *Romane* Family indeede.

Mut. Lord *Vanni* ? rather my Lord *Vanitie*.

Phil. And heapes of money fure haue strucke him
mad.

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Mut. Hee'le soone pick up his witts, let him but bleed

Thus many ownces at one time ; All day
Could I drinke these deare healthes, yet nere be
drunke.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanly.

Mut. Not a pin the worfe ;
What might his father leave him ?

Phil. A great estate,
Of some 300000 Crownes a yeare.

Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now
growne deare ;
An admirable Cocks-combe !

Phi. Let wonder passe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Asse. *Exit.*

*A Bed discovered, Fyamenta upon it. Enter two Dukes,
Piero, Gallants, Nurse, Ladies, Angelo, Baptista, ut
antea Fyamenta.*

Ang. I pray you hush all, a little hush, le faire
Lady by her owne volunter disposition, has take a ting
dat is of such a grand operation, it shall make a de
stone for slepe.

Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it ?

Ang. 'Tis not your scurvie English *Poppy*, nor
Mandragon, nor a ting so danger as *Opium*, but
tis de brave ting a de world, for knock a de braine
asleepe.

Pisa. I am glad shee takes this rest.

Ang. Peace, be gor it is snore and snore, two mile
long ; now if your grace vill please for procure Musick,
be restore as brave as de fish.

Flo. Call for the Musicke.

Ang. Makea no noife, but bring in de Fidlers, and
play sweet—

Nico. Oh out upon this Doctor ; hang him, does
he thinke to cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers——

Ang. De grand French poo stopa de troate, pray
void le Shamberra.

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Flo. All, all part softly; peace Nurfe, let her sleepe.

Nurf. I, I, go out of her prospect, for shee's not to bee cur'd with a song. *Exit.*

Ang. *Baptista*, see the doore fast, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office now amongst gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your porter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but slumber, *Fiametta*, Love.

Fia. The *Pisan* Prince comes: daggers at my heart.

Ang. Looke up, I am not hee, but *Angelo*?

Fia. Ha! who names *Angelo*?

Ang. *Angelo* himselfe,

Who with one foote treads on the throat of death,
Whilst t'other stepps to embrace thee, thus i'th shape
Of a French Doctor.

Fia. Oh my life, my foule.

Ang. Heare me.

Fia. Ime now not sicke, Ile have no Phisicke,
But what thy selfe shall give mee.

Ang. Let not Ioy confound our happineffe, I am
but dead,

If it be knowne I am heere.

Fia. Thou shalt not hence.

Ang. Be wise deare heart; see here the best of
men,

Faithfull *Baptista* ——

Fia. Oh, I love *Baptista*,

Cause he loves thee; But my *Angelo* I love bove
kings.

Bapt. Madam you'le spoile,

Vnlesse you joyne with us in the safe plot
Of our escape.

Ang. Sweete *Fyametta* heare me,

For you shall hence with us.

Fia. Over ten worlds,

But Ile not hence; my *Angelo* shall not hence,

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True love, like gold, is best being tried in fire ;
He defie Father, and a thousand deaths—for thee——
Knock within.

Ang. Vndone, vndone.

Bapt. At the Court gate,

I see a Iebbit already to hang's both ;
Death ! the Duke beates at the doore.

Fya. He shall come in ; *Enter Omnes.*
One frowne at thee, my Tragedie shall begin ;
See Father——

Flo. I told you that I heard—her tongue——

Fya. See Father.

Flo. What sweete girle ?

Fya. That's *Angelo*, and you shall pardon him.

Flo. With all my heart.

Fya. Hee says hee pardons thee with all his heart.

Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and run whirabout like de windmill faile, pardona moy, por quoy my sweete Madam, pardon your povera Doctör.

Fya. Because thou art my banish't *Angelo*.

Flo. Starke mad.

Pija. This her recoverie ?

Fya. Hee is no Doctör,

Nor that his man, but his deare friend *Baptista* ;

Has black't his beard like a Comcedian

To play the Mountibanke ; away, He marry

None but that Doctör, and leave *Angelo*.

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.

Fya. Leave off thy gibberishe, and I prethee speake

Thy Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor shee be mad as the moone.

Flo. Sweet girle, with gentle hands fir, take her hence.

Fya. Stand from mee, I must follow *Angelo*.

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Pifa. Thine eyes drinke sleepe from the sweet god
of rest.

Fya. Oh, you shoote poyson'd arrowes thorow my
breast.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptista.

Flo. What strange new furie now possesseth her?

Ang. Begar her Imaginashon be out a de vitts,
and so dazell de two nyes, and come downe so into
de bellie, and possibla for make her tink mee or you
to be le fhentle-man shee lovea, and so shee takea my
man for a lack-a-nape, mee know not who.

Bapt. For one *Baptista*.

Ang. Povera garhoun a ma trat.

Flo. I doe beleeve you both; but honest Doctor,
Straine all thy Art, and so thou leave her well,
I care not if you call up feinds from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all
ready be my trat my Lor, mee no stay heere for
ten hundred hundred Coronaes, she cry upon mee 'tis
Master *Angelo*, you tink so not one and two time, but
a tyrd time, you fmella me out; And so cutta my
troate; adue my Lor.

Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine,
And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her
fownde,

There needs a desperate cure to a desperate wound.

Exit.

Ang. How blowes it now?

Bapt. Faire, with a prosperous gale.

Ang. Poore love, thou still art stricke with thine
owne fate;

My life hangs at a thred, friend I must flie.

Bapt. How, to be safe?

Ang. I will take sanctuary,
I know a reverend Fryar, in whose cell

Ile lurke till stormes blow ore ; If women knew
What men feele for them, None their scornes should
rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonsina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the
Castle beene besieged thus long, lien open for a
breach ; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece ? oh y'ar a proper foldyor, good
Sister, brother follow your game more close, or i'll
leave you.

Tib. What wu'd you have me doe ?

Alp. Why I would ha'you (tho' you be in womans
apparrell) to be your felfe a man, and do what you
come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thousand on setts,
And still a blushing cheeke makes me retire ;
I speake not three words, but my tongue is ready
To aske forgivenes of her.

Alp. Must thou needs at thy first encounter tell
her thou art a man, why when you walke together,
cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a
time, there was a loving couple that having tyred
themselves with walking, sat downe upon a banck,
and kist, and embraced, and plaid, and so by degrees
bring the tale about to your owne purpose. Can you
not ? fie, you are the worst at these things Sir.

Tib. I am sifter indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed : you see
how the old stinking fox her husband is stil rubbing
me as if I had the palsy, Ile not have his wither'd
hands (which are as moist as the side of stock-fish) lye
pidling in my bosome, therefore determine some thing,
or farewell.

Tib. I have deare sifter, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promise of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed ;

Rap'd with joy, he'le feigne bufineffe of ftate,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone.

Alp. Very good.

Tib. Then my request fhall be, that for that
night

She would accept me for her bed-fellow,
And there's no queftion fiter of the grant,
Which being Enjoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all fo even on levill ground,
That my offence fhall in my love feeme drownde.

Alp. The clocke for your bufineffe thus far goes
true, but now for me, what fhall I do with the old cock
in my Rooft?

Tib. Sifter, you have fome tricke (no doubt) to
keepe

Him within compaffe.

Alp. No not I, beleeeve me, I know not what to
doe with him, unleffe I fhould give him a little *Nux*
vomica, to make him fleep away the night, but brother,
to pleafure you, Ile venter a joynte, and yet it troubles
me too, that I fhould prove a Traytor to my fex,
I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know
not.

But Love the author of it wil I hope
Turne it quite otherwife, and perhaps it may be
So welcome to her as a courtesie.

Tib. I doubt not but it fhall.

Alp. We nothing can,

Unleffe man woman helpe, and woman man. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Trumpets founding. Enter Torrenti very brave, betweene the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wondring at his cosly habit. Enter a mask, women in strang habitts. Dance. Exit. He gives jewells, and ropes of pearle to the Duke; and a chaine of gold to every Courtier. Exit. Nicholletti and he stay.

Nic. **T**Hou art my noble kinfman, and but thy
mother
(Vpon my soule) was chafte I should beleeeve
Some Emperor begot thee.

Tor. Why pray Vncle?

Nico. Suppose all kingdomes on the earth were
balls,

And that thou held'st a racket in thy hand,
To tosse 'em as thou wu'd'st, how wo'd'st thou play?

Tor. Why? as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.

Nico. A tennes-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what doest thou thinke, that I now think,
Of thy this days expence?

Torr. That it was brave.

Nico. I thinke thee a proud vaine-glorious brag-
ging knaue,

That golden wombe thy father left so full,
Thou vulture-like eat'st thorough: oh heeres trim stufte;
A good-mans state, in Gartyres, strings and ruffe;
Hast not a saffron shirt on too? I feare th'art
Troubled with the greene-sicknes, thou look'st wan.

Tor. With anger at thy snarling must my hoarse
Match your old greasy cod-piece?

Nico. No, but I'de have thee live in compasse.

Tor. Foole, I'll be

As the sun in the Zodiack; I am he
That wood take Phaetons fall, tho' I fet fire

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On the whole world to be heavens charioteire,
(As he was) but one day.

Nico. Vaine riotous cockscombe,
Tha'ft fier'd to much already, Parkes, Forrefts, chafes,
Have no part left of them, but names and places ;
'Tis voic'd abroad thy lands are all at pawne.

Tor. They are, what then ?

Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you spent the ranfome of a king.

Tor. You lye.

Nico. I thanke you Sir.

Tor. Say all this true
That I spent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'th'yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'th' yeare a Cardinall ;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'de feast 'em all.

Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving
bare,
Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking,
With a fresh-whore, cost thee 4000. duckets,
Else the bawd lies.

Tor. Wert thou not mine uncle
I'de send thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should finde it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy selfe an old rotten whore-
master.

Nico. I a whore-master ?
To shew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy
tomblers
Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jigg to 'em.

Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou enviest bees with stings, because thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all shall flie.

Nico. They shall.

Tor. And then Sir I'lle turne pickled theefe, a
Pirate,
For as I to feed Ryot, a world did crave,

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So nothing but the sea shall be my grave,
Meane time that circle few began I've runne, tho' the
Devill stand i'th' Center.

Nico. What's that circle ?

Torr. The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,
In me all prodigalls loosenes fresh shall flowe,
Wine, harlots, surfetts, rich embroidered cloaths,
Fashions, all sensuall sins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me ; Ile feast every fence,
Nought shall become me ill, but innocence. *Exit.*

Nico. I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe,
Who spends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke.
Exit.

*Enter an Apothecary give a serving-man gold, Iacomo,
Servants in blew-coats : Stew. Broker, Goldsmith,
Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.*

Gent. What sounds this trumpet for ?

Omnos. Dinner my Lord.

Gent. To feast whome this day are my tables
spread ?

St. For sea-men, wrack't, aged, or sicke, or lame,
And the late ranfom'd captives from the Turke.

Gent. Cheere them with harty welcomes in my
name,

Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,
To send 'em sad hence, bounty shall be plac'd
At the boards upper end ; For Marriners
Are clocks of danger that do ne're stand still,
Their dialls-hand ere points to'th stroake of death,
And (albeit feldome windlesse) loose their breath ;
I love 'em, for they eat the dearest bread,
That life can buy, when the elements make warrs ;
Water and aire, they are sav'd by their good stars.
And for the gally-slaves, make much of those, love
that man
Who suffers onely for being christian ; What suiters
waite ?

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St. Come neere, one at once, keep back pray.

Bro. A forry man, a very forry man.

Gent. What makes thee forry ?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which touches me to the quick, a boxe of my sweete evidence my Lord.

Gent. Show me some prooffe of this.

Brok. Alas too good prooffe, all burnt, nor flick, nor stone, left.

Gent. What wo'dst have me doe ?

Brok. Bestow but a bare roo.l. on me, to set me up.

Gent. Steward deliver him a roo.l.

Brok. Now all the——

Gent. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me,

Brok. Oh my hony Lord !

Gent. Faces are speaking pictures, thine's a booke, Which if the leafe be truly printed shews A page of close dissembling.

Brok. Oh my Lord !

Gent. But say thou art such, yet the monie's thine, Which I to Charitie give, not to her shrine ; If thou cheat'st me, thou art cheated ? how ? th'ha'st got

(Being licorish) ratf-bane from a gally-pot,
Taking it for fugar ; thou art now my debtor,
I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better ;
Farewell.

Enter lame legg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell,
Whom dost thou blow up heere ?

Broak. Some honest scullar, row this lame dog to hanging.

Gent. What noife is that ?

Stew. My Lord calls to you.

Soul. Was there ever call'd
A devill by name from hell ? then this is one.

Gent. My friend, what is hee ?

Soul. A Citie pestilence,
A moath that eates up gownes, doublets and hofe,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen clofe adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, fo strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after ; hee's a broker.

Gent. Suppose all this, what hurt hath hee done thee ?

Soul. More then my limbs losse ; in one weeke he
eate
My wife up, and three children, this christian Iew
did ;
Ha's a long lane of hellish Tenements,
Built all with pawnes.

Gent. All that he had is burnt.

Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the
Raven,
Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowfie wardropes are not ; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me ; (they forfeited)
Twice so much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping slave
Swore (not to fave my foule) vnlesse that I
Laid downe my stumpe heere, for the Interest,
And so hop home.

Gent. Vnheard of villaine !
Broker, is this true ?

Brok. 'Twere sinne my Lord, to lie.

Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'ft at my
hands ?

Soul. This my Pition was, which now I teare,
My suite here was, When the next place did fall,
To be a Beadef-man in your Hospitall :
But now I come most pitiously complaining
Against this three-pile rascal, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poores betrayer ;
Give him the *Russian* law for all these finnes.

Gent. How ?

Soul. But one hundred blowes on his bare shins.

Br. Come home and take thine Arms.

So. He have those leggs.

Gent. Broaker, my foule forefaw goods thus ill got,

Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours ; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now muft have
His request too, 'tis honeft, faire, and juft,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his shinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.

Broak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.

Soul. I muft beftirre my stumps too. Iuftice, my Lord.

Gent. I will not ravill out time ; Broaker, I offer you

A hundred for a hundred.

Soul. That's his owne ufury.

Gent. A hundred pound, or elfe a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he fhall releafe you thofe.

Brok. Take it, and may'ft thou rot with't. *Exit.*

Soul. Follow thee thy curfe,

Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers ftill difburfe.

Gent. What next ?

Serv. The Party fir.

Gent. What party fir ?

If honeft, fpeake, I love no whifperer.

Serv. This Gentleman is a great fhuter.

Gent. In a Long-bow ? how farre shootes hee ?

Serv. To your Lordfhip, to be your Apothecary.

Gent. Vmh ; what fpie you in my face, that I
fhould buy

Your druggs and drenches ? beares not my cheek a
colour

As frefh as any old mans ? doe my bones

Ake with youth's ryotts ? or my blood boile hot

With feavers ? or is't num'd with dropfies, cold

Coughs, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits ?

The common soares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galenist nor Paracelsian,
Shall ere reade Phisicall Lecture upon me.

Apo. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.

Gent. I honour their profession,
What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phisician's a man-maker too,—but honest
friend,

My kitchin is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Trustie Apothecare ; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge then the disease.

Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our
shops wo'd downe.

Gent. Sir, I beleeeve you, bills nor pills Ile
take ;

I stand on sicknes shoare, and see men toft
From one disease to another, at last lost ;
But to such seas of surfetts, where they're drown'd,
I never venturing am ever found.

Apo. Ever found my Lord ? if all our Gallants
sho'd bee so, Doctors, Potheccaries, and Barber-
surgeons, might feed upon Onyons and Butter-milke ;
ever found ! a brave world then.

Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare springs or
falls,

Wine-glasses fill'd too fast, make uryballs ;
Man was at first borne sound, and hee growes ill
Seldome by course of nature, but by will——
Distempers are not ours, there should be then
(Were wee our selues) no Phisicke, men to men
Are both diseases cause, and the disease,
I'me free from (thanks good fate) either of these.

Apo. My 50. Crownes.

Ser. Not I.

Apo. No, must I give you a Glister ?

Ser. Hift, hift.

Apo. If your Lordship will not allow me minifter
to your selfe, pray let me give your man a purgation.

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Ser. Me a Purgation ? my Lord, I'me paffing well.

Gent. Him a Purge, why ?

Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may caft up 50 Crownes——

Which he fwallowed as a Bribe to preferre me.

Gent. My health is bought and fold fir then by you,

A Doctör baits you next, whose mefh of potions
Striking me full of vlcers, a gibberifh Surgion,
For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,
For mony, flaves their Soveraignes thus kill ;
Nay, nay, fo got, fo keepe it ; for his Fifty,
Give him a 100. Crownes, becaufe his will
Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill :
Fare you well fir.

Apo. Who payes mee fir ?

Sir. Follow me, I fir. *Exit Ser. & Apothe.*

Enter Gold fmith.

Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is faft.

Gent. What fellow fir ?

Gold. The thiefe that ftole this Iewell from your honour,

Hee came unto my ftall my Lord.

Gent. So.

Gold. And ask'd mee

Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And fo fmelling him out.

Gent. You did.

Goldf. I did fir,

Smell him out prefently, and under hand
Sent for a Conftable, examined him,
And finding that he is your Stewards man,
Committed him toth' Iale.

Gent. What money had hee upon this Iewell of you ?

Goldf. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.

Gent. Elfe you had bought it,
And beene the thiefes receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a fawcie knave ; if I want money,
And fend my fervants fervant (caufe the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawne, or fell
Iewells, or Plate, tho' I loofe halfe in halfe,
Muft you fir, play the Marshall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue ; goe and releafe him,
Send him home prefently, and pay his fees, doe you
fee fir.

Gold. My Lord, I do fee.

Gent. Least by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you fast byth' heeles, doe this y'are best ;
You may be gone.

Gold. Heere's a most excellent jeaft. *Exit.*

Enter Steward.

Gent. Harke you, the Duke of *Florence* fent me
once
A Iewell, have ye it ? For you laid it up.

Ste. My Lord, I have it.

Gent. Are you fure you have it ?
Why change you colour ? Know you this ? doe you
know

Your man, you fent to fell it ? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And fo your honesty too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye ; what wo'd you with mee ?

Enter Brother, to Torrenti.

Broth. Your pittie on a wretch late wrackt at fea,
Beaten a shore by penury, 3. yeares a Turkish
Gally-flave.

Gent. Your birth ?

Broth. Such Sir,
As I dare write my felfe a gentleman,
In *Florence* flood my cradle, my houle great,

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In mony, not in mercy ; I am poore,
And dare not with the begger passe their doore.

Gent. Name them, they shalbe forc't to thy reliefe.

Broth. To steale compasison from them like a
thiefe,

Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,
I had rather sit, then on the higheft tree sing,
That shadowes their gay buildings.

Gent. Young man I doe commend thee, where's
my steward ?

Give me thy hand, I entertaine thee mine,
Make perfect your accounts, and see the books de-
liver'd

To this Gentleman.

St. This poore rogue Sir ?

Gent. Thou art a villaine, so to tearme the man,
Whom I to liking take ; Sir I discharge you ;
I regard no mans out-side, 'tis the lineings
Which I take care for.

St. Not if you knew how louzie they were.

Gent. Cast not thy scorne upon him, prove thou
but just,

Ile raise the Cedars spring out first from dust. *Exit.*

*Enter Nicolleto, Dariene, Alphons. Alifandra, Tibaldo,
Cargo.*

Nic. Madam this night I have received from
court,

A booke of deepe import, which I must reade,
And for that purpose will I lie alone.

Dar. Be Mr. of your owne content my Lord,
Ile change you for some femall bed-fellow.

Nic. With all my heart.

Tib. Pray madam then take me.

Nic. Doe prethee wife.

Dar. And Sir, she is most welcome.

Nic. Wo'd I were at it for it is a booke,
My fingers itch till I be turning o're ;
Good rest faire *Alphonsina* you'll not faile.

Alp. No, feare me not.

Nic. All all to bed, to bed.

Alp. Mine eyes are full of sleepe ; Ile follow you.
Exit.

Dar. I to my closet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company.

Tibal. I will be for your Lady.

Aleff. Madam so please you forfeit to my mother,
And let your selfe and I be bed-fellowes.

Tib. Deare heart I humbly thanke you, but I must
not.

Aleff. Lady I rather wish your company,
Because I know one maiden best conceales,
What's bosom'd in another : but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting.

Tib. Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine.

Aleff. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woe reliefe from you,
Let me at least win pittie, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother ; whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wish
That he beheld me now and heard me ;
You are so like your brother, that me thinkes I speake
to him,

And that provokes a blush to assaile my cheekes ;
He smiles like you, his eyes like you ; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman ? 'twas for his sake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to
fellow nights with him.

Tib. Troth I do wish it.

Aleff. And if in this you enrich me with your
counsell,

Ile be a gratefull taker.

Tib. Sure my brother
Is blest in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.

Dar. *Alexandra.*

within.

Aleff. Madam.

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Dar. A word, come quickly. *Exit.*

Tib. O ye heavens! how strangely one houre works upon another. It was but now heart-sick, and long'd for meat,
Which being fet before me I abhorre.

Alp. Brother.

Enter Alphonsina.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?

Alp. Such a fury as thou.

Tib. How now? hast lost thy witts?

Alp. Ile sweare thou hast, for thou hast candied Thy sweete but poysonous language to dishonour Me thy most wretched sifter, who no better then a vile Instrument to thy desires, deserves to be stil'd, Baud, worfe then the bauds.
Who every day i'th' weeke shake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience dearest sifter; I protest,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd *Dariene* nor her Lord.

Alp. Thou shalt not then by heaven.

Tib. By all goodnes, not
With a well blush discourse faire *Aliffandra*,
Supposing me your sifter hath discover'd
The true pangs of her fancy towards *Tibaldo*,
And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,
My Brutish purpose broke its neck, and I
Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,
A traytour to the Mother.

Alp. My noble brother,
Our doings are alike, for by *Trebatio*
(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes shall
be
Cut off and croft.

Tib. Get to your chamber;
No longer will I play the womans part,
This night shall change my habit with my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Nicoletti with a light.

Nichol. In this chamber she lies, and that's her window; wo'd I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I shall bite anon, fharpens my stomack, the watch-word is a cornet, (*Cornet within*) it speakes, she bids me come without a light, and reafon, fhes light enough herfelfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an embleme of thy Mr. and burne in fecret.

Enter Alphonfina, above.

Alp. My Lord.

Nic. What fayes my moft moift-handed fweete Lady.

Alp. Who is there with you?

Nico. No chriftian creature, I enter *folus*.

Alp. I feare I muft entreate you to ftay a little.

Nic. As long as thou defir'ft, but-wilt come downe?

Alp. I would be loth to loofe all upon reft.

Nic. Shall I mount then?

Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.

Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.

Alp. Say you fhould get me with childe.

Nic. I hope I am not the firft Lord has got a lady with childe.

Alp. Is the night hush't?

Nic. Ther's nothing stirring, the very mice are a fleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.

Alp. Ile doe that then, which fome Citizens will not doe, to fome Lord.

Nico. What's that?

Alp. Take your word, I come.

Nico. Vd's my life!

Alp. What's the matter fir? *Muficke within.*

Nico. I heare a lute, and fure it comes this way.

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Alp. My most lov'd Lord, step you aside, I would not have you seene for the saving of my right hand, preserve mine honour, as I preserve your love.

Enter Trebatio with Musicke.

Nico. Pox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind?

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richest casement That ever let in Ayre.

Alp. Trebatio.

Treb. I, my most faire Mistris.

Alp. Neither of both good fir;
Pray play upon some other, you abuse mee,
And that which seemes worfe, in your fathers house.

Nico. Brave girle.

Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Vnwholfome foggs, and blasts; to bed my Lord,
Least they attach your beautie: nothing more,
Ile pay you for your song.

Exit.

Treb. Are you gone so?
Well, you hard-hearted one, you shall not ever
Be Lady of your selfe—away.

Exit.

Enter Cargo running.

Car. Oh my Lord, I have stood Centinell as you bad me, but I am frighted.

Nico. With what?

Carg. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Carg. She workes by magick, and knowes all.

Enter Dariene.

Dari. Doe you shrinke backe my Lord? you may with shame; Have I tane you napping my Lord?

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Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to flie at, but what fits on
your owne fonnes fiste?

Nicho. How! my fonnes fiste?

Darie. Yes, the Lady whom you wrought to have
bin your Harlot

Your sonne has long since wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exercis'd
Our witts to mocke your dotage.

Nico. Am I then gull'd?

Dare. Yes my Lord, and bull'd too, yonders
Tibaldo Neri come this morning.

Dare. So early, Is his sister with him?

Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kisse my yong
Mistris, three or foure times, I thinke 'twere good to
aske the banes of Matrimony.

Nico. Wo't twere no worfe, let's in, and give 'em
the mornings Salutation.

Dare. Ile tell him all.

Nicho. Sweete Lady, feal my pardon with a
kisse,

He ne're was borne, that never did amiffe. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Pifa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. S Ir, I have found *Angelo* with long and busie
search.

Flo. And will he come?

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Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I impawn'd
For his safe passage.

Flo. By my life hee shall; when will hee come?

Pie. My friend brings him along.

Flo. *Philippo Mutio*, goe and perswade our daughter

To walke, and take the ayre.

Pifa. Ile play that Orator.

Exit.

Flo. Attend the Duke of *Pisa*; prethee *Piero*
Discover where this *Angelo* lay lurking.

Pie. The world he has shut up, and now the booke

He reades, is onely heere, see where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fryar, Fyametia.

Flo. Way for my daughter; looke you, there's
Angelo.

Fya. Ha? yes, 'tis the starre I faile by; hold me not,

Why doe you sticke like rocks, to barre my way,
And utterly to wracke mee?

Flo. Art thou mad?

Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my best life, my foule!

Runs to him.

Ang. Whom seeke you Lady?

Fya. Doe you not know me fir?

Ang. Yes.

Fia. Doeft thou not love mee?

Ang. Yes.

Fya. At very heart?

Ang. Yes, at the very foule.

Fya. Burnes not your love,
With that most holy fire, the god of marriage
Kindles in man and woman?

Ang. Noe.

Fia. Ha, no?

Flo. Hee sayes no.

Fia. Then so, *quod dedi perdidit*.

Ang. How can I love you Lady?

I have clim'd too many of such fruitlesse trees.

Fia. Have you indeede?

Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.

Fia. Now I beshrew your fingers.

Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd
to dust.

Why should you love me? I have chang'd my
pleasure

In beautilous dames, more then I have my dreames,
Foure in one night.

Flo. Hee'le prove a lustie Larrence;

This is the starre you sayle by tho.

Ang. Why should you love me? I am but a
Tombe,

Gay out-side, but within, rotten and foule.

Flo. Ile sweare th'art most diseas'd, even in thy
foule;

Oh thou, thou most perfidious man alive,

So prosper, as my poore sicke heart doth thrive;

Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.

Gome, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell.

To Pifa.

Pifa. I'me rap't above the spheares, Ioy strikes
me dumbe.

Flo. Th'ast lent unto mine age a score of yeares,
More then ere nature promis'd, by thy loving

This Noble Prince; th'art his then?

Fya. His—to prove it; hence

Thou from mee; ne're more behold mine eyes.

Ang. Now finde I, that a Lovers heart last dies.

Exit.

Flo. I, I, so, so; If it die, it shall be buried.

Fya. Good reverend Sir, stay you, and as you wit-
nesse

This my divorce, so shall you seale my contract.

Fryar. I will, your pleasure.

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Flo. *Fyametta*,
Make choice thy selfe of thine owne wedding day.

Fya. To morrow be it, Loves poyson is delay,
Gallants, pray stirre betimes, and rowfe your Mistresses ;
Let some invite Lord *Vanni* and his Lady ;
Wee dine to day with Lord *Iacomo*,
Thither let's hasten : Sir, this holy man,
Shall be this night my confessor ; about mid-night,
Expect my fending for you.

Fryer. Your devotion
Commands my service. W'are least i'th fryers stead.
The Prince be your confessor ; girle prepare
To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid,
One night past o're, thinke nere to rife a maide. *Exit.*

*Trumpets founding services carried over the stage, Poore
attending Torrenti one, then enter Iacomo bare
betwixt the two Dukes, Picro, Philipppo, Tornelli,
Mutio.*

Flo. No more of complement, my Lord *Gentili* ;
Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
We must take blushing leaves, cause we can pay
Nothing but thanks.

Gent. That's more then the whole debt comes to,
Ne're saw I tables crown'd with braver store ;
I know no man that spends, nay nor gives more,
And yet a full sea still : why yonder fellow,
The brave mock-prodigall has spent all indeed,
He that made beggers proud, begs now himselfe for
need.

Flo. But who releeves him now ?

Gent. None, for I know
He that in riotous feasting, wastes his store,
Is like a faire tree which in sommer bore
Boughes laden till they crackt, with leaves and fruite,
Whose plenty lasting, all men came unto't ;
And pluckt and filld their lapps and carry away ;
But when the boughes grow bare, and leaves decay :

And the great tree stands saplesse, wither'd dry,
Then each one casts on it a scornfull eye,
And grieves to see it stand, nay do not greeve,
Albeit the Axe downe to the roote it cleave ;
The fall of such a tree, will I beware,
I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flo. 'Tis nobly spoke.

Pisa. Nay good my Lord make haft.

Pier. Here's a childe lost i'th staying.

Flo. Get 2. at night for't.

What is the bride yet drest ?

Pier. She's rigging Sir.

Flo. 'Tis well, musicke ? from whence ?
What chambers that ?

Mut. It Ioynes clofe to the
Lodgings of the bride.

Flo. Inquire

If she be ready, *Mutio*, say her bride-groome
Attends on her below.

Mut. I shall my Lord.

Fiametta above.

Pier. Tarry, she looks her selfe out.

Flo. Come, come loiterer.

Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that
Prince,

That should have bin my bridegroome.

Flo. Should ha beene ?

Pier. Is the Moone chang'd already ?

Fia. In her changes

The Moone is constant, man is onely varying,
And never in one Circle long is tarying,
But one man in the moone at once appeares,
Such praise (being true to one) a woman beares.

Flo. Take thou that praise and to this Prince be
true,

Come downe and marry him.

Fia. What would the world say,

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If I should marry two men in one day ?

Flo. That villaine has bewitch't her.

Pier. Sir what villaine ?

Flo. That slave, the banish't runnagate.

Pier. Cast not on him

Such foule asperfions, till you know his guilt ;

Even now you said he was a worthy spirit,

Crown'd him with praise, and do you now condemne

An absent man unheard ?

Flo. Ile hang thee traitor.

Pisa. Locke all the gates of Florence, leaft he
escape.

Flo. Our pardon, whosoever takes and kill him.

Pier. Oh ! who would trust in Princes, the vaine
breath,

Who in a minute gives one man life and death ?

Fia. Come forth thou threatned man, here kill
him all,

Lower then what you stand on, none can fall.

Angelo above.

Ang. I now must stand your arrowes, but you
shoote

Against a breast as innocent —

Flo. As a traytors.

Ang. Your patience Sir,

Pisa. Talk'ft thou of patience ? that by thy most
perfidious——

Enter frier above.

Ang. Heare me pray.

Of if not me, heare then this reverend man.

Pisa. VVhat makes that Fryer there ?

Pier. Father speake your minde.

Fryer. I was enjoyned to be her confessor,
And came, but then she wonn me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,

To heare her ſpeak unto *Angelo*, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, ſhe opes a booke,
Chardging him read his oaths and promiſes,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea and foules,
And askd if *Angelo* would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, ſaid faintly no.

Pifa. Faintly, he then was willing?

Pier. Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried: he thrice cried no; At which
this Ladie

Deſperately ſnatching from her ſide two knives,
Had ſtab'd her ſelfe to th' heart, but that we knit
Our force againſt it, what ſhould I doe in this?
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens bliſſe?
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have ſeene her ſlaine?

Flo. Then you have married her?

Fry. I have.

Pier. Brave girle.

Pifa. Ile cut that knot aſunder with my ſword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no
man can part.

Fia. The hands they may, but never ſhall the
heart.

Flo. Why didſt thou make to him thy promiſe
then?

Fia. Women are borne, but to make fooles of
men.

She that's made fure to him, ſhe loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but ſhe wedds in hell;
Parents that match their children gainſt their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,

Ile ſtop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete. *Draw.*

Fia. Villaine? it is my husband.

Flo. Enter and kill him.

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Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares, I blush
To see two Princes so degenerate.

Fia. Oh noble brother !

Pier. What would you have him doe ?
He well deserves to have her to his wife ;
Who gives to you a daughter, her a life,
In sight of angels she to him was given,
So that in striking him, you fight with heaven.

Flo. You see there is no remedie.

Pifa. Troth none ;
I threw at all (and gamesters lucke) all's gone ;
Farewell brave spirited girle, he that gainst winde,
Fier and the sea, law and a womans minde,
Strives, is a foole, that's I, Ile now be wife,
And neuer more put trust in woman's eyes.

Fia. I love thee for that word with-all my heart.

Flo. Will you come downe pray ?

Fia. Sweare as you are a Duke.

Flo. Yet more adoe.

Pifa. Will you not trust your father ?

Fia. Why should I ? you see there is no trust i'th'
daughter ;
Sweare by your hopes of good you will not touch
His naile to hurt him.

Flo. By my hopes I sweare.

Fia. And you too ?

Pifa. Yes, what's falling none can reare.

Fia. Wee come then noble friend, flagg not thy
wings,
In this warr I defie a campe of Kings. *Exit.*

*Enter Nicolleto, Tibaldo, Alphonsin. Dariene,
Aliffand, Trebatio.*

Flo. See, see, more shoales of friends, most
beauteous Ladies,
Faire welcomes to you all.

Nic. My Lord those tides,
Are turn'd, these Ladies are transform'd to brides.

The Wonder of a Kingdome. 285

Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore
fent,
To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I see) prosper, ours are overthrowne.
Nic. How meane you overthrowne?

Enter Angel. Fiametta.

Flo. Your owne eyes shall be witnesse how : nay,
nay, pray rise,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.

Ang. All that we stand in feare of is your
frowne.

Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doe.

Flo. What begg you of this Prince ?

Fia. That he would take
One favour from me, which my selfe shall make.

Pisa. Pray let it be of willow.

Fia. Well then it shall.

Alph. Why willow ? is the noble Prince forsaken ?

Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken.

Alp. Now in good ffooth my Lord, shee has but
vs'd you

As watermen use their fares, for shee look'd one way
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was *Angeloes*, and she dealt wisely.
Let woman ne're love man, or if she doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite, woe,
Court, cogge, and curse, and sweare, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, else hee's not
mine ;

That flesh eates sweetest that's pick'd close toth'
bone,

Water drinks best, that's hew'd euen from the stone ;
Men must be put to 't home.

Nico. He that loves ducking, let him come learne
of thee.

Flo. Shee has good skill ;

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At table will wee heare a full discourfe
Of all thefe changes, and thefe Marriages,
Both how they fhuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are beft, after the trumpes were out,
Who plaid falfe play, who true, who fought to fave
An Ace ith' bottome, and turn'd up a knave ;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all's loft,
Vnleffe you cogg, hee that pack's beft, wins moft.

Alp. Since fuch good gamfters are together met,
As you like this, wee'le play another fett. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
Sun's-Darling:

A Moral Masque :

As it hath been often presented by
their Majesties Servants ; at the Cock-
pit in *Drury Lane*, with great Applause.

Written by { *John Foard*
 and
 Tho. Decker } Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Bell*, for *Andrew Penneycuicke*,
Anno Dom. 1656.



To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,

Earle of *Southampton*, Lord

WRIATHSLEY, of *Tichfield*, &c.

MY LORD!

—Erodotus Reports that the *Ægyptians* by Wrapping their Dead in Glasse, presents them lively to all Posterity; But your Lordship will do more, by the Vivifying beames of your Acceptation, Revive the parents of this Orphan Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage florisht, the POEM liv'd by the breath of Generall Applauses, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court; But since hath languisht for want of heate, and now neere shrunk up with Cold, creepes (with a shivering feare) to Extend it selfe at the

Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it seems Rough and Forlorn, It is the issue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplisht with their Vertue. Be pleased then (my Lord) to give it entertainment, the more Destitute and needy it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and so being shelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-shine of your Favoure, it will become Proofs against the Injustice of Time, and like one of Demetrius statues appeare fresher and fresher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Peece, we should not dare to Assume an impudence to preferr it to a Person of your HONOR, and KNOWN JUDGMENT; whose HEARTS are ready SACRIFICES to your NAME and HONOR, Being my Lord

Your Lordships most humble, and most

Obligedly, Submissive Servants,

Theophilus Bird.

*Andrew Penneycuicke.**

* In some copies of this play (1656) the same Epistle Dedicatory is address'd "To the Right Honorable My very good Lady, the Lady *Newton*, Wife to the worshipfull Sir *Henry Newton*, Knight," and the name of Andrew Penneycuicke is alone subscribed. Other copies bearing the date of 1657 have the names as above.



Vpon the SUN's DARLING.

IS he then found? *Phæbus* make holliday:
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the
Cyclops Play;
Mulceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;
Mercury be quick, with mirth furnish the
heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at fix and seavens;
And *Ganymede* be nimble, to the Brim
Fill Boules of *Nectar*, that the Gods may
swim,
To solemnize their healths that did discover
The obscure being of the *Suns* fon'd lover.
That from the Example of their liberall
mirth
We may enjoy like freedome on Earth.

John Tatham.



READER.

I *T*is not here intended to present thee with
the perfect Analogy betwixt the World
and man, which was made for Man ; Nor
their Co-existence, the World determining
with Man : this I presume hath bin by others
Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of
this Morall, you shall finde him in his pro-
gression as followeth.

The first Season.

*P*resents him in the Twy-light of his age
Not Pot-gun-prooffe, and, yet hee'l have his
page :

This fmale Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his perch, and like the partridge Springs.

The second Season.

FOLLY, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr sweeter Novells fings.
He follows them ; forfakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is feene.

The third Season.

AS soone as *Nerv'd* with strength, he becoms
Weake,
Folly and *Humor*, doth his reason breake ;
Hurries him from his Noon-tide to his even :
From *Summer* to his *Autumne* he is driven.

The fourth Season.

AND now the *Winter*, or his nonage takes him ;
The fad remembrance of his errors wakes him ;
Folly and *Humor*, Faine hee'd cast away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's *Clay*.
Thus Man as Clay *Descends*, *Ascends* in spirit ;
Duft, goes to duft, The foule unto It's Merit.



The Names of the Persons.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Phœbus</i> the Sun, | <i>Winter.</i> |
| <i>Raybright</i> the suns Dar- | <i>Conceit.</i> |
| <i>Lady Spring.</i> (ling | <i>Detraction.</i> |
| <i>Youth.</i> | <i>Time.</i> |
| <i>Delight.</i> | <i>Priest</i> of the Sun. |
| <i>Health.</i> | <i>Folly.</i> |
| <i>Summer.</i> | <i>A Souldier.</i> |
| <i>Plenty.</i> | <i>A Spanyard.</i> |
| <i>Pomona.</i> | <i>An Italian Dancer.</i> |
| <i>Cupid.</i> | <i>A French Taylor.</i> |
| <i>Fortune.</i> | <i>A Forrester.</i> |
| <i>Autumne.</i> | <i>Æolus.</i> |
| <i>Bacchanalian.</i> | <i>Maskers.</i> |
| <i>Bounty.</i> | <i>3 Clowns.</i> |



THE
Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

A N A L T A R.

Enter the Priest of the Sun.

Raybright discovered sleeping.

Et your tunes, you sweet-voic'd fpears,
overtake him :

Charm his fancies, ope his ears,
now awake him. begin.

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams
of vain pleasure :*

The Sun's-Darling.

*They who by their dreams
true joies measure ;
Feasting, starve ; laughing, weep ;
playing smart, whilst in sleep
fools with shadows smiling,
wake and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.
Thoughts flie away, Time hath past 'em
Wake now, awake, see and taste 'em.*

Ray. That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the fowl's best wishes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a crueltie
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I fate inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.

Pr. Young man look hither.

Ray. Good ; I envie not
The pomp of your high office : all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness ;
The times are better to me ; there's no taste
Left on the pallate of my discontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whose onely blessedness
Depends on beeing miserable.

Pr. *Raybright :*

Thou drawst thy great descent from my grand patron
the Sun ; whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage ;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlement
Of sparkling stars, unless I bee in spirit
As humble as the childe of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Pr. Hast thou not flow'd in honors ?

Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of loosing em, to bee their monstrous creature
An age together, 'tis beside as comfortable
To die upon the embrodrie of the grafs,

Unminded, as to fet a world at gaze,
Whilft from a pinnacle I tumble down
And breake my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd
at.

Pr. You have worn rich habits.

Ray. Fine Afs-trappings.

A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows fafhion.
Can by a crofs-legg'd Tailor be transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of paffing bravery :
'Tis a flout happinefs to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool——mew.

Pr. You have had choice

Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkyes and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withall, tho not indeed fo gentle.
Honestie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee difcovered, troath fir
I care for no long travels with loft labor.

Pr. Pleafures of every fence have been your fer-
vants,

When as y've commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruine,
Corrupt the puritie of knowledg, wrest
Defires of better life, to thofe of thefe
This scurvie one, this life fcarce worth the keeping.

Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence;
To your own dull'd affections : fway your judgment,
You could not elfe bee thus loft, or fufpect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of yee.

Ray. The care, the fcorn hee throws on mee.

Pr. Fie, fie ;

Have you been fent out into ftrange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home fuch neglect.

Ray. I have reafon for't.

Pr. Pray fhew it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.

Pr. Your fantasie
Misleads your judgment vainly, fir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orbe to gratifie
all your wilde longings.

Ray. Very likely, when pray :
The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curse,
Tho their brides tickle for't, oh ! candle and lanthorn
Will grow to an excessive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. These are but flashes of a brain disordered.
Contein your float of spleen in seemly bounds,
Your eies shall bee your witnes.

Ray. Hee may come.

*Enter Time with a whip, whipping Follie
before him.*

Tim. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, man-
kindes foil :
Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and
scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whip ? am I
a dog, a cur, a mungrel : baw waw. Do thy worst, I
defie thee.

Sings. *I will rore and squander,
Cozen, and bee drunk too ;
I will maintein my Pander,
Keep my Hors and Punck too ;
brawl and scuffle,
Shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my Potmeals :
Dammes rank with,
do mad pranck with
Roaring boies and oatmeals.*

*Pox a time, I care not,
being past 'tis nothing :*

*I le be free and spare not,
sorrows are lives loathing :
melancholy
is but folly,
Mirth and youth are plotters.
Time go hang thee,
I will bang thee,
Though I die in cotters.*

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-eaten bearded rascal ; as I am Follie by the mothers fide, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will sing thee to death ; if thou vex mee : Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on now and then his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a Beadles rod of Correction ; goe mend thy selfe Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am sure the Times were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women flant it in Cast-fruits, and their Ladies fall for em ; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fooles : Pitifull Time ! pitifull Time !

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and abortive birth ; Behold the sand glasse of thy dayes is broke.

Fol. Bring me another, I'll shatter that too.

Ty. No ; th'ast mispent thy hours, lavish fool,
like

The circuit of thy life, in ceaselesse riots
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldst live
In such a Court as the Sunnes Majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my granam the Moon shews her hornes, except the Confitory Court, and there she need not appeare ; Cuck-olds Carry such sharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, mauer thy scurvie and abhominable beard.

Ty. Priest of the Sunne 'tis neere about the minute,
thy Patron will descend, scourge hence this trifle ;

Time is ne're lost, till in the common Schooles
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fooles. *Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand, but the others long enough a Conscience to be honest Condition'd, pox on him; it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pre. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty Court-holder ever since he was a minute old, he tooke you for a fore-man of a Jurie.

Ray. Pray fir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Cofen german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, fir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in fashion: Drinkeing, Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring, Foisting, Lying, Cogging, Canting, & cetera, will you have any more.

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guid it.

Fol. Yes faith; fo, fo, I laugh not at those whome I feare, I fear not those whom I love, and I love not any whom I laugh not at, pretty strange humor, is't not?

Ray. To any one who knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You must a void.

Enter Recorders.

Fol. Away away, I have no such meaning indeed—
la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the
Alter,
And with amazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven descending,—
Stand—— *The Sunne above.*

Fol. Oh brave !

Pre. Stand.

SONG.

*Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures, be pleased then
To shower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taste in lifes extreame
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.*

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy funne.
Oh theres no joy even from the wombe,
Of frailty : till we be called home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascall, and cannot speak
one word for my selfe, if I were hang'd.

Sun. Ray-bright.

Pre. It calles yee, answer.

Ray. Lord and Father.

Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give releafe,
Boldly make thy demands, for we wil please
To grant what ere thou saist for.

Ray. Fair beam'd fir ;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial pietie, in this
Your love shall perfect my hearts blifs ;
If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the severall pleasures here,
With every season in his kinde,
Can bleas a mortal with.

Sun. I finde
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou master'st thy desire, and shall not want it ;
To the spring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid :

All the varieties the Spring can shew,
Be subject to his will.

Pre. Lights Lord, wee go.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with
such fopperies. *Exit.*

Sun. We must descend, and leav a while our
sphere

To greet the world——ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beames that shine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine :
No let em shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favors, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in Summer flourish
By their fair quickning dews of noble loves :
Oh may you all like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fixt in firmaments of blest contents :
Mean while recreations wee present,
Shall strive to please ; I have the foremost tract ;
Each season else begins and ends an Act. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, and Delight.

Spr. **W**Elcom the mother of the year, the
Spring ;
That mother on whose back age ne're can fit.
For age still waits upon her that Spring the Nurse ;

Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton.
Physitian to the sick, strength to the found ;
By whom all things above, and under-ground
Are quickned with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kisses laies
Ten thousand welcoms, free as are those raies
From vvhich thy name thou borrowest : glorious
name !

Raybright, as bright in person as in fame.

Ray. Your eies amaz'd mee first, but now mine
ears

Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the
sphears.

Oh Ladie ! would the Sun, which gave mee life,
Had never sent me to you.

Spr. Why ! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about mee
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I in your sphear seem a star more divine
Than in my Fathers Chariot ; should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Sp. Oh that sweet breath revives mee ! if thou
never

Part'st hence (as part thou shalt not) bee happie ever.

Ray. I know I shall.

Spr. Thou to buy, whose state ?
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darling,

You. Madam I shall,
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave shall spring agen.

Spr. Thou (without whom they that have hills of
gold
Are slaves and wretches) Health that canst nor be
fold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.

Hea. One of my hands is writing full in heaven,
(For that's Healths librarie) t'other on the earth
Is Phyicks treafurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obay.

Ray. Mortalitie fure falls from me.

Spr. Thou to whose tunes
The five nice Sences dance ; thou that dost spin
Those golden threds all women love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off man-
kinde.

Delight not base, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brightest Delphick fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd Musicians, in the air ;
Clouds leav your dancing, no windes stir but fair.

Hea. Leav blustring March ——

S O N G.

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale ;
Fugg, Fugg, Fugg, Terue she cries,
And hating earth, to heauen she flies——Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Brave prick-song ; who is't now we hear !
'Tis the larks silver leer a leer :
Chirrup the Sparrow flies away ;
For hee fell too't ere break of day.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.*

Spr. How does my fun-born sweet-heart like his
queen ;
Her court, her train.

Ray. Wondrous, such ne're were seen.

Hea. Fresher and fresher pastimes, one delight
Is a diseafe to th' wanton appetite.

Del. Musick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick rounds

To thine owne times in repercussive sounds. *Exit.*

Eccho of Cornets.

Spr. Enough? I will not weary thee, pleasures change.

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiack range.—

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your Laws, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highness, to present their sport.

Spr. What is't?

Del. A Morris.

Spr. Give them our Court :

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting ; whom thou wilt confound
Smite ; let those stand, who in thy choice fit crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in Princes sheets.

Spr. Becken the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason, shouldst thou be stoln away.
By great ones, thats my fear.

Ray. Fear it not Lady ;
Should all the worlds black forceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.

Spr. I am made
In that word the earths Empress—
Are not these sports too rustick ?

Morris

Ray. No ; pretty and pleasing.

Spr. My youngest girle, the violet-breathing *May*,
Being told by *Flora* that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you service, will you please
To honor her arrivall.

Ray. I shall attend.

Spr. On then, and bid my rose-finger'd *May*
Morris

Rob hills and dales, with fweets to strow his way.

Exit.

Ray. An Empreſs, faiſt thou, faln in love with me.

Fol. Shee's a great woman, and all great women wiſh to be Empreſſes ; her name, the Ladie *Humor*.

Ray. Strange name, I never ſaw her, knew her not :

What kinde of creature is ſhee ?

Fol. Creature ! of a ſkin ſoft as Pomatum, ſleek as Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds ; no Mercers wife ever handled yard with a prettier breath ; ſweet as a Monkees ; lips of cherries, teeth of pearle, eies of diamond, foot and leg as ——

Ray. And what's thy name ?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.

Ray. Humor and Folly ; to my liſtning ear Thy Ladies praifes often have been ſung,
The trumpet ſounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. Shee's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green ſickneſs thing, I came by the way of a hobby-horſe letter of Attorney, ſent by my Ladie as a ſpie to you : *Spring* a hot Ladie, a few fields and gardens laſs, 'can you feed upon ſallets and tanzies, eat like an Aſſe upon graſſe every day at my Ladies, coms to you now a Goofe, now a Woodcock, nothing but fowl ; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and is not fowl very good fare ?

Ray. Yea marry is't fir, the fowl being kept clean.

My admiration waſtes it ſelf in longings
To ſee this rare piece, I'll ſee her ; what are Kings,
were not their

Pleaſures varied ; ſhall not mine then ? ſhould day

Laſt ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.

Change is the ſawce that ſharpens appetite ;

The way, I'll to her.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow ; for look you,
I do but winde this Cornet, and if another anwer it,
she coms.

Ray. Be quick then——

Cornets.

Enter *Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian*
Dance, a French Tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the *Spring* fo dotes
upon ?

Fol. This is that hony-suckle, she sticks in her
ruffe.

Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.

Ray. Admir'd perfection !

You set my praifes to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.

Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eie gives that sentence on thy person ;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee ; 'tis not the *Spring*,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glames at her, and for sending
Whole quires of fingers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kisse.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious.
Turne mee into a bird that I may fit
Still singing in such boughs.

Fol. What bird ?

Sol. A Ring-tayl.

Hu. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to
mine,

My Mine of pleasures which no hand shall rife
But this, which in warm Nectar bathes the palm :
Invent som other tyres ; musick ; flay ; none

Fol. Hoy-day.

Hu. New gowns, fresh fashions, I am not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the Moon
Riding at midnight in her cristal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of stars
Is half so glorious.

Hu. This feather was a bird of Paradise,
Shall it bee yours.

Ray. No Kingdome buies it from mee.

Fol. Being in fools paradise he must not lose his
bawble.

Ray. I am wrapt.

Fol. In your mothers smock.

Ra. I am wrapt above mans being, in being
spher'd

In such a globe of rarities, but say Ladie
What these are that attend you.

Hu. All my attendants
Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Follie is sworn to him already, never to leave
him.

Ray. Hee.

Fol. A French Gentleman that trays a Spanish
pike. A Tailor.

Tay. Wee Mounfieur, hey nimble upon de crosse
caper, we take a de measure of de body from de top
a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh stish de fine :
dis collar is cut out in anger scurvie, oh dis beeshes
pincha de bum, we put one French yard into de toder
hose.

Fol. No French yards, they want a yard at least.

Ray. Shall I bee brave then ?

Hu. Golden as the sun.

Ra. What's hee that looks so smickly ?

Fol. A Flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping, one
that loves mutton so well, he alwaies carries capers
about him ; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve
him to no other use then to do tricks, as if he had

bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name——

Dan. Signior Lavalta (Meffer mio) me tesha all de bella Corantoes, galliardaes, piamettaes, capeorettaes, amorettaes dolce dolce to declamante do bona robaes de Tuscana.

Ray. I ne're shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you powr quick-silver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now ?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Spa. A Confecianador, which in your tongue is, a Comfit-maker, of *Toledo*, I can teach fugar to slip down your throat a million of waies.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, oh *Toledo* !

Spa. In Confervs, candies, marmalades, finkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, Bergamotu, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of *Toledo*, oriones, potataes of *Malaga*, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

Spa. I am your fervidor.

Ray. My pallate pleas'd to, what's this last ?

Sol. I am a Gun that can rore, two flettoes in one sheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable Mistresse.

Hu. Put them on.

Sol. I'll drill you how to giue the lie, and stab in the punto, if you dare not fight, then how to yamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How: dare not fight ! there's in me the Suns fire.

Hu. No more of this, dances awake the musick.

O yes ! Musick !

Ray. No more of this, this sword arms me for battel.

Hu. Com then, let thou and I rise up in arms,

The field embraces, kisses our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a Tailor, yet stand still : strike
up. *Dance.*

Enter *Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.*

Spr. Oh ! thou inticing strumpet, how durst thou
Throw thy voluptuous spells about a Temple
That's consecrate to me.

Hu. Poor *Spring*, goodie herb-wife ;
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel
I ha bought for mine own wearing.

Spr. Bought ! art thou sold then ?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts, she buyes me with her
graces.

Heal. Graces ! A Witch.

Spr. What can she give thee.

Ray. All things.

Spr. Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea too.

Fol. And shew him a hobbie-horse in my likenefs.

Spr. My *Raybright*, hear me ; I regard not these.

Ray. What dowrie can you bring me ?

Spr. Dowrie ! ha ! is't com to this ? am I held
poor and base ?

A girdle make, whose buckles stretch'd toth' length
Shall reach from th'artick to th'antartick pole :

What ground foever thou canst with that inclose

I'll give thee freely, not a Lark that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf

But shee shall be thy tenant, call thee Lord,

And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song ?

Hu. Live with mee still, and all the measures
Plaid to by the spheres, I'll teach thee ;

Let's but thus dallie, all the pleasures

The Moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Ray. Divinest !

Fol. Here's a Lady.

Spr. Is't come to who gives most ?
The self same Bay tree into which was turn'd :
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green ;
That tree shall now be thine, about it fit
All the old poets with fresh Lawrel Crownd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity ;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to sing :
And invoke none but thee as *Delian King*.

Ray. Live by singing ballets ?

Fol. Oh ! base, turn poet, I would not be one
my self.

Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'l hover,
And see fields of armies fighting :
Oh ! part not from mee, I will discover
There, all but books of fances writing ;

Del. Not far off stands the *Hipocrenian* well,
Whither i'll leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear :
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drowne your muse.

Fol. I, I, or they'l drown themselves in Sack &
Claret.

Hu. Do not regard their toys,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a dying ;
Call me their Empreffe ; time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. Oh ! my all excellence.

Sp. Speake thou for me ; I am fainting.

Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the
world

I'll bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings ;
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages ;
Kisse Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing :
The day in manly pastimes ; snatch from time
His glasse, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jogg them, riot it, go brave ;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen shall beare thee out :

Yet all this while, tho thou climb hills of yeares,
 Shall not one wrinkle fit upon thy brow,
 Nor any sicknesse shake thee ; Youth and Health,
 As slaves, shall lackie by thy Chariot wheelles ;
 And who, for two such jewelless, would not sell
 The *East*, and *West Indies* ; both are thine, fo
 that——

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies gallap o're the world, and not grow
 old, nor be sick ; a lie ; one gallant went but into
France last day, & was never his own man since,
 another slept but into the low Countries, and was
 drunk dead under the table, another did but peep
 into *England*, and it cost him more in good morrows
 blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and
 Trumpets, then his whole voiage, besides he run mad
 upon't.

Hu. Here's my last farewell, ride along with me ;
 I'll raise by art, out of base earth, a pallace ;
 Whither thy selfe, waving a Christal stream,
 Shall call together the most glorious spirits
 Of all the Kings that have been in the world ;
 And they shall come onely to feast with thee.

Ray Rare !

Hu. At one end of this pallace shall be heard
 That Musique which gives motion to the Heaven ;
 And in the middle *Orpheus* shall sit and weep,
 For sorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
 To bring his faire *Euredice* from hell ;
 Then at an other end——

Ray. Ple hear no more ;
 This ends your strife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh ! I am sick at heart ; unthankfull man
 'Tis thou hast wounded mee, farewell. *She is led in.*

Ray. Farewell ?

Fol. Health, recover her ; firrah Youth, look to
 her.

Hea. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the
 spring

May fly in Summer, but with fickle wing. *Exit.*

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye fure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If she does, Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,

And he shall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning

See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need, this is your Folly.

Hu. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,

Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou
Cesar,

And lead me.

Ray. Neither; wee'll ride with equall state

Both in one Chariot, since we have equall fate.

Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;

For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave
him,

This Ivory gated pallace shall receive him. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Raybright* Melancholy.

Ray. O H my deer love the Spring, I am cheated
of thee;
Thou hadst a body the four elements

Dwelt never in a fairer ; a minde princely :
 Thy language like thy fingers, Musical.
 How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
 How temperate, and yet fumptuous ; thou wouldst not
 waste
 The waight of a sad violet in excesse ;
 yet still thy board had dishes numberlesse.
 Dumbe beafts even lov'd thee ; once a young Lark
 Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
 Mounted and fung, thinking them moving skies——

Enter *Follie*.

Fol. I ha don my Lord : my Muse has pump'd
 hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed *Spring*,
 and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read ; so I will, please you to reach mee your
 high ears.

*Here lie's the blith Spring,
 Who first taught birds to sing ;
 Yet in April herself fell a crying :
 Then May growing hot
 A sweating sickness shee got,
 And the first of June lay a dying.
 Yet no month can say
 But her merry daughter May
 Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty,
 The Cuckow sung in verse
 An Epitaph o're her herse,
 But assure you the lines were not dainty.*

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot ; hast thou
 none
 To poison with thy nastie iggs but mine,
 My matchles frame of nature, Creations wonder,
 Out of my fight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd see but scurvily

you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd one, beaftly bafe one, blockifh away ;

Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spanifh ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper ; then fir, your felf.

Fol. My felf ! Carbonado me, bafinado me, ftrapado me, hang me, I'll not fir ; poor Follie, honeft Follie, jocundary Follie forfake your Lordfhip ; no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women are given daily to me (if I would take em) fome not far off know ; Tailor gon, Spanifh figg gon, all gon but I——

Enter Humor.

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you flea them ; Whence com thefe thunder-bolts, what furies haunt you ?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee !

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I fhall grow old, difeas'd, and melancholy ;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring beftow'd upon me :
But for you two, I fhould be wondrous good ;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn '
From the embracements of the nobleft creature.

Hu. Your *Spring*.

Ray. Yes fhe, even fhe, onely the *Spring* :
One morning fpent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world :
She was unhappie never, but in two fons,

March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And *April* a whining puppie.

Hu. But *May* was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed *May* was a sweet creature, and yet a great raifer of May-poles.

Hu. When will you fing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot passe through any Princes Court,

Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; a vengeance
On this your debauch'd Humor.

Fol. A Vintner spoke those very words last night,
to a company of roring boies, that would not pay
their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie, bee judg by this your squire elfe.

Fol. Squire! worshipful M^r Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has his Humor, has he not
Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier's
humor is to bee braue, and not pay for't; to bee proud,
and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet don.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your bastards that
are given to humor you, you have a companie of as
arrant rascals to your children, as ever went toth,
gallows; a Collier being drunk joffell'd a Knight into
the kennel, and cry'd 'twas his humor; the Knight
broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am:

Raile, curse, be frantick, get you to the tomb
Of your rare Mistresse; dig up your dead *Spring*
And lie with her, kisse her; me, have you lost.

Fol. And I fcorn to be found.

Ray. Stay : muſt I loſe all comfort, deareſt ſtay ;
There's ſuch a deal of magick in thoſe eies,
I'me charm'd to kiſſe theſe onely.

Fol. Are you ſo ? kiſſe on, I'll be kiſs'd ſomewhere I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my love, for worlds pil'd upon worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but ſigh, I take my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horſe,—Will you be merry than, and jawſand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the ſpring.

Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way ?

Hu. I'll be your convoy,
And bring you to the Court of the Suns queen,
(Summer a glorious and majeſtick creature)
Her face out-ſhining the poor Springs, as far
As a ſun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a ſtar.

Ray. Such are the ſpheres I'de move in, attend us
Follie.

Ext.

Enter Raybright and Humor.

Ray. I muſe, my nimble Follie ſtaies ſo long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, (I ſwear)

That minute caſt away, not ſpent on you.

Ray. His companie is muſick, next to yours ;
Both of you are a Confort ; and I, your tunes
Lull me aſleep, and when I moſt am ſad,
My forrows vaniſh from me in ſoft dreams :
But how far muſt we travel, is it our motion
Puts us in this heat ; or is the air
In love with us, it clings with ſuch embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This ſhews, her Court

Is not far off, you covet so to fee :
Her subjects seldom kindle needleffe fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings.

Hu. Magnificent and curious ; every noon
The horses of the day bait there ; whilst he
(Who in a golden Chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o're the world) alights a while,
To give a love-kiffe to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine fights there ?

Hu. Oh !

Ray. And hear more ravishing musick ?

Hu. All the quiristers
That learn't to sing i'th Temple of the Spring ;
But her attain such cunning, that when the windes
Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o're our head, their voices have such charms,
They'l all stand still to listen——

Ray. Excellent.

Enter Follie.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of *Asia*, and
drop like a Cob-nut out of *Africa*——

Enter a Forrester.

For. Back : whither go you ?
Oyes ! this way.

For. None must passe :
Here's kept no open Court ; our Queen this day
Rides forth a hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her——back.
Exit.

Enter Summer and Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then.

Del. Yes with disdaine.

Sum. The heart of my deer mother nurfe the
Spring,
I'll breake his heart for't : had she not a face,
Too tempting for a *Fove*.

Del. The graces fate,
On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth
Lusting for change, so doted on a Lady,
Phantaftick, and yet fair ; a peece of wonder :
They call her *Humor* ; and her parasite *Folly*,
He cast the sweet *Spring* off, and turn'd us from him ;
Yet his celestial kinsman, for young *Raybright*
Is the *Suns* darling : knowing his journeying hither
To see thy glorious Court, sends mee before
To attend on you, and spend all my hours
In care for him——

Enter *Sun.* *Recorders.*

Sum. Obay your charge—oh thou builder,
Of me thy hand maid ! Landlord of my life,
Life of my love, throne where my glories fit ;
I ride in tryumph on a silver clowd ;
Now I but see thee.

Sun. Rife ; is *Raybright* come yet.

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And lavish thou thy treasure——

Enter *Plenty.*

Plen. Our princely Cofen *Raybright*,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.

Sun. Who with them.

Ple. A goddesse in a woman, attended
By a prating sawcie fellow, called *Follie*.

Sun. They'll confound him, but he shall run,
Go and receive him.

Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arivall, drawes
Heapes of admirers earth it self will sweat

To bear our weights; vouchsafe, bright power, to
borrow

Winds not too rough from *Æolus*, to fan
Our glowing faces.

Sun. I will: ho *Æolus*;
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.

Æo. I will.

Sun. No rorers.

Æo. No.

Sun. Quickly. *Hoboyes.*

Æo. Fly you flaves, *Summer* sweats; cool her.
The *Sun* takes his feat above.

Enter *Summer*, *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Plenty*, *Folly*,
Country-fellows and *Wenches*.

SONG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dresse up with Musk-rose her Eglentine bowers,
Daffadills strew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.

the Sun does bravely shine
on our ears of corn.

Rich as a pearle
coms every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
com to behold our sports,
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
as those in Princes Courts.

these and wee
with Countrie glee
will teach the woods to resound,
and the hills with eccho's hollow:

*skipping lambs
their bleating dams
'mongst kids shall trip it round,
for joy thus our wenches we follow.*
*Winde, jollie Hunts-men, your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.*
*Horfes amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chace;
'tis a sport to content a King.*
*So ho ho, through the skies,
how the proud bird flies,
and fowcing kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.—*

The Sun by degrees is clouded.

Sum. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn
A clowd before his face.

Hu. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coyne will kill you elfe.

Sum. It cannot—fair Prince!
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear:
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha Ladie!

Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering
raies

You boast your great name, for that name I hate you,
Because you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.

Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.

Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treasure
As deep as I my self: *Plenty* shall wait
Still at your elbow, all my sports are yours,

Attendants yours, my state and glorie's yours ;
 But these shall be as sun-beams from a glasse
 Reflected on you, not to give you heat
 To dote on a smooth face, my spirit's too great. *Exit.*

Ray. Divinest ! *Floristh.*

Hu. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll goe after, for I must and will have a
 fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne're was scorn'd till now.

Hu. This is that *Alteza*,
 That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun :
 I fear'd thine eyes should have beheld a face,
 The Moon has not a clearer, this ! a dowdie.

Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple ; or a crab she
 gave you.

Hu. She bid's you share her treasure, but who
 keeps it.

Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with
 fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no
 drawing, not a drop of wine : whole ears of corn lay
 their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can
 touch.

Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.

Ray. In scorn, as he doe's me.

Fol. Scorn ! If I be not deceived, I ha seen
 Summer go up and down with hot Codlings ; and that
 little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches
 of Raddish for a peny.

Hu. Thou shalt have nobler welcoms, for I'll
 bring thee

To a brave and bounteous house-keeper, free
 Autumne.

Fol. Oh ! there's a lad——let's go then.

Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother ; for the
 Indies

Must not have you part——

Ra. Must not ?

Sum. No ; must not.

I did but chide thee like a whistling winde

Playing with leavie dancers : when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied ; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th' Hesperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples beeing pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'll give thee corn
enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn ;
What land soe're, the worlds surveyor, the Sun
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine :
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie ; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an Emperor :
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serv me,
All birds to sing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple.

Plen. Shee's too good for thee ;
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, onely to kisse those eies,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of light, she shone more bright then e're before :
At which he vow'd, when ever shee did die,
Hee'd snatch them up, and in his sisters sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gipsie.

Sum. Oh ! I am lost.

Ray. Love scorn'd, of no triumph more then love
can boast.

Exit.

Plen. This strump will confound him. *Recorders.*

Sum. Shee has me deluded—

Enter *Sun.*

Sun. Is Raybright gon.

Sum. Yes, and his spightful eies
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.

Cupid and *Fortune* take you charge of him.
 Here thou, my brightest Queen, must end thy reign,
 Som nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Pomona*, *Raybright*, *Cupid* and *Fortune*..

Ray. YOur entertainment, Autumns bounteous
 queen,
 Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
 As the full growth of an abundant year
 Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
 Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
 From whom thou draw'st thy name; the feast of
 fruits

Our gardens yield, are much too coarse for thee;
 Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
 Into one form, and that form to contain
 All delicacies, which the wanton fence
 Would relish: or desire to invent to please it,
 The present were unworthie far to purchase
 A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
 In surfeits of the ear, with various musick
 Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
 And every flower with which the fresh-trim'd earth

Is mantled in : the Spring could mock my fences
With these fine barren lullabies, the Summer
Invited my then ranging eies to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of waterish pettie dainties, but my taste
Is onely here pleas'd, t'other objects claim
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes, whom the
creatures

Of every age and qualitie posts, madding
From land to land, and sea to sea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, *Fortune* and *Cupid*,
Love yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
To this great Prince of Time, before him *Fortune*,
Powr out thy mint of treasures, crown him sove-
reign

Of what his thoughts can glorie to command :
He shall give paiment of a roial prize
To *Fortune*, Judgment, and to Cupids eies.

Fort. Be a Merchant, I will freight thee
With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. Bee a lover, I will wait thee
With succeffe in life most fought for.

For. Be enamored on bright honor,
And thy greatnesse shall shine glorious.

Cup. Chastitie, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

Fort. Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depose me,
I'me thy slave, thy power hath bound me.

Cup. Cupids shafts are thine, dispose me,
Love loves love, thy graces wound me.

Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel ;
We obey, oh ! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay

A bountie of more soveraigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortalitie can support——

Enter *Humor* and *Follie*.

Hu. Whats here.

Fol. Nay pray observe.

Ray. Be my hearts Empreffe, build your kingdom there.

Hu. With what an earnestnesse he complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn *Coftermonger*, and is projecting how to forestall the market; I shall crie Pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now, my longings were ne're fatisfied,
And the desires my sensuall appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes we are fill'd and must be emptied, these wind fruits have distended my guts into a Lenten pudding, theres no fat in them, my belly swells, but my fides fall away, a month of such diet would make me a living Anatomie.

Po. These are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glorie;
Dwell but amongst us, industrie shall strive,
To make another artificiall nature;
And change all other seasons into ours.

Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no longer.

Ray. How fares my lov'd *Humor*?

Hu. A little stirr'd, no matter, i'll be merry:
Call for some Musick, do not; i'll be melancholly.

Fol. A fullen humor, and common, in a dicer that has lost all his money.

Po. Lady! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courtesie
In us, that so disturbs you, if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause,
It shall be soone removed.

Hu. Oh! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.

Fol. And unlace your peticoate.

Hu. Sawcie, how now! 'tis well you have some sweet heart, some new fresh sweet heart; i'me a goodly foole to be thus plaied on, stall'd, and foyl'd.

Po. Why Madam?

We can be courteous without staine of honor;

'Tis not the raging of a lustfull blood

That we desire to tame with satisfaction:

Nor hath his masculine graces in our breast

Kindled a wanton fire, our bounty gives him

A welcome free, but chaste and honorable.

Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humor in fashion with gallants, and brought
out of the low Countries.

Hu. Fie! there's no musick in thee, let us sing.

Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more
such toies would make the little world of man runne
mad, as the *Puritan* that fold his conscience for a
May pole——

Florish: shewte.

Ray. The meaning of this mirth.

Po. My Lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend, to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours——

Enter Autumne & Bacchanalian, Humor & Folie.

Pom. My dearest Lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have with all observance,
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Au. The Sun-born *Raybright*, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandfires beames
Shine graciously upon our fruits, and vines:
I am his vassail-servant, tributarie:
And for his sake, the kingdomes I possesse,
I will divide with thee, thou shalt command
The *Lidian Tmolus*, and *Campanian* mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,

Expressing their rich juice : a hundred graines
 Both from the *Beltick* and *Sicilian fields*,
 Shall be Congested for thy sacrifice
 In *Ceres* fane, *Tiber* shall pay thee Apples,
 And *Sicyon Olives*, all the Choicest fruits,
 Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
 Of your respected favours, and that honor
 Shall equall my ambition.

Au. My *Pomona*,
 Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties ;
 This is a day of rest, and we the whiles,
 Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
 With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey :
 Will't please you Madam, a retirement
 From these extreames in men, more tollerable,
 Will better fit our modesties.

Hu. I'll drink, and be a *Bacchanalian* ; no, I will
 not ;
 Enter, i'll follow ; stay, i'll go before.

Po. Ee'ne what humor pleaseth. *Exit. Florishes.*

Au. *Raybright*, a health to *Phæbus*——*Drinks.*
 These are the Peans which we sing to him,
 And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
 Crowned with *Lyeus* blood, to him a health——

Drinks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Au. Now one other health
 To our grand *Patron*, called, good fellowship ;
 Whose livery, all our people hereabout
 Are call'd in.——

Drinks.

Ray. I am for that too.

Au. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our custome
 is

Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
 Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes ;
 Sing *Fos* unto *Baccus*.

Fol. Hey hoes, a god of windes, there's at

least four and twenty of them imprisoned in my belly ; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back door ; and how sweet the Musick of their roring will be, let an *Irishman* judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one ; my Musiques naturall, and came by inheritance ; my father was a *French* Nightingall, and my mother an English wagtaile ; I was born a Cuckow in the *Spring*, and lost my voice in *Summer*, with laying my egges in a sparrowes nest ; but i'le venture for one, fill my dish ; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Au. Begin.

Fol. *Cast away care, hee that Loves sorrow,
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow :
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will send
it.*

*Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so: mer-
rily &c.*

*Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too ;
quickens the wit, and makes the back able ;
scornes to submit to the watch or Constable.
Merrily, &c.*

*Pots fly about, give us more Liquor ;
Brothers of a rowt, our braines will flow
quicker ;
emptie the Cask, score up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and
spare not,
Merrily, &c.*

Now have I more air then ten Musicians, besides there is a whirlwinde in my braines, I could both caper and turn round.

Au. Oh ! a Dance by all meanes,
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir yee nimbly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the
lees of these rowfes into a freer passage ; but take
heed of fure footing, 'tis a slippery season ; many
men fall by rising, and many women are raised by
falling——

Dance.

Au. How likes our friend this pastime ?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh ! how have I in ignorance and dullnesse,
Run through the progresse of so many minutes ;
Accusing him, who was my lifes first author,
Of slacknesse and neglect, whilst I have dream't
The *folly* of my daies in vaine expence,
Of uselesse taste and pleasure ; pray my Lord
Let one health passe about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denison
In your unlimited courtesies.

Au. Devise a round,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to *Autumns* selfe.
And here let time hold still his restlesse glasse,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor ;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to expresse
my thankfullnesse.

Au. What ere the wanton *Spring*,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to *Autumne*, *Summers* sweats
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food.
Autumnes garners house them, *Autumnes* jollities
Feeds on them ; I alone in every land
Traffique my usefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities

Morgag'd and loft, I fit Cheefe moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd *Summer*, and th' extreames
Of *Winters* tedious frost ; nay, in my selfe
I do containe another teaming *Spring* :
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to *Autumne*, if thou then canst hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great emperor.

Au. On now, to new variety of feasts ;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests. *Exit.*

Ray. My Lord I'll follow ; fure I am not well.

Florish.

Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monstrously
mistaken, you mean to stay here belike.

Ray. Whither should I go else ?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill your selfe in your own
defence, I'll not be of your Jurie——

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. You have had precious pleasures, choice of
drunkennesse ; will you be gon ?

Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution ;
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty (*Summers* daughter) empties daily
Her *cornucopia*, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenties horne is alwaies full in the City.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes ;

When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equall measure.

Hu. Ha ! in contemplation.

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-gutts ; this
belly-aking *Autumne* ; this Apple *Fohn Kent*, and
warden of Fruiterers hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant
beames
guilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation transports you thus,
You study some *Encomium*
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the paleneffe to supply the vacancie
Of *Cynthia's* dark defect.

Fol. Madam ! let but a green sicknesse chamber-
maid be thoroughly steel'd, if she get not a better color
in one month, I'll bee forfeited to *Autumne* for ever,
and fruite-eat my flesh into a consumption.

Hu. Come *Raybright*, whatfoer'e suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakenesse, leave these empty
And hollow founding pleasures, that include
Onely a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre :
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hu. You shall not,
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies ; I'll
bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food :
Shall not be fickle fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very sweet Mutton,
veale Venfon, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridge, Snite,
plover, larkes, Teale, admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Miftery there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choifest fruits,
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of forme and colour, 'twill deceive the eye :
Untill the taste be ravished.

Fol. Comfits and Carawaies, Marchpaines and
Marmalades
Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, gingerbread and Walnuts
Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'll not spare
T'exhaust the treasure of a thousand *Indies*.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned, besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders !
Be my conductresse, I'll flie this place in secret ;
Three quarters of my time is almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me ;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did mislead me.

Hu. Leav this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a
Poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring ;
An embleme of four Provinces we sway,
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day ;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,
While wee enjoy the blessings of our fate :
And since wee've notice that som barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'l not desist, wee'l force our way with swords.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. **H**ear you the news neighbor?

2. **H**Yes, to my grief neighbor; they say our Prince *Raybright* is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers; wee'r like to have a fine time on't neighbors.

3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain, tho' our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for't: Oh! these Courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a Crow with som of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather then live like beasts.

2. I, like horn-beasts, neighbor; they may talk and call us Rebels, but a figg for that, 'tis not a fart matter; let's be true amongst our felvs, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance —

Enter Winter.

Wint. What fuch murmurings does your gall bring forth,

Will you prov't true, no good coms from the North;
Bold sawcie mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire:
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience:

How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your Princes entrie into this his land ;
A Prince who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honor, more then blood ;
In whose clear nature, as two Suns, do rise
The attributes of Merciful, and Wise :
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, cause th'are truly just :
Who does with princely moderation give
His subjects an example how to live ;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect :
That as the Sun does unto all dispende
Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
Yet you wilde fools, possesse with gyant rage,
Dare, in your lawlesse furie, think to wage,
War against heaven, and from his shining throne
Pull *For* himself, for you to tread upon ;
Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroak ;
And he can sink such wretches as rebell,
From heaven's sublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The diuel a can as soon, we fear no colors, let
him do his worst ; there's many a tall fellow besides
us, will die rather then see his living taken from them,
nay even eat up ; all things are grown so dear, there's
no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou 'rt a wife fellow, neighbor, prate is but
prate ; they say this Prince too would bring new laws
upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and
that's abominable, wee'l all bee hang'd first——

Wint. A most fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conscience ;
Dull stubborn fools, whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Coms, as in droughs the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live :

Things void of foul, can you conceive that he,
 Whose every thought's an act of pietie,
 Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
 That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
 Cannot direct you in the fittest way
 To serv those powers, to which himself does pay
 True zealous worship, nay's so near ally'd
 To them, himself must needs be deified——

Enter Follie.

Fol. Save you Gentlemen ! 'tis very cold, you live
 in frost, y'ave Winter still about you.

2. What are you fir ?

Fol. A Courtier fir ; but you may guesse, a very
 foolish one, to leav the bright beams of my Lord, the
 Prince, to travel hither ; I have an Ague on me, do
 you not see me shake : Well, if our Courtiers, when
 they com hither, have not warm young wenches, good
 wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freez into
 an Apoplexie ; farewell frost, I'll go seek a fire to
 thaw me, I'me all ice I fear already. *Exit.*

1. Farewel and be hang'd, ere such as these shall
 eat what we have sweate or, wee'l spend our bloods ;
 com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and
 go meet this Prince he talks so of.

3. Som shall have but a fowr welcom of it, if my
 Crab-tree cudgel hold here.

Wint. 'Tis, I see,
 Not in my power to alter destinie :
 You'r mad in your rebellious mindes, but hear
 What I presage, with understanding clear :
 As your black thoughts are mistie, take from me
 This as a true and certain augurie,
 This Prince shall com, and by his glorious side
 Lawrel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
 Arm'd with the justice that attend's his cause,
 You shall with penitence embrace his laws :
 Hee to the frozen northern clime shall bring

A warmth fo temperate, as fhall force the Spring
Ufurp my privilege, and by his Ray
Night fhall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happineffe fhall ftill increafe,
As does his light, and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him fhall like fwift Comets fall,
By their own fire confum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of deftinie,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new ftar birth.

Florifh.

Enter *Raybright, Humor, Bountie, Winter* and
Delight.

But fee, our ftar appear's, and from his eie
Flie thoufand beams of fparkling majeftie.
Bright fon of *Phœbus* ! welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my crilled skin ;
For at your beams the Waggoner might thow
His Chariot, axell'd with *Riphean* fnow ;
Nay, the flow moving North-ftar having felt
Your temperate heat, his ificles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Catives dare difturb
The happie progrefie of our glorious peace.
Contemne the Juftice of our equall lawes,
Prophane thofe facred rights, which ftill muft bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie.
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drouping foules by vigor of my beams ;
And have I this ftrange welcom ! reverend Winter !
I'me come to be your gueft ; your bounteous free
Condition does affure, I fhall have
A welcom entertainment.

Win. Illuftrious fir ! I am ignorant
How much expreffion my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitlie, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, fhall be farr above
My outward welcome, to that glorious light

Of heaven, the Sunne which chaces hence the night ;
 I am so much a vassaile, that I'll strive,
 By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
 To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
 Your fathers cheerefull heat, and quickning spirit ;
 Therefore as I am Winter, worne and spent
 So farre with age, I am Tymes monument ;
 Antiquities example, in my zeale,
 I, from my youth, a span of Tyme will steale
 To open the free treasures of my Court,
 And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now

Did admiration beget in me truly
 The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure ;
 So royall, so abundant in earth's blessings,
 Should not partake the comfort of those beames,
 With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
 The other seasons, yet my pleasures with you,
 From their false charmes, doth get the start as far
 As heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

Boun. Sir ! you can speak wel, if your tongue
 deliver

The message of your heart, without some cuning
 Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
 The lasting riches of your presence hence,
 Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winters sweet bride,

All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
 Natures perfection ; whom all love, all serve ;
 To whom Fortune, even in extreame's a slave,
 When I fall from my dutie to thy goodness,
 Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.

Boun. Come, you flatter mee.

Ray. I flatter you ! Why Madam ? you are Bounty ;
 Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.

Hu. He minds not mee now.

Ray. Bounties self !

For you he is no souldier dares not fight,
 No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,

Or study your best Sweetness, should the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbear to shine
Upon the bosome of our naked pastures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your smiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm hartless misery,
And cherish desolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I serve you.

Hu. Are these the rare fights, these the promis'd
Complements.

Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with fable-footed night;
Both shall forsake their orbes, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth, and harmlesse pleasures here;
While plump *Lycus* shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters festivall:
While gawdy Summer, Autumne, and the Springe,
Shall to my Lord their Choycest viands bring.
Wee'l robb the sea, and from the subtile ayre,
Fetch her inhabitant, to supply our fare.
That were *Apicius* here, he in one night
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundlesse measure——
Floris.

Enter *Conceit*, and *Detraction*.

Con. Wit and pleasure soft attention,
Grace the sports of our invention.

De. Conceit peace, for *Detraction*
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.

Con. Antick leave me;
For in laboring to bereave me
Of a scholars praise, thy dotage
Shall be hift at.

De. Here's a hot age;

When such pettie penmen covet
 Fame by folly, on, I'le prove it
 Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
 By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
 Here are nobler Judges, wit
 Cannot suffer where they fit.

De. Pri'thee foolish Conceit, leave off thy fet-
 speeches, and come to the conceit it selfe in plain lan-
 guages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of
 laughter?

Con. Detraction doe thy worst, Conceit appears,
 In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend,
 Before thy censure; know then that the spheres,
 Have for a while resigned their orbes, and lend
 Their seats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
 With the Four known Complexions, have atton'd
 A noble league, and severally put on
 Materiall bodies; here amongst em none
 Observes a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
 Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek
 No glory of preheminnence; Phlegm and Blood,
 Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
 In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
 To entertain Time in a courtly measure.

De. Impossible and improper; first to personate
 insensible Creatures, and next to compound quite op-
 posite humors; fie, fie, fie, i'ts abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly
 scan

Impossible; what reignes in man
 Without disorder; wisely mixt by nature, *Maskers.*
 To fashion and preserve so high a creature.

De. Sweete sir! when shall our mortall eyes be-
 hold this new peece of wonder;
 We must gaze on the starres for it doubtlesse.

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chafe,
 When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.

The Maskers discover'd.

De. Fine ifaith ; pretty, and in good earnest ; but firrah ſcholar ; will they come down too ?

Con. Behold em well, the foremoſt repreſents Ay, the moſt ſportive of the Elements.

De. A nimble rafcall, I warrant him ſome Aldermans ſon ; wonderous giddy and light-headed ; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A cholerick gentleman, I ſhould know him, a younger brother and a great ſpender, but ſeldom or never carries any money about him ; he was begot when the ſign was in *Taurus*, for he rores like a Bull, But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmatick cold piece of ſtuff, his father me thinks ſhould be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk ſtrong beer in's life but at feſtival times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A ſhrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news ; I gueſſe at the reſt, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are ſworn brothers, and ſo are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task To ſing them down, and rank them in a mask.—

SONG. *See the Elements conſpire,
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commix with Fire,
To give our Princes pleaſure birth ;
Each delight, each joy, each ſweet,
In one compoſition meet.
All the ſeaſons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day ;*

*In which the Darling of the Sun is com,
To make this place a new Elifium.*

Wint. How do these pleasures please ?

Hu. Pleasures !

Boun. Live here,

And be my Lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary
A thousand waies, invention shall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.

Hu. Trifles : progresse o're the year
Again my *Raybright*, therein like the Sun,
As he in heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulnesse and contempt ;
Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely Virgin.

Wint. My roial Lord !

Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure, do not scorn
My age, nor think, cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use, 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge grosse exhalations from the earth ;
My frosts and snows do purifie the air
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and
fair :

And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie ;
And can, my Lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you toth' happie shades of Paradise.

Ray. That wonder ; Oh ! can you bring me
thither ?

Wint. I can direct and point you out a path.

Hu. But where's the guide ?

Quicken thy spirits, *Raybright*, I'll not leav thee,
Wee'll run the self same race again, that happinesse
These lazie, sleeping, tedious winters nights
Becom not noble action.

Ray. To the *Spring*

Recorders.

I am resolv'd——Oh ! what strange light appears ;
The *Sun* is up fure. *The Sun above.*

Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worship with
amazement.

Ray. Yes ! gracious Lord.

Sun. Thy sands are numbred, and thy glasse of
frailtie

Here runs out to the last : here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes ;
The season of the *Spring* dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing *Childhood* with unrelish'd beauties
Of gawdie fights ; the *Summer*, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of *Youth*, and ripens strength
To *Autumns Manhood*, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicitie in follie ;
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age ;
Yet still a humor of some novel fancie
Untasted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a royal bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage : to be thankful
Again to them, Man should asseer his riots,
His bosom whorish sweet-heart, idle Humor ;
His Reasons dangerous seducer, Follie ;
Then shall like four streight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortalitie ;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his bodie,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew.
No sickness of contagion, no grim death
Of deprivation of healths real blessings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Reserv'd to immortalitie, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatness,
But given us leav to govern as wee please

Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preservation ; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him ;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

FINIS

The Witch of Edmonton :

A known true STORY.

Composed into

A TRAGI-COMEDY

By divers well-esteemed Poets ;

William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the
Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*, once at
Court, with singular Applause.

Never printed till now.



London, *Printed by J. Cottrel, for Edward Blackmore,*
at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard. 1658.

Actors Names.

Sir Arthur Clarington.
Old Thorney, a Gentleman.
Old Carter, a rich Yeoman.
Old Banks, a Country-man.
W. Mago. } *two Country-men.*
W. Hamluc. }
Three other Country-men.
Warbeck. } *Suitors to Carter's Daughters.*
Somerton. }
Frank, Thorney's Son.
Young Cuddy Banks, the Clown.
Four Morrice-Dancers.
Old Ratcliffe.
Sawgut, an old Fidler.
Poldavis, a Barbers boy.
Fustice.
Constable.
Officers.
Servingmen.
Dog, a Familiar.
A Spirit.

Women.

Mother Sawyer, the Witch.
Anne, Ratcliff's Wife.
Sufan. } *Carters Daughters.*
Katharine. }
Winnifride, Sir Arthur's Maid.

The whole Argument is this Dystich.

F Orc'd Marriage, Murder; Murder, Blood requires :
Reproach, Revenge ; Revenge, Hells help defires.



PROLOGUE.

THe Town of Edmonton hath lent the Stage
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparifons it were uncivil,
Between fo even a pair, a Witch and Devil.
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former Spring;
So has this Witch enjoy'd the firft, and reason
Presumes ſhe may partake the other feaſon :
In Acts deſerving name, the Proverb ſays,
Once good, and euer : Why not ſo in Plays ?
Why not in this ? ſince (Gentlemen) we flatter
No Expeſtation : here is Mirth and Matter.

Mr. Bird.



The Witch of Edmonton.

ACT. I. Scæn. I.

Enter Frank Thomey, Winnifride with-child.

Frank. C Ome Wench ; why here's a bufiness
foon dispatch'd.
Thy heart I know is now at ease : thou needst not
Fear what the tattling Gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame : thy childe shall know
Who to call *Dad* now.

Win. You have discharg'd the true part of an
honest man ;
I cannot request a fuller satisfaction
Then you have freely granted : yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have then been ever sundred ; now the longest
Of our forbearing eithers company,
Is onely but to gain a little time

For our continuing thrift, that so hereafter
 The Heir that shall be born may not have cause
 To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
 The misery of beggary and want ;
 Two Devils that are occasions to enforce
 A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
 My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
 To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
 How you are married, as it will be now,
 Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
 Wonne by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters,
 Or wronged friends are ; and besides, I'll use
 Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
 He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
 To which I am born Heir, shall be assur'd :
 That done, why let him know it ; if he like it not,
 Yet he shall have no power in him left
 To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
 The conquest of my Maiden-love, may easily
 Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
 Must I be hurried ?

Frank. Prithee do not use
 A word so much unfuitable to the constant
 Affections of thy Husband : thou shalt live
 Neer *Waltham Abbey*, with thy Unkle *Selman* :
 I have acquainted him with all at large :
 He'll use thee kindly : thou shalt want no pleasures,
 Nor any other fit supplies whatever
 Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
 Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
 Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month !
 Is this to have a Husband ?

Frank. Perhaps oftner :

That's as occasion serves.

Win. I, I, in case
No other Beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remembred,
And see you now and then. Faith, I did hope
You'd not have us'd me so : 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the childe I go with, that's your own.
And, 'less you'll be a cruel hearted Father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how.

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought ; Once more in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow, that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our Marriage,
Shall cause me falsifie that Bridal-Oath
That bindes me thine. And, *Winnifride*, whenever
The wanton heat of youth by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what womans Art can practice,
Draw me from onely loving thee ; let Heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruine.
I hope thou dost believe me.

Win. Swear no more ;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behoofeful for us.

Frank. Thus then ; make thyself ready : at the
furthest house
Upon the Green, without the Town, your Uncle
Expects you. For a little time farewell.

Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly ?

Frank. We shall. One kifs. Away.

Ent. Sir Art. Clarington.

Sir Art. Frank Thorney.

Frank. Here Sir.

Sir Art. Alone? then must I tell thee in plain terms, thou hast wrong'd thy Master's house basely and lewdly.

Frank. Your house, Sir?

Sir Art. Yes, Sir, if the nimble devil That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against All rules of honest duty. You might, Sir, Have found out some more fitting place then here, To have built a Stewes in. All the Country whispers How shamefully thou hast undone a Maid, Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage, Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet? Make her amends and marry her?

Frank. So, Sir,
I might bring both my self and her to beggary;
And that would be a shame worse then the other.

Sir Art. You should have thought on this before,
and then
Your reason would have overstay'd the passion
Of your unruly lust. But that you may
Be left without excuse, to save the infamy
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are
A Gentleman, and both of you my servants,
I'll make the Maid a portion.

Frank. So you promis'd me
Before, in case I married her. I know
Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit
Report hath lent him; and presume you are
A Debtor to your promise: but upon
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me
For being somewhat rude.

Sir Art. 'Tis but reason.
Well *Frank*, what thinkst thou of 200l.
And a continual friend?

Fra. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right

A wronged Maid, and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Art. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to
employ

The use of what you please to give.

Sir Art. Thou shalt have't.

Fran. Then I claim your promise.

We are man and wife.

Sir Art. Already?

Frank. And more than so, I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her Uncle's house,
Near *Waltham Abbey*, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My fathers love and liking.

Sir Art. Honest *Frank*.

Frank. I hope, Sir, you will think I cannot keep
her

Without a daily charge.

Sir Art. As for the money,

'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make
thee

A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions.

Sir Art. Nay, nay, talk not of your occasions,
trust my bounty: it shall not sleep. Hast married her,
yfaith *Frank*?

'Tis well, 'tis passing well: then *Winnifride*,
Once more thou art an honest woman. *Frank*,
Thou hast a Jewel. Love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to *Waltham*?

Frank. She is making ready.
Her Uncle stays for her.

Sir Art. Most provident speed.

Frank. I will be a friend, and such a friend.
Thou'lt bring her thither?

Fran. Sir, I cannot: newly

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My father sent me word I should come to him.

Sir Art. Marry, and do : I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.

Frank. I have a fuit t'ye.

Sir Art. What is't ?

Any thing, *Frank*, command it.

Frank. That you'll please,
By Letters to assure my Father, that
I am not married.

Sir Art. How ?

Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry *Winnifride* ; on which he threatned
To dis-inherit me, to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your Letters, which he seeing
Will credit ; and I hope ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his Lands
Shall be assur'd.

Sir Art. But what is that to quit
My knowledge of the marriage ?

Frank. Why you were not
A witness to it.

Sir Art. I conceive : and then,
His Land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's past.

Frank. I mean no less.

Sir Art. Provided,
I never was made privy to it.

Frank. Alas, Sir,
Am I a talker ?

Sir Art. Draw thy self the Letter,
I'll put my hand to it. I commend thy policy
Th'art witty, witty *Frank* ; nay, nay, 'tis fit,
Dispatch it.

Frank. I shall write effectually.

Exit.

Sir Art. Go thy way Cuckow ; have I caught the
young man ?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At others cost, must be a bold-fac'd guest.

Enter Win. in a riding-suit.

Win. I have heard the news, all now is safe.
The worst is past.

Sir Art. Thy lip, wench : I must bid
Farewel, for fashions sake ; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, Girl. This was cleanly carried :
Ha ! was't not *Win* ?

Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The Dower of a Virginity. Sir, forgive me ;
I have been much to blame. Had not my Laundress

Given way to your immoderate waste of Vertue,
You had not with such eagerness pursu'd
The error of your goodness.

Sir Art. Dear, dear *Win.*
I hug this Art of thine, it shews how cleanly
Thou canst beguile in case occasion serve.
To practice. It becomes thee, now we share
Free scope enough, without controule or fear,
To interchange our pleasures ; we will surfeit
In our embraces, Wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting ?

Win. What to do ?

Sir Art. Good, good, to con the lesson of our
loves,
Our secret game.

Win. O blush to speak it further !
As y'are a noble Gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous : 'tis not gently done,
To open a cur'd wound. I know you speak
For trial ; troth you need not.

Sir Art. I for trial ?
Not I, by this good Sun-shine.

Win. Can you name

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble,
 To think to what a foul and black intent,
 You use it for an Oath? Let me resolve you,
 If you appear in any Visitation
 That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
 Done to abused *Thorney*, my kinde husband;
 If you infect mine ear with any breath
 That is not thoroughly persum'd with sighs
 For former deeds of lust: May I be curs'd
 Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
 To see or hear you. I will change my life,
 From a loose whore, to a repentant wife.

Sir Art. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not
 asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?
 Away, away, fie on't.

Win. My resolution
 Is built upon a Rock. This very day
 Young *Thorney* vow'd with Oaths not to be
 doubted,

That never any change of love should cancel
 The bonds in which we are to either bound,
 Of lasting truth. And shall I then for my part
 Unfile the sacred Oath set on Record
 In Heaven's Book? *Sir Arthur*, do not study
 To add to your lascivious lust, the sin
 Of Sacrilege: for if you but endeavour
 By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
 You strive as much as in you lies to ruine
 A Temple hallowed to the purity
 Of holy Marriage. I have said enough:
 You may believe me.

Sir Ant. Get you to your Nunnery,
 There freeze in your old Cloyster. This is fine.

Win. Good Angels guide me. Sir, you'l give me
 leave

To weep and pray for your conversion.

Sir Art. Yes, away to *Waltham*. Pox on your
 honesty.

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,
You may want mony yet.

Win. None that I'll fend for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my just complaint :
I was your Devil, O be you my Saint ! *Exit Win.*

Sir Art. Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honest ! marry hang her. *Thorney* is my Debtor,
I thought to have paid him too : but fools have fortune.
Exit S. A.

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Old Thorney, and Old Carter.

O. Thor. You offer Mr. *Carter*, like a Gentleman,
I cannot finde fault with it, 'tis so fair.

O. Cart. No Gentleman, I, Mr. *Thorney*, spare
the Mastership, call me by my name, *John Carter* ;
Master is a title my Father, nor his before him, were
acquainted with. Honest *Hertfordshire* Yeomen, such
an one am I ; my word and my deed shall be proved
one at all times. I mean to give you no security for
the Marriage-money.

O. Thor. How ! no security ? although it need
not, so long as you live ; yet who is he has surety of
his life one hour ? *Mex*, the Proverb says, *are mortal* :
else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum
double.

O. Cart. Double, trebble, more or less ; I tell you,
Mr. *Thorney*, I'll give no security. Bonds and Bills
are but Tarriers to catch Fools, and keep lazy Knaves
busie ; my security shall be present payment. And we
here, about *Edmonton*, hold present payment as sure
as an Alderman's Bond in *London*, Mr. *Thorney*.

O. *Thor.* I cry you mercy, Sir, I understood you not.

O. *Cart.* I like young *Frank* well, so does my *Susan* too. The Girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my Purse. There be' other Suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If *Frank* love *Sue*, *Sue* shall have none but *Frank*. 'Tis a mannerly Girl, Mr. *Thorney*, though but an homely man's Daughter. There have worse Faces look'd out of black Bags, Man.

O. *Thor.* You speak your minde freely and honestly. I marvel my Son comes not: I am sure he will be here sometime to day.

O. *Cart.* To day or to morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to Bread. Beer and Beef, Yoeman's fare; we have no Kickshaws: full Dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender City-Suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeons Hall the fourth day, to hang up for an Anatomy——Here come they that——

How now Girls? every day play-day with you?

Enter Warbeck with Susan, Somerton with Katherine.

Valentine's day too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our Graves, Mr. *Thorney*. Here's all the care they take. And how do you finde the Wenches, Gentlemen? have they any minde to a loose Gown and a strait Shooe? Win 'em, and wear 'em. They shall chuse for themselves by my consent.

Warb. You speak like a kinde Father. *Sue*, thou hearest the liberty that's granted thee. What sayest thou? wilt thou be mine?

Suf. Your what, Sir? I dare swear, never your wife.

Warb. Canst thou be so unkinde? considering how dearly I affect thee; nay, dote on thy perfections.

Suf. You are studied too Scholar-like in words : I understand not. I am too coarse for such a Gallants love as you are.

Warb. By the honour of Gentility.

Suf. Good Sir, no swearing : yea and nay with us Prevails above all oaths you can invent.

Warb. By this white hand of thine.

Suf. Take a false oath ? Fie, fie, flatter the wife : fools not regard it ; and one of these am I.

Warb. Dost thou despise me ?

O. Cart. Let 'em talk on, Mr. *Thorney*. I know *Sue's* minde. The Flye may buz about the Candle, he shall but singe his Wings when all's done. *Frank*, *Frank* is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, *Kate* ?

Kat. Better so, then be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou thinkst it is thy Portion
I level at : wert thou as poor in Fortunes,
As thou art rich in Goodness ; I would rather
Be Suitor for the Dower of thy Vertues,
Then twice thy Father's whole Estate ; and prithe
Be thou resolved so.

Kat. Mr. *Somerton*, it is an easie labour to deceive
A Maid that will believe Mens subtil promises :
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I presume you do deserve.

Som. Which is
As worthily in loving thee sincerely,
As thou art worthy to be so lov'd.

Kat. I shall finde time to try you.

Som. Do, *Kate*, do :
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me.

O. Cart. *Warbeck* and *Sue* are at it still. I laugh to my self, Mr. *Thorney*, to see how earnestly he beats the Bush, while the Bird is flown into anothers bosom. A very unthrift, Mr. *Thorney* ; one of the Country roaring Lads : we have such as well as the City, and as arrant Rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. *Sue* knows the

Raskal to an hairs breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. Thor. What is the other Gentleman ?

O. Cart. One *Somerton*, the honefter man of the two, by 5*l.* in every stone-weight. A civil Fellow. He has a fine convenient Estate of land in *West-ham* by *Effex*. *M. Ranges* that dwells by *Enfield*, sent him hither. He likes *Kate* well. I may tell you, I think she likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that *Warbeck* is such another —, I use him kindly for Mr. *Somerton's* sake: for he came hither first as a Companion of his. Honest men, Mr. *Thorney*, may fall into Knaves company, now and then.

Warb. Three hundred a year Ioynture, *Sue*.

Suf. Where lies it, by Sea or by Land? I think by Sea.

Warb. Do I look like a Captain ?

Suf. Not a whit, Sir.

Should all that use the Seas be reckon'd Captains,
There's not a Ship should have a Scullion in her
To keep her clean.

Warb. Do you scorn me, Mrs. *Susan* ?

Am I a subject to be jeer'd at ?

Suf. Neither

Am I a property for you to use

As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse.

Pray Sir be civil.

Warb. Wilt be angry, Wasp ?

O. Cart. God-a-mercy, *Sue*. Shee'll firke him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter Frank.

Mr. *Francis Thorney*, you are welcome indeed. Your Father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful Knight, Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your Master ?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

O. *Thor.* Now
You come as I could wish.

Warb. *Frank Thorney*, ha !

Suf. You must excuse me.

Frank. Vertuous Mrs. *Sufan*.

Kinde Mrs. *Katherine*. Gentlemen, to both

Salutes them.

Good time o'th' day.

Som. The like to you.

Warb. 'Tis he.

A word, Friend. On my life, this is the Man
Stands fair in crossing *Sufan's* love to me.

Som. I think no less. Be wife, and take no notice
on't.

He that can win her, best deserves her.

Warb. Marry

A Servingman ? mew.

Som. Prethee Friend no more.

O. *Cart.* Gentlemen all, there's within a flight
Dinner ready, if you please to taste of it: Mr.
Thorney, Mr. *Francis*, Mr. *Somerton*. Why Girls ?
what, Husbands, will you spend all your forenoon in
tittle-tattles ? away : It's well yfaith. Will you go in,
Gentlemen ?

O. *Thor.* We'll follow presently : my Son and I
Have a few words of business.

O. *Cart.* At your pleasure. *Ex. the rest.*

O. *Thor.* I think you guess the reason, *Frank*, for
which

I sent for you.

Frank. Yes, Sir.

O. *Thor.* I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily
The best part of my whole Estate's encumbered :
Nor have I any Clew to winde it out,
But what occasion proffers me. Wherein
If you should fault, I shall have the shame,
And you the loss. On these two points relie

Our happiness or ruine. If you marry
 With wealthy *Carter's* Daughter, there's a Portion
 Will free my Land : all which I will inflate
 Upon the marriage to you. Otherwise,
 I must be of necessity enforc'd
 To make a present sale of all : and yet,
 For ought I know, live in as poor distress,
 Or worse, then now I do. You hear the sum :
 I told you thus before. Have you considered on't ?

Frank. I have, Sir. And however I could wish
 To enjoy the benefit of single Freedom,
 For that I finde no disposition in me
 To undergo the burthen of that care
 That Marriage brings with it ; Yet to secure
 And settle the continuance of your Credit,
 I humbly yield to be directed by you
 In all commands.

O. *Thor.* You have already us'd
 Such thriving protestations to the Maid,
 That she is wholly yours. And speak the truth,
 You love her, do you not ?

Frank. 'Twere pity, Sir,
 I should deceive her.

O. *Thor.* Better y'had been unborn.
 But is your love so steady that you mean,
 Nay, more, desire to make her your Wife ?

Frank. Elfe, Sir,
 It were a wrong not to be righted.

O. *Thor.* True,
 It were : and you will marry her ?

Frank. Heaven prosper it :
 I do intend it.

O. *Thor.* O thou art a Villain !
 A Devil like a Man. Wherein have I
 Offended all the Powers so much, to be
 Father to such a graceless godless Son ?

Frank. To me, Sir, this ? O my cleft heart !

O. *Thor.* To thee,

Son of my curse. Speak truth, and blush, thou monster,

Haft thou not married *Winnifride*? a Maid
Was fellow-servant with thee.

Fra. Some swift spirit

Has blown this news abroad. I must out face it.

O. *Thor.* D'you study for excuse? why all the
country

Is full on't.

Fra. With your license, 'tis not charitable,

I am sure it is not fatherly, so much

To be o'refway'd with credulous conceit

Of meer impossibilities. But Fathers

Are priviledg'd to think and talk at pleasure.

O. *Thor.* Why canst thou yet deny thou hast no
wife?

Frank. What do you take me for? an Atheist?

One that nor hopes the blessedness of life

Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due

To such as make the Marriage-bed an Inne,

Which Travellers day and night,

After a toylsome lodging leave at pleasure?

Am I become so insensible of losing

The glory of Creations work? My soul!

O I have liv'd too long.

O. *Thor.* Thou hast, dissembler;

Darest thou persevere yet? and pull down wrath

As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick

Into the Grave of horror? I believe thee not.

Get from my sight.

Fran. Sir, though mine innocence

Needs not a stronger witness than the cleanness

Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that

I was enform'd, how mainly you had been

Possess'd of this untruth, To quit all scruple

Please you peruse this Letter: 'tis to you.

O. *Thr.* From whom?

Fran. Sir *Arthur Clarington* my Master.

O. Thor. Well, Sir.

Frank. On every side I am distracted ; Am waded deeper into mischief, then vertue can avoid. But on I must : Fate leads me : I will follow. There you read what may confirm you.

O. Thor. Yes, and wonder at it. Forgive me, *Frank.* Credulity abus'd me. My tears expresse my joy : and I am sorry I injur'd innocence.

Frank. Alas ! I knew your rage and grief proceeded from your love to me : so I conceiv'd it.

O. Thor. My good Son, I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter. Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Enter Old Carter.

O. Cart. Why Mr. *Thorney*, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner ? the Company attends your coming. What must it be, Mr. *Frank*, or Son *Frank* ? I am plain Dunstable,

O. Thor. Son, Brother, if your Daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she's not alter'd From what I left her at our parting last : Are you, fair Maid ?

Suf. You took too sure possession Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

O. Cart. Marry and much good may it do thee, Son. Take her to thee. Get me a brace of Boys at a burthen, *Frank.* The nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of Milk. Reach her home and spare not. When's the day ?

O. Thor. To morrow, if you please. To use ceremony Of charge and custome, were to little purpose : Their loves are married fast enough already.

O. *Cart.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an household Dinner ; and let the Fiddlers go scrape. Let the Bride and Bridegroom dance at night together : no matter for the Guests. To morrow, *Sue*, to morrow. Shall's to Dinner now ?

O. *Thor.* We are on all fides pleas'd, I hope.

Suf. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me.

Now my heart is settled.

Frank. So is mine.

O. *Cart.* Your Marriage-money shall be receiv'd before your Wedding-shooes can be pull'd on. Blessing on you both.

Frank. No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him.

In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

Exeunt Omnes.

A C T. II. Scæn. 1.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, gathering sticks.

Sawy. A Nd why on me ! why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd and ignorant,
And like a Bow buckl'd and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than my self ?
Must I for that be made a common sink,
For all the filth and rubbish of Men's tongues
To fall and run into ? Some call me Witch ;
And being ignorant of my self, they go
About to teach me how to be one : urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their Cattle, doth bewitch their Corn,

Themselves, their Servants, and their Babes at
nurse.

This they enforce upon me : and in part

Enter O. Banks.

Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief Adversaries.

O. Bank. Out, out upon thee, Witch.

Sawy. Dost call me Witch ?

O. Bank. I do, Witch, I do : and worse I would,
knew I name a more hateful. What makest thou upon
my ground ?

Sawy. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

O. Bank. Down with them when I bid thee,
quickly ; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Sawy. You won't, Churl, Cut-throat, Miser : there
they be. Would they stuck crofs thy throat, thy
bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

O. Bank. Sayst thou me so ? Hag, out of my
ground.

Sawy. Dost strike me, slave ? curmudgeon, now
thy bones aches, thy joynts cramps, and convulsions
stretch and crack thy sinews.

O. Bank. Curfing, thou Hag ! take that, and that.
Exit.

Sawy. Strike, do, and wither'd may that hand and
arm

Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten
Trunk.

Abuse me ! beat me ! call me Hag and Witch !

What is the name ? where and by what Art learn'd ?

What spells, what charms, or invocations ?

May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd ?

Enter Young Banks, and three or four more.

Y. Bank. A new head for the Tabor, and silver

tipping for the Pipe. Remember that, and forget not five lesh of new Bells.

1. Double Bells: *Crooked Lane* ye shall have 'em straight in. *Crooked Lane*: double Bells all, if it be possible.

Y. *Bank*. Double Bells? double Coxcombs; Trebles: buy me Trebles, all Trebles: for our purpose is to be in the Altitudes.

2. All Trebles? not a Mean?

Y. *Bank*. Not one: The Morrice is so cast, we'll have neither Mean nor Base in our company, Fellow *Rowland*.

3. What? nor a Counter?

Y. *Bank*. By no means, no hunting Counter; leave that to *Envile Chase* Men: all Trebles, all in the Altitudes. Now for the disposing of Parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2. If you that be minded to follow your Leader, know me, an ancient Honor belonging to our house, for a Fore-horse, team, and for gallant in a Morrice: my Father's Stable is not unfurnish'd.

3. So much for the Fore-horse: but how for a good Hobby-horse?

Y. *Bank*. For a Hobby-horse? Let me see an Almanack. *Midsummer*-Moon, let me see ye. When the Moon's in the full, then's wit in the wane. No more. Use your best skill. Your Morrice will suffer an Eclipse.

1. An Eclipse?

Y. *Bank*. A strange one.

2. Strange?

Y. *Bank*. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the Fore-gallant, and forget the Hobby-horse. The whole body of your Morrice will be darkned. There be of us. But 'tis no matter. Forget the Hobby-horse.

1. *Cuddy Banks*, have you forgot since he pac'd it from *Envile Chase* to *Edmonton*? *Cuddy*, honest *Cuddy*, cast thy stuff.

Y. *Bank*. Suffer may ye all. It shall be known, I

can take mine ease as well as another Man. Seek your Hobby-horse where you can get him.

1. *Cuddy*, honest *Cuddy*, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

2. The old Horse shall have a new Bridle.

3. The Caparisons new painted.

4. The Tail repair'd.

1. The Snaffle and the Bosses new saffron'd o're.

1. Kinde :

2. Honest :

3. Loving, ingenious :

4. Affable *Cuddy*.

Y. Bank. To shew I am not flint ; but affable, as you say, very well stuf, a kinde of warm Dowe or Puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable *Jack* : let the Hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in 'em. But Uds me, Mother *Sawyer*.

1. The old Witch of *Edmonton*. If our mirth be not cross'd.

2. Bless us, *Cuddy*, and let her curse her tother eye out. What dost thou ?

Y. Bank. *Vngirt, unblest'd*, says the Proverb. But my Girdle shall serve a riding knit : and a fig for all the Witches in Christendom. What wouldst thou ?

1. The Diuel cannot abide to be cross'd.

2. And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3. Away.

4. With the Witch.

Omn. Away with the Witch of *Edmonton*.

Ex. in strange posture.

Sawyer. Still vex'd ? still tortur'd ? That Curmudgeon
Banks

Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd

And hated like a sickness : made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old Bel-
dames

Talk of Familiars in the shape of Mice,

Rats, Ferrets, Weasels, and I wot not what,

The Witch of Edmonton. 369

That have appear'd, and fuck'd, some say, their
blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with
them,
I'm now ignorant : would some power good or bad
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this Churl, I'd go out of my self,
And give this Fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd Cottage, ready to fall with age :
Abjure all goodness : be at hate with prayer ;
And study Curses, Imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, Oaths, detested Oaths,
Or anything that's ill ; so I might work
Revenge upon this Miser, this black Cur,
That barks, and bites, and fucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
To be a Witch, as to be counted one.
Vengeance, shame, ruine, light upon that Canker.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Ho ! have I found thee curfing ? now thou
art mine own.

Sawy. Thine ? what art thou ?

Dog. He thou hast so often importun'd to appear
to thee, the Devil.

Sawy. Bless me ! the Devil ?

Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too
well

To hurt or fright thee. If I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd : have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come out of my love
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Sawy. May I believe thee ?

Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto Man or Beast,

And I'll effect it, on condition,
That uncompell'd thou make a deed of Gift
Of Soul and Body to me.

Sawey. Out, alas!
My Soul and Body?

Dog. And that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Sawey. I know not where to seek relief: But
shall I

After such Covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me?

Dog. Ha, ha, silly woman!
The Devil is no lyer to such as he loves.
Didst ever know or hear the Devil a lyer
To such as he affects?

Sawey. When I am thine, at least so much of me,
As I can call mine own.

Dog. Equivocations?
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear.

Sawey. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood.
See, now I dare call thee mine; [*Sucks her arm.*
thunder and lightning.

For proof, command me, instantly I'll run,
To any mischief, goodness can I none.

Sawey. And I desire as little. There's an old
Churl, one *Banks*—

Dog. That wrong'd thee: he lam'd thee, call'd
thee Witch.

Sawey. The same: first upon him I'd be re-
veng'd.

Dog. Thou shalt: Do but name how.

Sawey. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Sawey. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave.

Dog. I wonnot.

Sawey. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha !

Saw. Dost laugh ?

Why wilt not kill him ?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscrib'd,

And t' d in limits : though he be curs'd to thee,

Yet of himself he is loving to the world,

And charitable to the poor. Now Men

That, as he, love goodness, though in smallest
measure,

Live without compass of our reach. His Cattle

And Corn, I'll kill and mildew : but his life

(Until I take him, as I late found thee,

Curfing and fwearing) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.

The Witch of *Edmonton* shall see his fall.

If she at least put credit in my power,

And in mine onely ; make Orisons to me,

And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner ?

Dog. I'll tell thee, when thou wishest ill ;

Corn, Man or Beast, would spoyl or kill,

Turn thy back against the Sun,

And mumble this short Orison :

If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,

Sanctibecetur nomen tuum.

Saw. *If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,*

Sanctibecetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect. Farewel. Our first-made promises

We'll put in execution against *Banks.* *Exit.*

Saw. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert

Scholar ;

Speak Latine, or I know not well what Language,

As well as the best of 'em. But who comes here ?

Enter Y. Ba.

The Son of my worst Foe. *To death pursue 'em,*

Et sanctibecetur nomen tuum.

Y. *Bank.* What's that she mumbles? the Devils
Pater noster?

Would it were else. Mother *Sawyer*, Good morrow.

Sawy. Ill morrow to thee, and all the world, that
flout a poor old woman. *To death pursue 'em,*
and sanctabacetur nomen tuum.

Y. *Bank.* Nay, good Gammer *Sawyer*, what c're
it pleases my Father to call you, I know you are

Sawy. A Witch.

Y. *Bank.* A Witch? would you were else yfaith.

Sawy. Your Father knows I am by this.

Y. *Bank.* I would he did.

Sawy. And so in time may you.

Y. *Bank.* I would I might else. But Witch or
no Witch, you are a motherly woman: and though
my Father be a kinde of God blefs us, as they say, I
have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kinde
to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous as to
koh you another.

Sawy. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call
me Witch, as your kinde Father doth?

Y. *Bank.* My Father? I am asham'd to own him.
If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money
to buy thee a Playster: and a small courtesie I would
require at thy hands.

Sawy. You seem a good young Man, and I must
dissemble, the better to accomplish my revenge. But
for this silver, what wouldst have me do? bewitch
thee?

Y. *Bank.* 'No, by no means; I am bewitch'd
already. I would have thee so good as to unwitch
me, or witch another with me for company.

Sawy. I understand thee not. Be plain, my
Son.

Y. *Bank.* As a Pike-staff, Mother; you know
Kate Carter.

Sawy. The wealthy Yeomans Daughter. What
of her?

Y. *Bank.* That same Party has bewitch'd me.

Sawy. Bewitch'd thee?

Y. Bank. Bewitch'd me, *Hifce auribus.* I faw a little Devil flie out of her eye like a Burbolt, which flicks at this hour up to the Feathers in my heart. Now my request is, to fend one of thy what d'ye call 'ems, either to pluck that out, or flick another as fast in hers. Do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sawy. We shall have sport. Thou art in love with her.

Y. Bank. Up to the very hilts, Mother.

Sawy. And thou'dst have me make her love thee too.

Y. Bank. I think she'll prove a Witch in earnest. Yes, I could finde in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Sawy. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Y. Bank. Truly, Mother Witch, I do verily believe so: and when I see it done, I shall be half persuaded so too.

Sawy. It's enough. What Art can do, be sure of: turn to the West, and whatfo'er thou hearest or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid. *She stamps.*

Enter the Dog; he fawns and leaps upon her.

Y. Bank. Afraid, Mother Witch? turn my face to the West? I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. And her little Devil should be hungry, come sneaking behinde me, like a cowardly Catchpole, and clap his Talents on my Haunches. Tis woundy cold sure. I dudder and shake like an Aspen-leaf every joynt of me.

Sawy. *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,
Et sanctificetur nomen tuum.*

How now, my Son, how is't? *Exit Dog.*

Y. Bank. Scarce in a clean life, Mother Witch. But did your Gobbilin and you spout Latine together?

Sawy. A kinde of Charm I work by. Didst thou hear me?

Y. Bank. I heard I know not the Devil what

mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a Drum that had taken cold in the head the last Muster. Very comfortable words: what were they? and who taught them you?

Sawy. A great learned Man.

Y. Bank. Learned Man? learned Devil it was as soon? But what? what comfortable news about the Party?

Sawy. Who? *Kate Carter*? I'll tell thee, thou knowst the Style at the West-end of thy Father's Pease-Field, be there to morrow-night after Sun-set; and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy Love.

Y. Bank. In the Pease-field? Has she a minde to Codlings already? The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her.

Sawy. To a fight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee: but follow her close, and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Y. Bank. At the Style, at the West-end of my Father's Pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine. Nay, and I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go neer to make at Eaglet else. *Exit.*

Sawy. A ball well bandied: now the set's half won:

The Father's wrong I'll wreak upon the Son. *Exit.*

SCÆN 2.

Enter Carter, Warbeck, Somerton.

Care. How now Gentlemen, cloudy? I know Mr. *Warbeck*, you are in a fog about my Daughters marriage.

Warb. And can you blame me, Sir ?

Cart. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a Proverb ; and Destiny is the Juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are referred to a richer fortune than my poor Daughter.

Warb. However, your promise.

Cart. Is a kinde of debt, I confesse it.

Warb. Which honest men should pay.

Cart. Yet some Gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, Sir.

Som. I confesse thou hast had a little wrong in the Wench : but patience is the onely salve to cure it. Since *Thorney* has won the Wench, he has most reason to wear her.

Warb. Love in this kinde admits no reason to wear her.

Cart. Then love's a fool, and what wife man will take exception ?

Som. Come, frolick *Ned*, were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

Warb. You hold yours in a string though. 'Tis well : but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage e're long.

Som. In my love to her Sister *Katherine* ? Indeed, they are a pair of Arrows drawn out of one Quiver, and should flie at an even length, if she do run after her Sister.

Warb. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a surer compass. I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

Warb. And that confidence is a winde, that has blown many a married Man ashore at Cuckolds Haven, I can tell you : I wish yours more prosperous though.

Cart. Whate're you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

Warb. Yes, as you did to me.

Cart. No more of that, if you love me. But for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the Marriage : and that once seal'd,

Enter Young Thorney and Susan.

Som. Leave the mannage of the rest to my care. But see, the Bridegroom and Bride comes ; the new pair of *Sheffield*-Knives fitted both to one sheath.

Warb. The Sheath might have been better fitted, if some body had their due. But—

Cart. No harsh language, if thou lovest me. *Frank Thorney* has done—

Warb. No more then I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Som. Good morrow Mr. Bridegroom.

Warb. Come, give thee joy. Mayst thou live long and happy in thy fair choice.

Y. Thor. I thank yee Gentlemen. Kinde Mr. *Warbeck*, I find you loving.

Warb. *Thorney*, that creature, (much good do thee with her)

Vertue and beauty hold faire mixture in her.

She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were she fairer,

Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, *Thorney*,

'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.

The match is fair and equal : the success

I leave to censure. Farewell, Mrs. Bride :

Till now elected, thy old scorn deride. *Exit.*

Som. Good Mr. *Thorney*.

Cart. Nay, you shall not part till you see the Barrels run a-tilt, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Su. Why change you your face, sweet-Heart ?

Y. Thor. Who ? I ? For nothing.

Suf. Dear, say not so : a Spirit of your constancy cannot endure this change for nothing. I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Y. Thor. In me ?

Suf. In you, Sir. Awake : you seem to dream,

and in your sleep you utter sudden and distracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, if I may dare to challenge any interest in you, give me the reason fully: you may trust my breast as safely as your own.

Y. Thor. With what? you half amaze me, prithee.

Suf. Come, you shall not; indeed, you shall not shut me from partaking the least dislike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. Thor. And I all thine.

Suf. You are not, if you keep the least grief from me: but I find the cause; it grew from me.

Y. Thor. From you?

Suf. From some distaste in me or my behaviour: you are not kinde in the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young, silly, and plain; more strange to those contents a wife should offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll study satisfaction.

Y. Thor. Come, in nothing.

Suf. I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you should not long be fullen. Prithee Love, if I have been immodest or too bold, speak't in a frown: if peevishly too nice, shew't in a smile. Thy liking is the glass by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. Thor. Wherefore dost weep now?

Suf. You, Sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an *April*-day:
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red.
You are the powerful Moon of my bloods Sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Y. Thor. Change thy conceit, I prithee:
Thou art all perfection: *Diana* herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous *Cupid* sits
Feathering Love-shafts, whose golden heads he dip'd
—— In thy chaste breast. In the other lies
Blushing *Adonis* scarce in modesties.
And still as wanton *Cupid* blows Love-fires,

Adonis quenches out unchaste desires.
 And from these two I briefly do imply
 A perfect Embleme of thy modesty.
 Then, prithee Dear, maintain no more dispute ;
 For where thou speakest, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Suf. Come, come, those golden strings of flattery
 Shall not tie up my speech, Sir ; I must know
 The ground of your disturbance.

Y. Thor. Then look here ;
 For here, here is the fen in which this Hydra
 Of discontent grows rank.

Suf. Heaven sheild it : where ?

Y. Thor. In mine own bosom : here the cause has
 root ;
 The poysoned Leeches twist about my heart,
 And will, I hope, confound me.

Suf. You speak Riddles.

Y. Tho. Take't plainly then : 'twas told me by a
 woman
 Known and approv'd in Palmestry,
 I should have two wives.

Suf. Two wives ? Sir, I take it exceeding likely.
 But let not conceit hurt you : you are afraid to bury
 me ?

Y. Thor. No, no, my *Winnifride*.

Suf. How say you ? *Winnifride* ? you forget me.

Y. Thor. No, I forget my self, *Susan*.

Suf. In what ?

Y. Thor. Talking of wives, I pretend *Winnifride*,
 A Maid that at my Mothers waited on me
 Before thy self.

Suf. I hope, Sir, she may live to take my place.
 But why should all this move you ?

Y. Thor. The poor Girl, she has't before thee, and
 that's the Fiend torments me.

Suf. Yet why should this raise mutiny within you ?
 such presages prove often false : or say it should be
 true ?

Y. Thor. That I should have another wife ?

Suf. Yes, many ; if they be good, the better.

Y. Thor. Never any equal to thee in goodness.

Suf. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you ;

Yet if I knew your fate

Ordain'd you for another, I could wish

(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleasure)

Me in my grave, and my poor vertues added

To my successor.

Y. Thor. Prithee, prithee, talk not of death or graves ; thou art so rare a goodness, as Death would rather put itself to death, then murder thee. But we, as all things else, are mutable and changing.

Suf. Yet you still move in your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Y. Thor. At my return I will.

Suf. Return ? ah me ! will you then leave me ?

Y. Thor. For a time I must : but how ? as Birds their young, or loving Bees their Hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Suf. Leave me ? Now has my fear met its effect.

You shall not, cost it my life, you shall not.

Y. Thor. Why ? your reason ?

Suf. Like to the Lap-wing have you all this while with your false love deluded me ? pretending counterfeit senses for your discontent, and now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Y. Thor. What ? what by chance ?

Suf. Your pre-appointed meeting of single combat with young *Warbeck*.

Y. Thor. Hah !

Suf. Even so : dissemble not ; 'tis too apparent. Then in his look I read it : deny it not ; I see't apparent : cost it my undoing, and unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Y. Thor. Not until when ?

Suf. Till he and you be Friends.

Was this your cunning? and then flam me off
 With an old Witch, two Wives, and *Winnifride*?
 Y'are not so kinde indeed as I imagin'd.

Y. Thor. And you more fond by far then I expected.

It is a vertue that attends thy kinde.
 But of our businefs within : and by this kifs,
 I'll anger thee no more ; troth Chuck I will not.

Suf. You shall have no juft caufe.

Y. Thor. Dear *Sue*, I shall not. *Exeunt.*

A C T. III. Scæn. I.

Enter Cuddy Banks, and Morice-dancers.

1. **N** Ay, *Cuddy*, prithee do not leave us now :
 if we part all this might, we shall not
 meet before day.

1. I prithee *Banks*, let's keep together now.

Clow. If you were wife, a word would serve : but
 as you are, I must be forc'd to tell you again, I have
 a little private businefs, an hours work ; it may prove
 but an half hours, as luck may serve ; and then I take
 horse and along with you. Have we e're a Witch in
 the Morice ?

1. No, no ; no womans part, but Maid-marian, and
 the Hobby-horse.

Clow. I'll have a Witch ; I love a Witch.

1. Faith, Witches themselves are so common now
 adays, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They

say we have three or four in *Edmonton*, besides Mother *Sawyer*.

2. I would she would dance her part with us.

3. So would not I ; for if she comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Clow. Well, I'll have a Witch : I have lov'd a Witch ever since I play'd at Cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse drefs'd : give him Oats ; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first ?

[2. To Sir *Arthur Clarington's* first, then whither thou wilt.

Clow. Well, I am content : but we must up to *Carter's*, the rich Yeoman. I must be seen on Hobby-horse there.

1. O, I smell him now : I'll lay my ears *Banks* is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Clow. Hah ! who was that said I was in love ?

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

Clow. Go to : no more of that. When I understand what you speak, I know what you say : believe that.

1. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it : I meant no hurt in't. I have seen you walk up to *Carter's* of *Cheffum*. *Banks*, were you not there last Shrovetide ?

Clow. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

2. How could that be, when there are but seven dayes in the week ?

Clow. Prithee peace, I reckon *stila nova*, as a Traveller : thou understandest as a fresh-water Farmer, that never sawest a week beyond Sea. Ask any Souldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in high *Germany*, *Italy*, and those remoter places ?

3. I, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Clow. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee, look but in the Lover's Almanack, when he has been but three days absent ; Oh, says he, I have not seen my Love these seven yeers : there's a long cut. When he comes to her again, and embraces her, O, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven ; and that's a pretty step : he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey. You may ride a hundred days in a Caroch, and be further off then when you fet forth. But I pray you, good Morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

Omn. But remember, *Banks.*

Clow. The Hobby-horse shall be remembred. But hark you : get *Poldavis*, the Barber's Boy for the Witch ; becaufe he can shew his Art better then another.

Exeunt.

Well, now to my walk. I am neer the place where I should meet I know not what : say I meet a Thief, I must follow him, if to the Gallows : say I meet a Horse, or Hare, or Hound, still I must follow ; some slow-pac'd Beast, I hope : yet Love is full of lightness in the heaviest Lovers. Ha ! my Guide is come. A Water-Dog. I am thy first man, Sculler : I go with thee : ply no other but my self : away with the Boat : land me but at *Katherine's* Dock, my sweet *Katherine's* Dock, and I'll be a Fare to thee. That way ? nay, which way thou wilt, thou know'st the way better then I. Fine gentle Cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a ducking, Spaniel ; thou shalt fetch me the Ducks, pretty kinde Rascal.

Enter Spirit in shape of Katherine, visarded, and takes it off.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,
And take the shape of a sweet lovely Maid

The Witch of Edmonton. 383

Whom this Fool doats on. We can meet his folly,
But from his Vertues must be Run-aways.
We'll sport with him : but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive : th' Witch pays for all.

(*Dog barks.*)

Clow. I? is that the watch-word? She's come.
Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at *Barking-*
Church, in memory of thee. Now, come behinde,
kinde Cur.

And have I met thee, sweet *Kate*?

I will teach thee to walk so late.

O see, we meet in Metre. What? dost thou trip from
me? Oh that I were upon my Hobby-horse, I would
mount after thee so nimble. Stay, Nymph, stay,
Nymph, sing'd *Apollo*: tarry and kifs me; sweet
Nymph stay: tarry and kifs me, Sweet. We will to
Cheffum-street, and then to the house stands in the
high-way. Nay by your leave, I must embrace you.
Oh help, help, I am drown'd, I am drown'd.

Ex. Spir. and Banks.

Enter wct.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. This was an ill night to go a wooing in; I
finde it now in *Pond's Almanack*: thinking to land at
Katherine's Dock, I was almost at *Gravefend*. I'll
never go to a Wench in the Dog-days again; yet 'tis
cool enough. Had you never a paw in this Dog-
trick? a mangie take that black hide of yours: I'll
throw you in at *Limehouse* in some Tanner's Pit or
other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. How now? who's that laughs at me? Hift
to him [*Dog barks.*] Peace, peace; thou didst but
thy kinde neither. 'Twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the Devil
another time,

Clow. How now? who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading 'Tongue about you.

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Clow. The Devil you can. You have read *Aesop's* Fables then; I have play'd one of your parts then; the Dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little: What might one call your name, *Dog*?

Dog. My Dame calls me *Tom*.

Clow. 'Tis well; and she may call me *Afs*: so there's an whole one betwixt us, *Tom-Afs*. She said, I should follow you, indeed. Well, *Tom*, give me thy fist; we are Friends: you shall be mine Ingle: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Clow. Well, you shall have Jowls and Livers: I have Butchers to my Friends that shall bestow 'em: and I will keep Crufts and Bones for you, if you'll be a kinde Dog, *Tom*.

Dog. Any thing: I'll help thee to thy Love.

Clow. Wilt thou? That promise shall cost me a brown Loaf, though I steal it out of my Father's Cupboard. You'll eat stollen Goods, *Tom*, will you not?

Dog. Oh best of all. The sweetest bits, those.

Clow. You shall not starve, *Ningle Tom*; believe that, if you love Fish, I'll help you to Maids and Soles. I'm acquainted with a Fishmonger.

Dog. Maids and Soles? Oh, sweet bits! Banqueting stuff, those.

Clow. One thing I would request you, *Ningle*, as you have play'd the Knavish Cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our Morrice-Dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing: I'll be there, but unseen

to any but thy self. Get thee gone before : feare not my preſence. I have work to night. I ſerve more Maſters, more Dames then one.

Clow. He can ſerve *Mammon* and the Devil too.

Dog. It ſhall concern thee, and thy Loves purchaſe :

There's a gallant Rival loves the Maid ;
And likely is to have her. Mark what a miſchief
Before the Morrice ends, ſhall light on him.

Clow. Oh ſweet *Ningle*, thy neufe once again.
Friends muſt part for a time : farewel, with this remembrance ; ſhalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honeſt Devil, 'twill be the Devil of *Edmonton*, I ſee. Farewell *Tom*. I prithee dog me as ſoon as thou canſt. *Ex. Banks.*

Dog. I'll not miſs thee, and be merry with thee.
Thoſe that are joys denied, muſt take delight
In ſins and miſchiefs, 'tis the Devil's right. *Ex. Dog.*

Enter Young Thorney, Winnifride as a Boy.

Frank. Prithee no more : thoſe tears give nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which ſhortly will
O'regrow and top my head : my ſhame will fit
And cover all that can be ſeen of me.

Win. I have not ſhewn this cheek in company,
Pardon me now ; thus ſingled with your ſelf,
It calls a thouſand forrows round about.
Some going before, and ſome on either ſide ;
But infinite behinde : all chain'd together.
Your ſecond adulterous Marriage leads ;
That's the ſad Eclipse, the effects muſt follow.
As, plagues of ſhame, ſpight, ſcorn, and obloquy.

Y. Tho. Why ? haſt thou not left one hours patience

To add to all the reſt ? One hour bears us

Beyond the reach of all these Enemies.
 Are we not now set forward in the flight,
 Provided with the Dowry of my sin,
 To keep us in some other Nation ?
 While we together are, we are at home
 In any place.

Win. 'Tis fowl ill gotten coyn,
 Far worse then Ufury or Extortion.

Y. Thor. Let my Father then make the restitution,
 Who forc'd me take the bribe : it is his gift
 And patrimony to me ; so I receive it.
 He would not blefs, nor look a Father on me,
 Until I satisfied his angry will.
 When I was sold, I sold my self again
 (Some Knaves have done't in Lands, and I in Body)
 For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no
 more,
 'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse ;
 And then prevention takes off all our hopes.
 For only but to take her leave of me,
 My Wife is coming.

Win. Who coming ? your Wife ?

Y. Tho. No, no, thou art here : the woman ; I
 knew
 Not how to call her now : but after this day
 She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
 In my remembrance. See, see, she's come.

Enter Susan.

Go lead the horses to the hills top, there I'll meet
 thee.

Suf. Nay, with your favour, let him stay a little.
 I would part with him too, because he is
 Your sole Companion ; and I'll begin with him,
 Reserving you the last.

Y. Thor. I, with all my heart.

Suf. You may hear, if it please you, Sir.

Y. Thor. No, 'tis not fit.

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings. And so.

Suf. No, indeed, Sir.

Y. Thor. Tush, I know it must be so, and 'tis
necessary.

On, but be brief.

Win. What charge so'ere you lay upon me,
Mistress,

I shall support it faithfully (being honest)

To my best strength.

Suf. Believe't shall be no other. I know you
were

Commended to my husband by a noble Knight.

Win. Oh Gods! Oh, mine eyes!

Suf. How now? what ailst thou, Lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye, it makes it water
still,

Even as you said, *Commended to my Husband.*

Some door I think it was. I was, forsooth,

Commended to him by Sir *Arthur Clarington.*

Suf. Whose servant once my *Thorney* was him-
self.

That title methinks should make you almost Fellows,

Or at the least much more than a Servant;

And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,

And what for my sake you will ever do;

'Tis fit it should be bought with something more

Than fair entreats. Look here's a Jewel for thee,

A pretty wanton Label for thine ear;

And I would have it hang there, still to whisper

These words to thee, *Thou hast my Jewel with thee.*

It is but earnest of a larger bounty,

When thou returnst, with praises of thy service,

Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.

Why, thou art many now, besides thy self:

Thou maist be Servant, Friend, and Wife to him.

A good Wife is then all. A Friend can play

The Wife and Servants part, and shift enough.

No less the Servant can the Friend and Wife.
 'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
 Enterchang'd loves ; yes, and counsel-keeping.

Y. Thor. Not done yet ?

Suf. Even now, Sir.

Win. Mistrefs, believe my vow, your severe eye
 Were it present to command ; your bounteous
 hand,

Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
 Shall not make me more dear or neer unto him,
 Then I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
 Servant, Friend, Wife to him.

Suf. Wilt thou ?

Now blessings go with thee for't : courtesies
 Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you say plainly, Mistrefs,
 Are you jealous of him ? if you be,
 I'll look to him that way too.

Suf. Sayst thou so ?

I would thou hadst a womans bosom now.
 We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
 There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion :
 But I dare not, nay, I will not think
 So hardly of my *Thorney*.

Win. Believe it, Mistrefs,
 I'll be no Pander to him ; and if I finde
 Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
 And at my return, protest I'll shew you all.
 He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Suf. Thine own diligence is that I prefs,
 And not the curious eye over his faults.
 Farewel : if I should never see thee more,
 Take it for ever.

Y. Thor. Prithee take that along with thee,
Gives his sword.
 And haste thee to the hills top ; I'll be there instantly.

Ex. Win.

Suf. No haste I prithee, slowly as thou canst.
 Pray let him obey me now : 'tis happily his last

Service to me. My power is e'en a going out of fight.

Y. Thor. Why would you delay? we have no other

Business now but to part.

Suf. And will not that, sweet heart, ask a long time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work

That e're I took in hand.

Y. Thor. Fie, fie, why look,

I'll make it plain and easie to you: Farewel. *Kisses.*

Suf. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet.

I must have it read over an hundred times.

Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

Y. Thor. What a Thorne this Rose grows on?
parting were sweet,

But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it?

Come, again and again, farewell. Yet wilt return?

Kisses.

All questions of my journey, my stay, imployment,

And revisitation, fully I have answered all.

There's nothing now behinde, but nothing.

Suf. And that nothing is more hard then any thing,

Then all the every things. This Request.

Y. Thor. What is it?

Suf. That I may bring you through one pasture more

Up to yon knot of trees: amongst those shadows

I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Y. Thor. Why, 'tis granted: come, walk then.

Suf. Nay, not too fast.

They say slow things have best perfection:

The gentle showre wets to fertility.

The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.

The baser beasts take strength, even from the womb:

But the Lord Lion's whelp is feeble long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden :
The minde's about it now. One touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter Young Thorney, Sufan.

Y. Thor. Your request is out : yet will you leave
me ?

Suf. What ? so churlishly ? you'll make me stay
for ever,

Rather then part with such a sound from you.

Y. Thor. Why you almost anger me. Pray you be
gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early ;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Suf. Tush, I fear none.

To leave you, is the greatest hurt I can suffer :
Besides, I expect your Father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to stir when I came after you :
I know they'll not be long.

Y. Thor. So, I shall have more trouble.

Dog rubs him.

Thank you for that. Then I'll ease all at once.

'Tis done now ; what I ne'er thought on. You shall
not go back.

Suf. Why ? shall I go along with thee ? sweet
muffick !

Y. Thor. No, to a better place.

Suf. Any place, I :

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

Y. Thor. At home ? I'll leave you in your last
lodging.

I must kill you.

Suf. Oh fine ! you'd fright me from you.

Y. Thor. You see I had no purpose : I'm unarm'd.

'Tis this minutes decree, and it must be. Look, this will serve your turn.

Suf. I'll not turn from it, if you be earst, Sir.

Yet you may tell me wherefore you'll kill me.

Y. Thor. Because you are a whore.

Suf. There's one deep wound already : a whore ?
'Twas even further from me then the thought
Of this black hour : a whore ?

Y. Thor. Yes, I'll prove it,
And you shall confes it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine. The word admits no second.
I was before wedded to another, have her still.
I do not lay the sin unto your charge,
'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft.
For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it :
I did not purpose to have added murder ;
The Devil did not prompt me : till this minute
You might have safe returned ; now you cannot :
You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*

Suf. And I deserve it.
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent.
'Twas some good Spirits motion. Die ? Oh, 'twas
time !

How many years might I have slept in sin ?
Sin of my most hatred too, Adultery ?

Y. Thor. Nay, sure 'twas likely that the most was
past ;

For I meant never to return to you
After this parting.

Suf. Why then I thank you more,
You have done lovingly, leaving your self,
That you would thus bestow me on another.
Thou art my Husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the stain
Of my unwitting sin : and then I come
A Chrystal Virgin to thee. My Soul's purity
Shall with bold Wings ascend the Doors of Mercy ;
For Innocence is ever her Companion.

Y. Thor. Not yet mortal? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab.

Suf. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for
me.

I did not think that death had been so sweet;
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I staid forty yeers for preparation:
For I'm in charity with all the World.

Let me for once be thine example, Heaven;

Do to this man as I him free forgive.

And may he better die, and better live. *Moritur.*

Y. Tho. 'Tis done; and I am in: once past our
height,

We scorn the deepest Abyfs. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the Weapon:
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we must not fail,

[Wounds himself.]

Light scratches giving such deep ones. The best
I can

To binde my self to this Tree. Now's the storm,
Which if blown o're, many fair days may follow.

[Dog ties him.]

So, so, I'm fast; I did not think I could
Have done so well behinde me. How prosperous
And effectual mischief sometimes is! Help, help;
Murther, murther, murther.

Enter Carter, and Old Thorney.

Cart. Ha! Whom tolls the Bell for?

Y. Thor. Oh, oh!

O. Thor. Ah me! the cause appears too soon:
my Child, my Son.

Cart. *Susan,* Girl, Child. Not speak to thy
Father? Hah!

Y. Tho. O lend me some assistance to o'retake
this hapless woman.

O. Thor. Let's o'retake the murtherers. Speak
whilst thou canst; anon may be too late. I fear
thou hast deaths mark upon thee too.

Y. *Thor.* I know them both ; yet such an Oath is
pafs'd,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke ;
I dare not name 'em : think what forc'd men do.

O. *Thor.* Keep oath with murtherers ? that were
a conscience to hold the Devil in.

Y. *Thor.* Nay, Sir, I can describe 'em ;
Shall shew them as familiar as their names.
The Taller of the two at this time wears
His Satten-doublet white, but Crimfon lin'd ;
Hose of black Satten, Cloak of Scarlet.

O. *Thor.* *Warbeck, Warbeck, Warbeck* : Do you
lift to this, Sir ?

Cart. Yes, yes, I listen you : here's nothing to be
heard.

Y. *Thor.* Th' others Cloak branch'd Velvet black,
Velvet lin'd his Suit.

O. *Thor.* I have 'em already : *Somerton, Somerton.*
Binal revenge, all this. Come, Sir, the first work
Is to pursue the Murtherers, when we have remov'd
These mangled bodies hence.

Cart. Sir, take that Carcase there, and give me
this.

I'll not own her now ; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb shew ! No, I'll have life.
This is my Son too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine ; take you halfe that silence for't.
When I speak, I look to be spoken to : forgetful
Slut ?

O. *Thor.* Alas ! what grief may do now ?
Look, Sir, I'll take this load of forrow with me.

Cart. I, do, and I'll have this. How do you,
Sir ?

Y. *Thor.* O, very ill, Sir.

Cart. Yes, I think so ; but 'tis well you can speak
yet.

There's no musick but in found, found it must be.
I have not wept these twenty yeers before,

And that I gueſs was e're that Girl was born :
 Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
 My heart's ſo full, I could weep night and day.
Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, Warbeck, Somerton.

Sir Art. Come, Gentlemen, we muſt all help to
 grace
 The nimble-footed youth of *Edmonton*,
 That are ſo kinde to call us up to day
 With an high Morrice.

Warb. I could wiſh it for the beſt, it were the
 worſt now.
 Abſurditie's in my opinion ever the beſt Dancer in a
 Morrice.

Som. I could rather ſleep then ſee 'em.

Sir Art. Not well, Sir ?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden ; yet I know no
 cauſe for't.

Warb. Now am I beyond mine own condition
 highly diſpoſ'd to mirth.

Sir Art. Well, you may yet have a Morrice to
 help both ;
 To ſtrike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter Fidler and Morrice ; all but Banks.

Fidl. Come, will you ſet your ſelves in Morrice-
 ray ? the fore-Bell, ſecond Bell, Tenor and Great Bell ;
 Maid-marion for the ſame Bell. But where's the
 Weather-cock now ? the Hobby-horſe ?

1. Is not *Banks* come yet ? What a ſpight 'tis ?

Sir Art. When ſet you forward, Gentlemen ?

1. We ſtay but for the Hobby-horſe, Sir : all our
 Footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your Horſe ſhould be behinde
 your Foot.

2. Yes, Sir : he goes further about : we can come in at the Wicket, but the broad Gate must be opened for him.

Enter Banks, Hobby-horse and Dog.

Sir Art. Oh, we ftaid for you, Sir.

Clow. Onely my Horfe wanted a Shooe, Sir : but we shall make you amends e're we part.

Sir Art. I? well faid, make 'em drink e're they begin.

Ent. ferv. with beer.

Clow. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my Horfe, he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. Here Hobby. [*Holds him the bowl.*] I pray you : No? not drink? You see, Gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the Water; he may chuse whether he'll drink or no.

Som. A good Moral made plain by History.

i. Strike up, Father *Sawgut*, strike up.

Fidl. E'en when you will, Children. Now in the name of the best foot forward. How now? not a word in thy Guts? I think, Children, my Instrument has caught cold on the fudden.

Clow. My *Ningle's* knavery : black *Tom's* doing.

Omn. Why what mean you, Father *Sawgut*?

Clow. Why what would you have him do? You hear his Fiddle is speechless.

Fidl. I'll lay mine Ear to my Instrument, that my poor Fiddle is bewitch'd. I play'd *The Flowers in May*, e'en now, as sweet as a Violet; now 'twill not go against the hair : you see I can make no more Mufick then a Beetle of a Cow-turd.

Clow. Let me see, Father *Sawgut*, say, once you had a brave Hobby-horse, that you were beholding

to. I'll play and dance too. *Ningle*, away with it.

[*Dog plays the Morrice; which ended,
enter a Constable and Officers.*

Omn. I marry, Sir!

Const. Away with jollity, 'tis too fad an hour.
Sir Arthur Clarrington, your own assistance,
In the Kings Name, I charge, for apprehension
Of these two Murderers, *Warbeck* and *Somerton*.

Sir Art. Ha! flat Murtherers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha, this has awakened my melancholy.

Warb. And struck my mirth down flat. Murtherers?

Const. The accusation is flat against you, Gentlemen.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. I hope
You'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Ambo. Oh! with all our hearts, Sir.

Clow. There's my Rival taken up for Hang-man's meat. *Tom* told me he was about a piece of Villany. Mates and Morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of Murder has slain the Morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well: I am for a Gallop. Come, *Ningle*.

Exe.

Fidl. [*Strikes his Fiddle.*] I? Nay and my Fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad amongst us to day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now if I can. *Exe.*

Sir Art. These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these Gentlemen I dare take
Upon mine own danger; yet howsoever, Sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

Warb. Oh most willingly, Sir.

'Tis a most sweet affliction. I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will.
Come, fear not, Sir ; nor Judge, nor Evidence,
Can binde him o're, who's freed by conscience.

Sem. Mine stands so upright to the middle Zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. *Exeunt.*

A C T. IV. Scæn, I.

Enter Old Banks, and two or three Country-men.

O. Bank. MY Horse this morning runs most
pitiously of the Glaunders, whose
nose yesternight was as clean as any Man's here now
coming from the Barbers ; and this I'll take my
death upon't is long of this Jadish Witch, Mother
Sawyer.

1. I took my Wife and a Servingman in our Town
of *Edmonton*, thrashing in my Barn together, such
Corn as Country-Wenches carry to Market ; and exa-
mining my Polecat why she did so, she swore in her
conscience she was bewitch'd : and what Witch have
we about us, but Mother *Sawyer* ?

2. Rid the Town of her, else all our Wives will
do nothing else but dance about other Country May-
poles.

3. Our Cattel fall, our Wives fall, our Daughters

fall, and Maid-servants fall ; and we our selves shall not be able to stand, if this Beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. Hamlac, with Thatch and a Link.

Haml. Burn the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

Omn. What hast got there ?

Haml. A handful of Thatch pluck'd off a Hovel of hers : and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a Witch, she'll come running in.

O. Bank. Fire it, fire it : I'll stand between thee and home for any danger.

As that burns, enter the Witch.

Sawy. Diseases, Plagues ; the curse of an old Woman follow and fall upon you.

Omn. Are you come, you old Trot ?

O. Bank. You hot Whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail ?

1. This Thatch is as good as a Jury to prove she is a Witch.

Omn. Out Witch ; beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Sawy. Shall I be murdered by a bed of Serpents ? help, help !

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, and a Justice.

Omn. Hang her, beat her, kill her.

Just. How now ? Forbear this violence.

Sawy. A crew of Villains, a knot of bloody Hangmen set to torment me I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour *Banks*, are you a Ring-leader in mischief ? Fie, to abuse an aged woman !

O. Bank. Woman ? a She-hell-cat, a Witch : to prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the Thatch of her House, but in she came running, as if the Devil

had sent her in a Barrel of Gunpowder ; which trick as surely proves her a Witch, as the Pox in a snuffing nose, is a sign a Man is a Whore-master.

Fust. Come, come ; firing her Thatch ? ridiculous : take heed Sirs what you do : unless your proofs come better arm'd, instead of turning her into a Witch, you'll prove your selves starke Fools.

Omn. Fools ?

Fust. Arrant Fools.

O. Bank. Pray, Mr. Justice what do you call 'em, hear me but in one thing : This grumbling Devil owes me I know no good will ever since I fell out with her.

Sawy. And brakedst my back with beating me.

O. Bank. I'll break it worse.

Sawy. Wilt thou ?

Fust. You must not threaten her : 'tis against Law. Go on.

O. Bank. So, Sir, ever since, having a Dun-Cow tied up in my Back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd I cannot chuse, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the Cow, and taking up her tail, kifs (saying your Worship's Reverence) my Cow behinde ; That the whole Town of *Edmonton* has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

Fust. And this is long of her ?

O. Bank. Who the Devil else ? for is any man such an Ass, to be such a Baby, if he were not bewitch'd ?

Sir Art. Nay, if she be a Witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.

Fust. Go, go ; pray vex her not : she is a Subject, and you must not be Judges of the Law to strike her as you please.

Omn. No, no, we'll finde cudgel enough to strike her.

O. *Bark.* I, no lips to kifs but my Cows — ?
Exeunt.

Sawvy. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine.

Fust. Here's none now, Mother *Sawyer*, but this Gentleman, my self and you ; let us to some milde Questions, have you milde Answers ? Tell us honestly, and with a free confession, (we'll do our best to wean you from it) are you a Witch, or no ?

Sawvy. I am none.

Fust. Be not so furious.

Sawvy. I am none. None but base Curs so bark at me. I am none. Or would I were : if every poor old Woman be trod on thus by slaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten, as I am daily, she to be reveng'd had need turn Witch.

Sir Art. And you to be reveng'd have sold your Soul to th' Devil.

Sawvy. Keep thine own from him.

Fust. You are too sawcie, and too bitter.

Sawvy. Sawcie ? by what commission can he send my Soul on the Divel's Errand, more then I can his ? is he a Landlord of my Soul, to thrust it when he list out of door ?

Fust. Know whom you speak to.

Sawvy. A Man : perhaps, no Man. Men in gay clothes, whose Backs are laden with Titles and Honours, are within far more crooked then I am ; and if I be a Witch, more Witch-like.

Sir Art. Yare a base Hell-hound. And now, Sir, let me tell you, Far and neer shee's bruited for a woman that maintains a Spirit that fucks her.

Sawvy. I defie thee.

Sir Art. Go, go, I can, if need be, bring an hundred voyces e'en here in *Edmonton*, that shall lowd proclaim thee for a secret and pernicious Witch.

Sawvy. Ha, ha !

Fust. Do you laugh? why laugh you?

Sawey. At my name: the brave name this Knight gives me, Witch.

Fust. Is the Name of Witch so pleasing to thine Ear?

Sir Art. Pray, Sir, give way, and let her Tongue gallop on.

Sawey. A Witch? who is not?
Hold not that universal Name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in Princes Courts?
Upon whose Eye-lids Lust sits blowing fires
To burn Mens Souls in sensual hot desires:
Upon whose naked Paps, a Leachers thought
Acts Sin in fouler shapes then can be wrought.

Fust. But those work not as you do.

Sawey. No, but far worse:
These, by Inchantments, can whole Lordships change
To Trunks of rich Attire: turn Ploughs and
Teams
To *Flanders* Mares and Coaches; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a *French* Butter-Flie.
Have you not City-witches who can turn
Their husbands wares, whole standing shops of
wares,

To sumptuous Tables, Gardens of stolen sin?
In one yeer waisting, what scarce twenty win.
Are not these Witches?

Fust. Yes, yes, but the Law
Casts not an eye on these.

Sawey. Why then on me,
Or any lean old Beldame? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman
Ill-favour'd grown with yeers, if she be poor,
Must be call'd Bawd or Witch. Such so abus'd
Are the coarse Witches: t'other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Art. And so is thine.

Sawey. She on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
 To lean his head on Rocks and fighting waves,
 Is not that Scold a Witch? The Man of Law
 Whose honeyed hopes the credulous Client draws,
 (As Bees by tinkling Basons) to swarm to him,
 From his own Hive, to work the Wax in his;
 He is no Witch, not he.

Sir Art. But these Men-Witches
 Are not in trading with Hells Merchandize,
 Like such as you are, that for a word, a look,
 Denial of a Coal of fire, kill Men,
 Children and Cattel.

Sawy. Tell them, Sir, that do so :
 Am I accus'd for such an one?

Sir Art. Yes, 'twill be sworn.

Sawy. Dare any swear I ever tempted Maiden
 With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
 To come and lose her honour? and being lost,
 To pay not a Denier for't? Some slaves have done it.
 Men-witches can without the Fangs of Law,
 Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit
 pieces

Away for true Gold.

Sir Art. By one thing she speaks,
 I know now she's a Witch, and dare no longer
 Hold conference with the Fury.

Fust. Let's then away :
 Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

Exeunt.

Sawy. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy welcome.
 I am torn in pieces by a pack of Curs
 Clap'd all upon me, and for want of thee :
 Comfort me : thou shalt have the Teat anon.

Dog. Bough wough : I'll have it now.

Sawy. I am dri'd up

With curling and with madnefs; and have yet
No blood to moyften thefe sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kifs me, my *Tommy*,
And rub away fome wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to fhrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What haft thou done? Let's
tickle,

Haft thou ftruck the horfe lame as I bid thee?

Dog. Yes, and nip'd the fucking-childe.

Sawvy. Ho, ho, my dainty.

My little Pearl. No Lady loves her Hound,
Monkey, or Parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The Maid has been churning Butter nine
hours; but it fhall not come.

Sawvy. Let 'em eat Cheefe and choak.

Dog. I had rare fport
Among the Clowns i'th' Morrice.

Sawvy. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my Curl-pate,
That Jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, *Nan Ratcliff*,
Who for a little Soap lick'd by my Sow,
Struck, and almoft had lam'd it; Did not I charge
thee,

To pinch that Quean to th' heart?

Dog. Bough, wough, wough: Look here elfe.

Enter Anne Ratcliff mad.

Ratc. Sec, fee, fee; the Man i'th' Moon has
built a new Windmill, and what running there's from
all quarters of the City to learn the Art of Grinding!

Sawvy. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet Mun-
grel.

Ratc. Hoyda! a-pox of the Devil's falfe Hopper!
all the golden Meal runs into the rich Knaves purfes,
and the poor have nothing but Bran. Hey derry
down! Are not you Mother *Sawyer*?

Sawvy. No, I am a Lawyer.

Ratc. Art thou? I prithee let me fcratch thy

Face ; for thy Pen has flea'd off a great many mens skins. You'll have brave doings in the Vacation ; for Knaves and Fools are at variance in every Village. I'll sue Mother *Sawyer*, and her own Sow shall give in evidence against her.

Sawey. Touch her.

Ratc. Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hofe, and they break. There's a *Lancashire* Horn-pipe in my throat : hark how it tickles it, with Doodle, Doodle, Doodle, Doodle. Welcome Serjeants : welcome Devil. Hands, hands ; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round.

Enter Old Banks, his Son the Clown, Old Ratcliff, Country-fellows.

O. *Ratc.* She's here ; alas, my poor wife is here.

O. *Bank.* Catch her fast, and have her into some clofe Chamber do, for she's as many Wives are, stark mad.

Clow. The witch, Mother *Sawyer*, the witch, the devil. [*Car. her off.*

O. *Ratc.* O my dear Wife ! help, Sirs !

O. *Bank.* You see your work, Mother *Bumby*.

Saw. My work ? should she & all you here run mad, is the work mine ?

Clow. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a Devil of two yeers old.

Enter Old Ratcliff, and the rest.

How now ? what's become of her ?

O. *Ratc.* Nothing : she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as Reeds in a mighty Tempest : spight of our strengths, away she brake ; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but the Devil, the Witch, the Witch, the Devil ; she beat out her own brains, and so died.

Clow. It's any Man's cafe, be he never fo wife, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. Banks. Masters, be rul'd by me ; let's all to a Justice. Hag, thou halt done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Sawvy. *Banks,* I defie thee.

O. Bank. Get a Warrant first to examine her, then ship her to *Newgate*: here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a Witch. You have a Spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a Dog ; we shall see your Cur at one time or other : if we do, unless it be the Devil himself, he shall go howling to the Goal in one chain, and thou in another.

Sawvy. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst.

Clow. How, Father? you send the poor dumb thing howling to th' Goal? He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

O. Bank. Why, foolish Boy, dost thou know him?

Clow. No matter, if I do or not. He's baylable I am sure by Law. But if the Dog's word will not be taken, mine shall.

O. Bank. Thou Bayl for a Dog?

Clow. Yes, or a Bitch either, being my Friend. I'll lie by the heels my self, before Puppifon shall : his Dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. Bank. What manner of Dog is it? didst ever see him?

Clow. See him? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The Dog is no Court foyfing Hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tayl ; neither is it a Citizens Water-Spaniel, enticing his Master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilst his Wife makes Ducks and Drakes at home : this is no *Paris-Garden* Bandog neither, that keeps a Bough, wough, woughing, to have Butchers bring their Curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they

run away like Sheep : neither is this the black Dog of *New-gate*.

O. *Bank*. No, Good-man Son-fool, but the Dog of Hell-gate.

Clow. I say, Good-man Father-fool, it's a lye.

Omn. He's bewitch'd.

Clow. A grofs lye as big as my felf. The Devil in St. *Dunstan's* will as foon drink with this poor Cur, as with any Temple Bar-Laundress, that washes and wrings Lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Omn. O the Dog's here, the Dog's here.

O. *Bank*. It was the voice of a Dog.

Clow. The voice of a Dog? if that voice were a Dog's, what voice had my Mother? fo am I a Dog : bough, wough, wough : it was I that bark'd fo, Father, to make Cocks-combs of these Clowns.

O. *Bank*. However, we'll be Cocks-comb'd no longer : away therefore to th' Justice for a Warrant ; and then, Gammer *Gurton*, have at your Needle of Witch-craft.

Sawvy. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish Fools. *Exe.*

Clow. *Ningle*, you had like to have spoyl'd all with your Boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my Dog-tricks, on a sudden, I am bewitch'd, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee—a Pox, that Morrice makes me spit in thy mouth. I dare not stay. Farewel, *Ningle* ; you whorefon Dogs-nose. Farewel Witch. *Exit.*

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Sawvy. Minde him not, he's not worth thy worrying : run at a fairer Game : that fowl-mouth'd Knight, scurvy Sir *Arthur*, flie at him, my *Tommy* ; and pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there a Dog already biting's conscience.

Sawy. That's a fure Blood-hound. Come, let's
home and play.
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 2.

*Enter Katherine : a Bed thrust forth, on it Frank
in a slumber.*

Kat. Brother, Brother ! So found asleep ? that's
well.

Frank. No, not I, Sifter : he that's wounded here,
As I am ; (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kat. My good sweet Brother,
(For now my Sifter must grow up in you)
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless forrow. Good Love, sit up :
And if you can give Physick to your self,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kat. I thank you. What do you look about for ?
Frank. Nothing, nothing ; but I was thinking,
Sifter.

Kat. Dear heart, what ?

Fran. Who but a fool would thus be bound to
a bed,
Having this Room to walk in ?

Kat. Why do you talk so ? would you were fast
asleep.

Frank. No, no, I'm not idle :
But here's my meaning : being rob'd as I am,
Why should my Soul, which married was to hers,

Live in divorce, and not flie after her ?
 Why should not I walk hand in hand with death
 To finde my Love out ?

Kat. That were well, indeed.
 Your time being come, when death is sent to call
 you,
 No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I go without calling ?

Kat. Yes, Brother, for you might, were there no
 place

To go to when y^eare gone, but onely this.

Frank. Troth, Sister, thou sayst true :
 For when a man has been an hundred yeers,
 Hard travelling o^re the tottering bridge of age,
 He's not the thousand part upon his way.
 All life is but a wandring to finde home :
 When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man,
 Could here his Voyage end ; he should not then
 Answer how well or ill he steer'd his Soul,
 By Heaven's or by Hell's Compas ; how he put in
 (Loofing blefs'd Goodness shore) at such a fin ;
 Nor how life's dear provision he has spent :
 Nor how far he in's Navigation went
 Beyond Commiffion. This were a fine Raig,
 To do ill, and not hear of it again.
 Yet then were Man more wretched then a Beast :
 For, Sister our dead pay is sure the best.

Kat. 'Tis so ; the best or worst. And I wish
 Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that Traytor,
 That Devil *Somerton* (who stood in mine eye
 Once as an Angel) home to his deservings.
 What Villain but himself, once loving me,
 With *Warbeck's* Soul would pawn his own to Hell,
 To be reveng'd on my poor Sister ?

Frank. Slaves ! a pair of mercilefs Slaves !
 Speak no more of them.

Kate. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm fure,

I pay for't everywhere.

Kat. I have done then.

Eat, if you cannot sleep : you have these two days
Not tasted any food. *Fane*, is it ready ?

Frank. What's ready ? what's ready ?

Kat. I have made ready a roasted Chicken for
you.

Sweet, wilt thou eat ?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden—yes—
There's one in the house can play upon a Lute :
Good Girl, let's hear him too.

Kat. You shall, dear Brother. *Lute plays.*
Would I were a Musician, you should hear
How I would feast your ear.

Stay, mend your Pillow, and raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high : am I not, Sister, now ?

Kat. No, no ; 'tis well : fall to, fall to. A Knife :
here's never a Knife, Brother, I'll look out yours.

Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O Sister, I am ill upon a sudden ;
and can eat nothing.

Kat. In very deed you shall. The want of Food
makes you so faint. Ha ! here's none in your pocket.
I'll go fetch a Knife. *Exit.*

Frank. Will you ? 'Tis well, all's well.

[*She gone, he searches first one, then the other Pocket.
Knife found. Dog runs off. He lies on one side :
the Spirit of Susan his second Wife comes to the
Beds-side. He stares at it ; and turning to the
other side, it's there too. In the mean time, Winni-
tride as a Page comes in, stands at his Beds-feet
sadly : he frightened, sits upright. The Spirit
vanishes.*

Frank. What art thou ?

Win. A lost Creature.

Frank. So am I too. *Win?* Ah, my She-Page!

Win. For your sake I put on a shape that's false;
yet do I wear a heart true to you as your own.

Frank. Would mine and thine were Fellows in
one house. Kneel by me here: on this side now?
How dar'st thou come to mock me on both sides of
my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But just now: out-face me, stare upon me
with strange postures: turn my Soul wilde by a face
in which were drawn a thousand Ghosts leap'd newly
from their Graves, to pluck me into a winding-
Sheet.

Win. Believe it, I came no neerer to you then
yon place, at your beds-feet; and of the house had
leave, calling my self your Horse-boy, in to come, and
visit my sick Master.

Frank. Then 'twas my Fancy. Some Wind-mill
in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
rest.

But you have pluck'd a Thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddainly: why should you
Dance at the wedding of a second wife?
When scarce the Musick which you heard at mine
Had tane a farewell of you. O this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best Limbs.

Frank. *Winnifride*, the Chamber door fast?

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when th'ast heard me speak, melt into tears:
Yet I to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a Story of us two,
In stead of Ink, dip'd my sad Pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad.
Onely for Pillage, as a Freebooter,
What Gold soere I got, to make it thine.
To please a Father, I have Heaven displeaf'd.

Striving to cast two wedding Rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none.
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead: but you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand murdered; and so I lose thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jurie and Judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

As they whisper, enter at one end o' th' Stage Old Carter and Katharine, Dog at th' other, pawing softly at Frank.

Kat. I have run madding up and down to find you, being laden with the heaviest News that ever poor Daughter carried.

Cart. Why? is the Boy dead?

Kat. Dead, Sir! O Father, we are cozen'd: you are told the Murtherer sings in Prison, and he laughs here.

This Villaine kil'd my Sister: see else, see,
A bloody Knife in's Pocket.

Cart. Bless me, patience!

Frank. The Knife, the Knife, the Knife!

Kat. What Knife? *Exit Dog.*

Frank. To cut my Chicken up, my Chicken; be you my Carver, Father.

Cart. That I will.

Kat. How the Devil steels our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken from me; all is not well within me.

Cart. I believe thee, Boy: I that have seen so many Moons clap their Horns on other mens Foreheads to strike them sick, yet mine to scape, and be well! I that never cast away a Fee upon Urinals, but am as sound as an honest mans Conscience when hee's

dying, I should cry out as thou dost, All is not well within me, felt I but the Bag of thy imposthumes. Ah poor Villaine ! Ah my wounded Rascal ! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

Frank. Do the Surgeons say, My wounds are dangerous then ?

Cart. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Cart. Ile go to fetch him : Ile make an holiday to see thee as I wish.

Exit to fetch Officers.

Frank. A wondrous kinde old man.

Win. Your sins the blacker, so to abuse his goodness.

Master, how do you ?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy : I have such odd qualms come cros my stomach ! Ile fall too : boy, cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm sure, a Leg or Wing, Sir.

Frank. No, no, no : a Wing ? would I had Wings but to soar up yon Tower : but here's a Clog that hinders me. What's that ?

[Father with her in a Coffin.]

Cart. That ? what ? O now I see her ; 'tis a young Wench, my Daughter, Sirrah, sick to the death : and hearing thee to be an excellent Rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a Cafement, and cries, Help, help, stay that man ; him I must have, or none.

Frank. For pities sake, remove her : see, she stares with one broad open eye still in my face.

Cart. Thou puttest both hers out, like a Villaine as thou art ; yet see, she is willing to lend thee one againe to finde out the Murtherer, and that's thy self.

Frank. Old man, thou liest.

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Cart. So shalt thou i'th' Goal. Run for Officers.

Kat. O thou merciless Slave ! she was (though yet above ground) in her Grave to me, but thou hast torn it up againe. Mine eyes too much drown'd, now must feel more raine.

Cart. Fetch Officers.

Exit. Katherine.

Frank. For whom ?

Cart. For thee, firrah, firrah : some knives have foolish Posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one ; look, Oh ! it is enammeld with the Heart-Blood of thy hated Wife, my beloved Daughter. What saist thou to this evidence ? is't not sharp ? does't not strike home ? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, Sir, strike him no more ; you see he's dead already.

Caut. O, Sir ! you held his Horses, you are as arrant a Rogue as he : up, go you too.

Frank. As y'are a man, throw not upon that Woman your loads of tyrannie, for she's innocent.

Cart. How ? how ? a woman ? is't grown to a fashion for women in all Countries to wear the Breeches ?

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, Sir, his Page ; but his first onely wife, his lawful wife.

Cart. How ? how ? more fire i'th' Bed-straw ?

Win. The wrongs which singly fell on your Daughter, on me are multiplyed : she lost a life, but I, an Husband and my selfe must lose, if you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Cart. He has done it then ?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me ?

Win. O pardon me, dear heart ! I am mad to lose thee, and know not what I speak : but if thou didst, I must arraigne this Father for two sins, Adultery and Murther.

*Enter Katherine.**Kat.* Sir, they are come.

Cart. Arraigne me for what thou wilt, all *Middlesex* knows me better for an honest man, then the middle of a Market place knows thee for an honest woman : rise, Sirrah, and don your Tacklings, rig your self for the Gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back : your Trull shall to th' Goal go with you ; there be as fine New-gate birds as she, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds.

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid,
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be paid.
Exeunt.

A C T. V. Scæn. 1.

Enter Mother Sawyer alone.

Sawy. STill wrong'd by every Slave? and not
a Dog
Bark in his Dames defence? I am call'd Witch,
Yet am my self bewitched from doing harm.
Have I given up my self to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd? not see me in three days?
I'm lost without my *Tomalin* : prithee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far then life ;
Thou art my Raven, on whose cole-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me : O my best love !
I am on fire, (even in the midst of Ice)

Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my
Darling,

If in the Aire thou hover'ft, fall upon me
In some dark Cloud ; and as I oft have feen
Dragons and Serpents in the Elements,
Appear thou now fo to me. Art thou i'th' Sea ?
Muster up all the Monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them : fo that my bulch
Shew but his fwarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from Hell, I care not : could I run
Like a swift Powder-Mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to finde out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come !
I muft then fall to my old Prayer :

Sanctificeter nomen tuum. !

Not yet come ! worrying of Wolves, biting of mad
Dogs, the Manges and the——

Enter Dog.

Dog. How now ! whom art thou curfing ?

Sawvy. Thee. Ha ! No, 'tis my black Cur I am
curfing, for not attending on me.

Dog. I am that Cur.

Sawvy. Thou lieft : hence, come not nigh me.

Dog. Baugh, waugh.

Sawvy. Why doft thou appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the Ghost of my dear love ?

Dog. I am dogged, lift not to tell thee, yet to
torment thee : my whitenefs puts thee in minde of
thy winding Sheet.

Sawvy. Am I near death ?

Dog. Yes, if the Dog of Hell be near thee.
When the Devil comes to thee as a Lamb, have at
thy Throat.

Sawvy. Off, Cur.

Dog. He has the back of a Sheep, but the belly
of an Otter : devours by Sea and Land. Why am I
in white ? didft thou not pray to me ?

Sawvy. Yes, thou difsembling Hell-hound : why now in white more then at other times ?

Dog. Be blasted with the News ; whitenefs is days Foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which fhews thy old rivel'd face : Villaines are strip't naked, the Witch muft be beaten out of her Cock-pit.

Sawvy. Muft ſhe ? ſhe ſhall not ; thou art a lying Spirit :

Why to mine eyes art thou a Flag of truce ?
I am at peace with none ; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under : I do not like
Thy puritan-palenefs : glowing Furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame out-right.
If thou my old Dog art, go and bite fuch as I ſhall
fet thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Sawvy. I'll fell my ſelf to twenty thouſand Fiends, to have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canſt not : thou art ſo ripe to fall into Hell, that no more of my Kennel will ſo much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Sawvy. I ſhall run mad.

Dog. Do ſo, thy time is come, to curſe, and rave and die.

The Glaſs of thy fins is full, and it muſt run out at Gallows.

Sawvy. It cannot, ugly Cur, I'll confeſs nothing ; And not confeſſing, who dare come and ſwear I have bewitched them ? I'll not confeſs one mouthful.

Dog. Chufe, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Sawvy. Spight of the Devil and thee, I'll muzzle up my Tongue from telling Tales.

Dog. Spight of thee and the Devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Sawvy. Yes, when ?

Dog. And ere the Executioner catch thee full in's Claws, thou'lt confeſs all.

Sawvy. Out Dog !

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Dog. Out Witch ! Thy tryal is at hand :
Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing stand.

*The Dog stands aloof. Enter Old Banks, Ratcliff,
and Countrymen.*

O. Bank. She's here ; attach her : Witch, you must
go with us.

Sawvy. Whither ? to Hell ?

O. Bank. No, no, no, old Crone ; your Mitimus
shall be made thither, but your own Jaylors shall re-
ceive you. Away with her.

Sawvy. My *Tommie* ! my sweet *Tom*-boy ! O thou
Dog ! dost thou now fly to thy Kennel and forsake me ?
Plagues and Confumptions—— *Exeunt.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha !
Let not the World, Witches or Devils condemn ;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[*Young Banks to the Dog.*

Clown. I would fain meet with mine Ingle once
more ; he has had a Claw amongst 'um : my Rival
that lov'd my Wench, is like to be hang'd like an
innocent ; a kinde Cur, where he takes ; but where
he takes not, a dogged Rasfall. I know the Villaine
loves me : no. [*Barks.*] Art thou there ? that's
Toms voice, but 'tis not he ; this is a Dog of another
hair : this ? bark and not speak to me ? not *Tom* then :
there's as much difference betwixt *Tom* and this, as
betwixt white and black.

Dog. Haft thou forgot me ?

Clown. That's *Tom* again : prithee Ningle speak,
is thy name *Tom* ?

Dog. Whilst I serv'd my old Dame *Sawyer*, 'twas :
I'm gone from her now.

Clown. Gone ? away with the Witch then too :
shee'll never thrive if thou leav'st her ; she knows no
more how to kill a Cow, or a Horfe, or a Sow, with-
out thee, then she does to kill a Goofe.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be kill'd for what she has done: she's shortly to be hang'd.

Clown. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the Gallows, *Tom*.

Dog. Right: I serv'd her to that purpose, 'twas part of my Wages.

Clown. This was no honest Servants part, by your leave *Tom*: this remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a Dog, not as a Devil.

Dog. True; and so I us'd thee doggedly, not divellishly.

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at.

The Wench thou seek'st after, thou never spakest with,
But a Spirit in her form, habit and likeness. Ha,
ha!

Clown. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of Women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse Creatures, Dog or Cat, Hare, Ferret, Frog, Toad.

Clown. Louse or Flea?

Dog. Any poor Vermine.

Clown. It seems you Devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow your selves in such small bodies: but pray you *Tom*, one question at parting, I think I shall never see you more; where do you borrow those Bodies that are none of your own? the garment-shape you may hire at Brokers.

Dog. Why wouldst thou know that? fool, it avails thee not.

Clown. Onely for my mindes sake, *Tom*, and to tell some of my Friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: Thou never art so distant

From an evil Spirit, but that thy Oaths,
Curfes and Blasphemies pull him to thine Elbow:

Thou never telt a lie, but that a Devil
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,
As thy Tongue flandering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee : thou play'st, he bets upon thy
part ;

Although thou lose, yet he will gaine by thee.

Clown. I ? then he comes in the shape of a Rook.

Dog. The old Cadaver of some selfe-strangled
wretch

Will sometimes borrow, and appear humane
The Carcase of some disease-slain strumpet,
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first Beauty.
Didst never hear ? if not, it has been done.
An hot luxurious Leacher in his Twines,
When he has thought to clip his Dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming Devil in her place.

Clow. Yes, I am partly a witness to this, but I
never could embrace her : I thank thee for that, *Tom* ;
well, againe I thank thee, *Tom*, for all this counsel,
without a Fee too ; there's few Lawyers of thy minde
now : certainly *Tom*, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me ? for what ?

Clow. Were it not possible for thee to become an
honest Dog yet ? 'tis a base life that you lead, *Tom*, to
serve Witches, to kill innocent Children, to kill harm-
less Cattle, to stroy Corn and Fruit, &c., 'twere better
yet to be a Butcher, and kill for your self.

Dog. Why ? these are all my delights, my pleasures,
fool.

Clow. Or *Tom*, if you could give your minde to
ducking, I know you can swim, fetch and carry, some
Shop-keeper in *London* would take great delight in
you, and be a tender master over you : or if you have
a mind to the Game, either at Bull or Bear, I think I
could prefer you to *Mal-Cutpurse*.

Dog. Ha, ha ! I should kill all the Game, Bulls, Bears, Dogs, and all, not a Cub to be left.

Clow. You could do, *Tom*, but you must play fair, you should be stav'd off else : or if your stomach did better like to serve in some Noble Mans, Knights or Gentlemans Kitchin, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit, your labour could not be much ; when they have Rost-meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most, here you might lick your own Toes very well : Or if you could translate your self into a Ladies Arming-puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty Offices ; but to creep under an old Witches Coats, and suck like a great Puppy, Fie upon't ! I have heard beastly things of you, *Tom*.

Dog. Ha, ha ! The worse thou heardest of me, the better 'tis.

Shall I serve thee, Fool, at the self-same rate ?

Clow. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first ; I know thy qualities too well, Ile give no suck to such Whelps ; therefore henceforth I despise thee ; out and avaunt.

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a filly Soul.
I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness ;
There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance :
Serve some Briarean Footcloth-strider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at Bribes,
But not a Fingers nayl of Charity.
Such, like the Dragons Tayl, shall pull down hundreds .

To drop and sink with him : I'll stretch my self,
And draw this Bulk small as a Silver-wire,
Enter at the least pore Tobacco fume
Can make a breach for : hence filly fool,
I scorn to prey on such an Atome foul.

Clow. Come out, come out, you Cur ; I will beat thee out of the bounds of *Edmonton*, and to morrow we go in Procession, and after thou shalt never come in againe : if thou goest to *London*, I'll make thee go

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about by Tiburn, stealing in by Theeving Lane: if thou canst rub thy Shoulder against a Lawyers Gown, as thou passest by *Westminster-Hall*, do; if not, to the Stayers amongst the Bandogs, take water, and the Devil go with thee.

Exeunt Y. Banks, Dog barking.

Enter Justice, Sir Arthur, Warbeck, Carter, Kate.

Just. Sir *Arthur*, though the Bench hath mildly censur'd your Errours, yet you have indeed been the Instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you pay'd down your Fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Art. I'll need no urging to it.

Cart. If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these Gentlemen are freed.

Warb. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kat. But I am glad that I have you safe.

Noise within.

Just. How now! what noise is that?

Cart. Young *Frank* is going the wrong way: Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Y. Thorney and Holberts. Enter as to see the Execution, O. Carter, O. Thorney, Katharine, Winnifride weeping.

O. Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him: to prefs
neerer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be joyn'd

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But in eternity. I share too much of him that's
going thither.

Cart. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault : I grieve
to see

Thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was
shame ;

Yet I am happy that my soul is free
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent
Of any Murther, but of mine own Honour.
Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.

O. Thor. Daughter, grieve not for what necessity
forceth ; rather resolve to conquer it with patience.
Alas, she faints !

Win. My griefes are strong upon me : my weak-
ness scarce can bear them.

Within. Away with her ! hang her, Witch !

*Enter Sawyer to Execution, Officers with Holberts,
country-people.*

Cart. The Witch, that instrument of mischief ! did
not she witch the Devil into my Son-in-law, when he
kill'd my poor Daughter ? do you hear, Mother
Sawyer ?

Sawyer. What would you have ? cannot a poor old
woman have your leave to die without vexation ?

Cart. Did not you bewitch *Frank* to kill his wife ?
he could never have don't without the Devil.

Sawyer. Who doubts it ? but is every Devil mine ?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces : *Tom* would have don't be-
fore he left me.

Cart. Thou did'st bewitch *Anne Ratcliff* to kill
her self.

Sawyer. Churl, thou ly'st ; I never did her hurt :
would you were all as near your ends as I am, tha
gave evidence against me for it.

Countr. I'll be sworn, *Mr. Carter*, the bewitched Gammer *Washbrowls* Sow, to caft her Pigs a day before she would have farried ; yet they were fent up to *London*, and fold for as good *Westminster* Dog-Pigs, at *Bartholomew Fair*, as ever great belly'd Ale-wife longed for.

Sawv. Thefe Dogs will mad me : I was well refolv'd
To die in my repentance ; though 'tis true,
I would live longer if I might : yet fince
I cannot, pray torment me not ; my confcience
Is fetled as it fhall be : all take heed
How they believe the Devil, at laft hee'l cheat
you.

Cart. Th'adft beft confefs all truly.

Sawv. Yet again ?

Have I fcarce breath enough to fay my Prayers ?
And would you force me to fpend that in bawling ?
Bear witnefs, I repent all former evil ;
There is no damned Conjurer like the Devil.

Omn. Away with her, away !

*Enter Frank to Execution, Officers, Juftice, Sir Arthur,
Warbeck, Somerton.*

O. Thor. Here's the fad object which I yet muft
meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy then mif-fortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good Sirs, turn from me ;
You will revive affliction almoft kill'd
With my continual forrow.

O. Thor. O *Frank, Frank* !
Would I had funk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted.

Frank. To look upon your forrows, executes me
before my Execution.

Win. Let me pray you, Sir.

Frank. Thou much wrong'd woman, I must sigh
for thee,

As he that's onely loath to leave the World,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended ; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more then I can hope ; nor to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it : but there is a payment
Belongs to goodnefs from the great Exchequer
Above ; it will not fail thee, *Winnifride* ;
Be that thy comfort.

O. *Thor.* Let it be thine too.
Untimely lost young man.

Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him : had I spun
My Web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in furfeits,
Murthers of Reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approv'd ; then though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own Bed, not compell'd by Justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed ; my miseries
Had been as everlasting, as remediless :
But now the Law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy Fact,
Then I my self have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my Child hood :
A Court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty ; the difference is, my impartial Judge
Is much more gracious then my Faults
Are monstrous to be nam'd ; yet they are monstrous.

O. *Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks
How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was neer expiring
With my last breath : now this Repentance makes
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow,
Is clearly cancell'd : might our Souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, Happiness :
But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preserve it
With a Religious care, and pay thy ashes
A Widows duty, calling that end best,
Which though it stain the name, makes the soul blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman ; do not
weep :

Farewel. Thou dost forgive me ?

Win. 'Tis my part

To use that Language.

Frank. Oh that my Example

Might teach the World hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads, who rather chuse to marry
A goodly Portion, then a Dowr of Vertues !
Are you there, Gentlemen ? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd : you most ;
I rob'd you of a Daughter ; but she is
In Heaven ; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Cart. I, I, she's in Heaven, and I am glad to see
Thee so well prepared to follow her :

I forgive thee with all my heart ; if thou
Had'st not had ill counsel, thou would'st not have
Done as thou didst ; the more shame for them.

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak : I would you could as easily
Make satisfaction to the Law, as to my wrongs.
I am sorry for you.

Warb. And so am I, and heartily forgive you.

Kate. I will pray for you, for her sake, who, I am
sure, did love you dearly.

Sir Art. Let us part friendly too : I am ashamed
of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful, and send me to my
Grave in peace. *Sir Arthur,* Heavens send you a

new heart. Laftly to you, Sir; and though I have deferv'd not to be call'd your Son, yet give me leave upon my knees, to beg a bleffing.

O. Thor. Take it: let me wet thy Cheeks with the laft

Tears my griefs have left me. *O Frank, Frank, Frank!*

Frank. Let me befcech you, Gentlemen, to Comfort my old Father; keep him with yee; Love this diftreffed Widow; and as often As you remember what a gracelefs man I was, remember likewife that thefe are Both free, both worthy of a better Fate, Then fuch a Son or Husband as I have been. All help me with your prayers. On, on, 'tis juft That Law fhould purge the guilt of blood and luft. *Exit.*

Cart. Go thy ways: I did not think to have fhed one tear for thee, but thou haft made me water my plants fpight of my heart. *M. Thorney,* cheer up, man; whilft I can ftand by you, you fhall not want help to keep you from falling. We have loft our Children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot help it: better or worfe, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. Thor. I thank you, Sir; you are more kinde then I have caufe to hope or look for.

Cart. Mr. *Somerton*, is *Kate* yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kat. And, but my Faith is paff'd, I fhould fear to be married, Husbands are fo cruelly unkind: excufe me that I am thus troubled.

Som. Thou fhalt have no caufe.

Cart. Take comfort Miftris *Winnifride*. Sir *Artur,*

For his abufe to you, and to your Husband,
Is by the Bench enjoyn'd to pay you down
A thoufand Marks.

Sir Art. Which I will foon difcharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a fum to be imploy'd upon my Funeral.

Cart. Come, come, if luck had serv'd, *Sir Arthur*, and every man had his due, somebody might have totter'd ere this, without paying Fines : like it as you list. Come to me *Winnifride*, shalt be welcome : make much of her, *Kate*, I charge you : I do not think but she's a good Wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to *Edmonton* with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Fust. Joyn Friends in sorrow ; make of all the best :
Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. *Exeunt.*



EPILOGUE.

*Win. I Am a Widow still, and must not fort
A second choice, without a good report;
Which though some Widows finde, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kinde word for me.*

P H E N.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

The Virgin Martir.

Of this tragedy there are four editions in quarto (1622, 1631, 1651, and 1661); the last of which is infinitely the worst. The plot is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being everywhere, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

PAGE 8.

So well hath fished his maiden sword.

A curious coincidence of expression with Shakespeare (Hen. IV.):

“Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou fished
Thy maiden sword.”

PAGE 9.

Send your fair daughters.

Gifford suggests that we should read “send for your fair daughters.”

PAGE 13.

In all growing Empires Ev'n cruelty is usefull;

There is an allusion to Virgil in the opening of this Speech:—

Res dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt
Moliri, &c.

PAGE 13.

*And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius.*

It is said that Perseus sent to desire Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a spectacle to the Romans, and to spare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Æmilius replied coldly : "The favour he asks of me is in his own power : he can procure it for himself."

PAGE 15.

Fair Venus son, draw forth a leaden dart.

The idea of this double effect is from Ovid :—

Filius huic Veneris ; Figat tuus omnia, Phœbe,
Te meus arcus ait :—Parnassi constitit arce,
Eque fagittifera promsit duo tela pharetra
Diverforum operum : fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum est, et cupide fulget acuta ;
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.
Met. lib. I. 470.

PAGE 18.

Was almost dead with fear.

The reading of the first quarto is *drad*, which may perhaps be genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an allusion to the proverb, *Procul a Jove, sed procul a fulmine*.

PAGE 20.

*and wilt not take
A Governors place upon thee.*

From the Latin : *ne sis mihi tutor*.

PAGE 27.

Gladst thou in such scorn ?

Theophilus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happiness he had wished him by his god. Mr. Monck Mason

reads, "*Gaddeſt* thou in ſuch ſcorn?" He may be right; for Macrinus is evidently anxious to paſs on: the reading of the text, however, is that of all the old copies.

PAGE 29.

This Macrinus

The time is, upon which love errands run

Mr. Monck Maſon reads "line" inſtead of *time*. The alluſion is to the rude fire-works of our anceſtors. Gifford had altered the word to "twine" before he ſaw Monck Maſon's emendation.

Ib.

To paſh your Gods in peeces.

This word is uſed again in the fourth act. It is now obſolete, which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately ſupply its place. Perhaps the lateſt inſtance of its uſe in a proper ſenſe is in the following paſſage of Dryden:—

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raiſed
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and *paſh* thee."

PAGE 31.

And arm, owing Caſarea.

Gifford reads "awing."

PAGE 34.

Sirra, bandog,

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter, &c.

A *bandog*, as the name imports, was a dog ſo fierce as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this play), and always with a reference to their ſavage nature. If the term was appropriated to a ſpecies, it probably meant a large dog, of the maſtiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is ſtill common in many parts of Germany: it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in moſt of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears; and with the decline of bear-baiting, probably, the animal fell into diſuſe, as he was too ferocious for any domeſtic purpoſe. (See alſo *The Wiſch of Edmonton*, pp. 405, 421.)

PAGE 49.

It is the ancientst godling; do not fear him.

So all the old copies : but Monck Maſon, and after him Gifford, read “patient’ft.”

PAGE 55.

And to bear money to a fort of rogues.

i. e. fet, parcel, lot. The word occurs ſo frequently in this ſenſe in our old writers that it is unneceſſary to give any examples of it.

Ib.

before that peeviſh Lady

Had to do with you.

“Peeviſh” is *fooliſh*. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly ſays of her fellow-ſervant : “His worſt fault is that he is given to prayer ; he is ſomething *peeviſh* that way.” Malone was miſtaken in ſuppoſing this to be one of Dame Quickly’s blunders, and that ſhe meant to ſay *precife*. Again, in *God’s Revenge againſt Adultery* : “Albemarle kept a man-fool of ſome forty years old in his houſe, who indeed was ſo naturally *peeviſh* as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for ſimplicity.”

PAGE 61.

O treaſure, &c.

Monck Maſon, and after him Gifford, read “To treaſure,” and remove the note of interrogation at the end of the ſecond line.

PAGE 62.

you hitherto

Have ſtill had goodneſs ſpar’d within your eyes

Let not that orb be broken.

Sparred is *ſhut up, enclouſed*. But the word *orb* in the laſt line ſuggeſts “ſphered” as the more appropriate and probably the correct reading. This emendation was ſuggeſted by Monck Maſon and adopted by Gifford.

PAGE 65.

ANG. *They are come, ſir, at your call.*

Gifford aſſigns this ſpeech to Macrinus.

PAGE 69.

if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

To buck is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth plank or stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the sides.

PAGE 71.

*Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.*

This is a beautiful allusion to a little poem among the Elegies of Secundus (lib. ii. Eleg. 6). Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the shafts of the other.

PAGE 73.

*your fair'd Hesperian Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it.*

See Maffing's *Emperor of the East* (1632), act iv. sc. 2:—

“Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards
So strongly guarded by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them.”

PAGE 77.

*As a curious Painter
When he has made some admirable piece.*

Instead of *admirable*, the later quartos have “honourable,” and even Gifford has overlooked the true reading of the first edition in this passage.

PAGE 80.

Hee's at Barli-break, and the last couple are now in hell.

To the amusement of *barley-break* allusions occur repeatedly in our old writers. (See Dekker's *Honest Whore*, vol. ii. p. 85, 374.) This celebrated pastime was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the

middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places. In this catching, however, there was some difficulty, as by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard-pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said to be "in hell," and the game ended.

PAGE 84.

EP. *This happy match, &c.*

Gifford assigns this speech to Maximinus. It is, he says, evident that the King of Epire cannot be the speaker.

PAGE 113.

The Field of Happiness.

The name bestowed upon this pageant, as is remarked by Malcolm (*Londinium Redivivum*, vol. ii.), "is a quibble upon the name of the mayor, Campbell, reversed into the French words *le bell* or *beau-champ*, a beautiful field or country; to which were invited, and hither came, Titan, Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver, and Eftas, from their blissful fields, to ride through the dirty streets, and a crowd who knew them not." From an examination of the books of the Ironmongers' Company, he adds, "the sum paid for these pageants, including every expense, was £180. The sea-lion and estridge were preserved, and placed in the hall (of the company), and thirty-two trumpeters were employed."

In Strype's Stow we are told that Sir James Campbell was son of Sir Thomas Campbell, ironmonger, who was mayor in 1609, to whom Dekker alludes in the dedication to the pageant here reprinted, and who was himself "son to Robert Campbell, of Fulham, in Norfolk."

A copy of this rare pageant, with two leaves in manuscript in the handwriting of Mr. Rhodes, was sold with the rest of his library, April, 1825; this copy is now in the possession of Mr. Payne Collier. A perfect copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

It should be mentioned that two-thirds of the original title-page is occupied by a large woodcut of the ironmongers' arms, which have so encroached upon the usual space, that no imprint appears in either of the copies above alluded to.

PAGE 118.

Sr. John Shaw.

Lord Mayor in 1501.

PAGE 120.

the wilde boare has tusked up his vine.

An allusion to the famous thirty years' war at this time raging on the continent of Europe. It had commenced in 1619, when Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who married the daughter of James the First, accepted the crown of Bohemia. The war was considered as a religious one—a struggle between Catholic and Protestant interests, and was always warmly and favourably advocated in this country, many high-spirited young Englishmen going to fight at their own expense in the cause of the Elector and his wife, who was known as the "Queen of hearts," from her engaging manners.

Dekker's simile is obtained from Psalm lxxx., verses 8 and 13: the vine is the church, or the true faith; the wild boar its enemies.

PAGE 121.

the French Company.

According to Lewis Roberts' *Merchant's Map of Commerce*, 1638, this company traded to France with cloths, kerseys, and bays of English manufacture, and galls, silks, and cottons, from Turkey; their imports being buckrams, canvas, cards, glass, grain, linens, salt, claret, and white wines, wood, oils, almonds, pepper, with some silk stuffs, and some other petty manufactures. It was an insignificant commercial intercourse, and the company does not appear to have been incorporated.

Id.

this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life).

This notice, and that on the same page of the "eftridge cut

out of timber to the life," are the only ones I remember to have met with of wooden carved figures used in the pageants; but Gerard Christmas, who was employed in the construction of this year's pageants, was an adept in that art, and it is very likely that these figures frequently re-appeared in other years.

PAGE 122.

thunder and lightning.

These words show that some attention to theatrical effects was occasionally indulged in.

PAGE 123.

sparrowbills to cloute Pan's shoone.

The modern way of spelling the name still given to these nails is *sparables*. Dekker has here given us the true etymology: the name appears to have been derived from their resemblance to the sharp bill of the sparrow.

Ib.

a golden handle make for my wifes fan.

The ladies' feather fans at this period frequently had handles of the most costly kind, as those who have visited the Exhibition of Fans at South Kensington will remember. In the notes to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the variorum edition, will be found much information on this subject, and some few engravings of costly fan handles. Steevens says, "mention is made in the *Sydney Papers* of a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds."

PAGE 124.

found, in the last line but three, should most probably be *bound*.

PAGE 127.

Go on in your full glories.

In the original it is "*Good* in your full glories," but this is evidently wrong.

Gerard Christmas.

In Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (Dallaway's edition), the best account of this artist occurs. Speaking of Bernard Janfen, who built the greater part of Northumberland House, he says :—"Before the portal of that palace was altered by the present Earl, there was, in a frieze near the top, in large capitals, C. Æ., an enigma long inexplicable to antiquaries. Vertue found that at the period when the house was built lived Christmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the design of Aldersgate, and cut the bas-relief on it of James the First on horseback, and thence concluded that those letters signified *Christmas Edificavit*. Janfen probably built the house, which was of brick, and the frontispiece, which was of stone, was finished by Christmas." In a note is added :—"It may be presumed that Gerard Christmas was as much sculptor as architect, and, like Nicholas Stone, was equally employed in either art. The front of Northampton House (as it was called when first built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in 1614), was profusely ornamented with rich scrolls of architectural carving, and with an open parapet, worked out with letters and other devices."

Brayley (*Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 277) says :—"The entrance gateway still exhibits the original work of Gerard Christmas, and is a curious example of his time."

He was very frequently employed by the city in the construction of their yearly pageants, and is always highly complimented by the poets who invented them. As he was undoubtedly a man of much ability, it is fair to infer that the city were indebted to him for great improvements in their shows, as is more particularly pointed out by Dekker this year. His sons succeeded him in his office, which he appears to have held until his death with all due honour. He died in 1635, as appears from Heywood's pamphlet describing the great ship built at Woolwich.

LUDOWICK CARLELL.

Ludowick Carlell was himself a dramatist of no inconsiderable merit. A list of his plays and some account of his life may be found in Langbaine, Gildon, Cibber, and the other dramatic biographers.

PAGE 222.

And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtilloes.

i.e. probably "puntos and puntillios." Such a mistake was very easy in printing from a manuscript. The Hostess in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* both use *punto* as a term in fencing.

It.

my smoake goes,

Out at my kitchen chimney, not my nose.

So in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"You keep your chimnies smoking there, *your nostrils*."

PAGE 224.

Genoway.

i.e. Genoese.

PAGE 225.

By casting of thy water.

This was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine : it occurs again in Act 2. See *Macbeth* :

"If thou couldst, Doctor, *cast*

The water of my land, find her disease."

And *The Puritan*, Act iv. sc. 1. "There's physicians enough there to *cast his water*."

PAGE 230.

In such a sea of troubles.

In all probability borrowed from *Hamlet's* famous soliloquy.

PAGE 231.

Commend me to this Angelica.

The Angelica here alluded to, is the renowned princess of Cathay, whose beauty is celebrated in the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto. She is called by Milton "the fairest of her sex;" and the enamoured Vanni compares Alphoncina to her on this account.

PAGE 236.

I know all, but play on none : I am no Barber.

Barbers, in our author's time, were supposed to be universally able to play on the lute or cittern.

PAGE 242.

I'm cut i' th' cock/combe.

"Cut i' the cockcomb," and "cut i' the back" were common phrases when speaking of one drunk.

PAGE 255.

*any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furie.*

i.e. misshapen, deformed. In the third part of King Henry VI. the Queen calls Richard

"A foul misshapen *stigmatic*,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided."
And in the *Comedy of Errors*, Adriana says :
"He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worfe body'd, shapelefs every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolifh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worfe in mind."

PAGE 267.

*A moath that eats up gowones, doublets and hose,
One that with Bulls, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen clofe adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, fo strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after ; hee's a broker.*

This affords an explanation of a passage in Maffinger's play, *A New Way to pay Old Debts* :—

"Over. I lent you
A thousand pounds : put me in good security
And suddenly by mortgage, or by statute
Of some of your new poffeffions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your *lavender robes* to the gaol."

The term denotes that his robes were redeemed from a pawn-broker's.

Ib.

he may be fir'd.

i.e. afflicted with the venereal disease, which was then called the *brunning*, or burning disease.

PAGE 275.

What sayes my most moist-handed sweete Lady.

A moist hand in a woman is supposed to indicate a luxurious temperament. So in *Othello* :

“This hand is *moist*, my lady’;

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.”

And in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“If an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication,” &c.

PAGE 277.

But not with the manner my Lady.

A thief who is taken with the stolen goods about his person is in law, said to be “taken with the manner,” and is not bailable : Vanni’s intention was evident, but the fact was not committed.

PAGE 279.

He’le prove a lustie Larrence.

This would appear to have been a well-known denomination on these occasions. It is found in *The Captain and Tamer Tamed* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

PAGE 285.

I know your heart is up, tho’ your knees downe.

So Shakespeare in *Richard II.* :—

“Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know

Thus high at least although your knee be low.”

PAGE 289.

To the Right Honorable Thomas Wriathesley, Earle of Southampton.

Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, succeeded his father

Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. He was eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachel Ruffell. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added that he enjoyed the friendship and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.

PAGE 290.

Theophilus Bird.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit before the wars." He probably played in *The Lady's Trial* by Ford, to which, as also to Dekker and Ford's *Witch of Edmonton*, he wrote a Prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the Puritans had enabled them to close the theatres and consign the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ab.

Andrew Penneycuicke.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of *The City Madam* from what he calls "the teeth of time."

PAGE 299.

Though I die in totters.

i.e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our old dramatists.

PAGE 300.

Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand.

See *Notes and Queries* (3rd S. xi., June 15, 1867, p. 478).

PAGE 301.

The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Gifford confidered this an evident misprint for "beams," which word, he, and Mr. Dyce after him, have substituted in the text.

PAGE 301.

To grant what ere thou faist for.

Gifford and Dyce read "sueft."

PAGE 302.

We must descend and leav a while our sphere, &c.

"The 'sphere,' says Gifford, "in which the 'lord of light' appeared, was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, *flammas imitante pyrope*, his solar majesty was distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet; but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his *shape* might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Dekker."

PAGE 304.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail, &c

This is a variation of the beautiful song of Trico in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, which runs as follows :—

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, Teren,' she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark, so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring."

PAGE 307.

For shooting glances at her.

Mr. Dyce reads "glances," which is in all probability correct.

Ib.

FOL. *What bird?*

SOL. *A Ring-tail.*

So in the quarto ; but doubtless Humour asks the question and Folly makes the reply.

PAGE 308.

a Spanish pike.

i.e., a needle. Our best sword-blades, scissors, *needles*, &c., were in the poet's days imported from Spain. Thus Greene : "He [the tailor] had no other weapon but a plain Spanish needle," &c.

Ib.

What's hee that looks so smickly?

i.e., so finically, so effeminately. Ford has the word in *Fame's Memorial* :

"he forfook

The *smicker* use of court humanity."

PAGE 310.

not a Lark that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf, &c.

"I attribute," says Gifford, "without any scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Dekker. Ford, rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets."

PAGE 311.

take this and travel, tell the world.

Gifford and Dyce read, "travel through the world."

PAGE 312.

And in the midle Orpheus shall sit and weep.

Qy? *midst*. The previous Speech of *Humour* is hopelessly corrupt.

PAGE 317.

*If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.*

i.e. fly away,—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.

It.

Will you be merry than, and jawfand.

Gifford reads “jocund;” and suggests “joyfome” as an alternative reading nearer the sound of the word in the old text.

PAGE 318.

I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and drop like a Cob-nut out of Africa—

This bombast is from Marlowe, and has run the gauntlet through every dramaticwriter from Shakespeare to Dekker. The *cobnut* of Africa is less familiar to us; literally it means a large nut; but we know of no fruit with that specific name.

PAGE 321.

HU. *He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising, &c.*

Gifford assigns this Speech to Delight. The quantity of the second line may be set right by the insertion of “fo” after the verb.

PAGE 323.

*he stole from them such store
Of light, she shone more bright then e're before.*

Gifford reads “of *lights*, he shone :” the mistake, he considers,

was occasioned by transferring the *s* from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

PAGE 326.

With what an earnestness he complies

Mr. Dyce reads "compliments."

PAGE 328.

*These are the Peans which we sing to him,
And ye wear no baies, &c.*

Weber reads "And yet we wear no bays." "I think," says Gifford, "this belongs to Raybright, who, on hearing Autumn express his devotion to the Sun, observes that he does not wear the *inlignia* of that deity, 'And yet ye wear,' &c.; to which the other replies with a boast of his attachment to Bacchus, 'our cups are only,' &c. I have, however, made no change in the former arrangement of the text." Nor did Mr. Dyce deem it advisable to do so.

ib.

*Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in.*

There is very little doubt we should read "clad" here instead of *call'd*.

PAGE 333.

While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:

"Here," says Gifford, "the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of *The Sun's Darling*; and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus pannus* than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no rela-

tion whatever to the previous language and conduct of Ray-bright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed."

PAGE 334.

What such murmurings does your gall bring forth.

Gifford, following Weber, reads "fullen murmurings," and adds "What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say: the former edition reads '*fullen*,' to which I have no other objection than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is loud and violent. With a different pointing, the old text might stand."

PAGE 337.

*and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms.*

This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant "augury" is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*;

"The throat of War be stopp'd within her land,
And *turtle-footed Peace* dance *fairy-rings*
About her court," &c.

Ib.

To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin ;

"This word," says Gifford, "is familiar to me, though I can give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have often heard it, it means that roughening, shrivelling effect of severe cold upon the skin known in other counties by the name of *goose-flesh*."

PAGE 338.

The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure.

Between this line and that which follows in the text something is evidently lost.

PAGE 341.

his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table.

An inferior table provided in some inns of court, it is said, for the poorer or duller students.—GIFFORD. Probably also a play on the word *Dunstable* (*vide infra*, p. 448).

PAGE 345.

The Witch of Edmonton: a known true Story Composed into a Tragi-Comedy By divers well-esteemed Poets; William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

This tragi-comedy, though not published till 1658, appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623. There is a rude wooden cut on the original title, with a portrait of the witch, Mother Sawyer,—her familiar, a black dog—and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

In the title-page of this drama the name of Dekker is placed between those of his coadjutors, Rowley and Ford. It seems to have been a trick of the trade, in their distress, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add an "&c." With these we need not meddle, and we may venture to dismiss Rowley with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked.

PAGE 347.

W. Mago }
W. Hamluc } *two Country-men.*

W. Mago and W. Hamluc (or Hamlec) were probably the names of two inferior actors.

PAGE 353.

Frank, I will be a friend, and such a friend.

In the original quarto, the first *a* is wanting. Gifford and Dyce insert "thy" in brackets.

PAGE 354.

But what is that to quit.

Gifford and Dyce read "But what is there to quit."

PAGE 355.

*Had not my Laundrefs**Given way to your immoderate waste of Vertue.*

For *laundrefs* Mr. Dyce suggests we should read "lewdness;" as in the fifth act (p. 422) Winnifrede speaks of her "lust." "The 'laundrefs' and the 'immoderate waste of *virtue*' of Sir Arthur," says Gifford, "are either fragments of lost lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original." Laundresses may have sometimes had their office to perform in such cases, but the "waste" they had to deal with was of a different description. It is curious that the word is used correctly in a later passage of the same play (page 406): "any Temple Bar *Laundrefs*, that washes and wrings Lawyers."

PAGE 356.

There freeze in your old Cloyster.

Gifford would read "cold."

PAGE 364.

*I am plain Dunstable.**i. e.* blunt and honest.

PAGE 365.

In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

"Thus far," says Gifford, "the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the act which follows, much may be set down without hesitation to the credit of Dekker."

*It.**Forespeaks their Cattle.*

A very common term for *bewitch*. Thus Burton:—"They are surely *forspoken*, or bewitched."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*. And Jonson, in the *Staple of News*:—"Pray God some on us be not a *witch*, gossip, to *forpeak* the matter thus."

PAGE 367.

Cracked Lane

led from Eastcheap to Fish-street-hill, opposite the Monument.

PAGE 374.

I'll go neer to make at Eaglet else.

Gifford and Dyce read "to make a taglet."

PAGE 375.

She'll keep a surer compass.

The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wife—that is, with a certain elevation—were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.

PAGE 377.

— In thy chaste breast.

The break in the line probably indicates that the compositor could not make out the word in the manuscript. "The florid and overstrained nature of Frank's language," says Gifford, "which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Susan. If this part of the act be given to Dekker (as I believe it must be), it reflects great credit on his taste and judgment; for rarely shall we find a scene more tenderly and skilfully wrought."

PAGE 383.

if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-Church.

Barking Church stood at the bottom of Seething-lane. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

PAGE 387.

Some door I think it was.

i. e. dor, a cockchafer or beetle.

PAGE 391.

I'll not turn from it, if you be earnest, Sir.

Qy.—"earnest?"

PAGE 404.

Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hose, and they break.

Paned hose were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured cloth or stuff, occasionally intermixed with strips of silk or velvet stitched together, and therefore liable to *break*, or be seam-rent.

Ib.

You see your work, Mother Bumby.

Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the heroine; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her needle.

PAGE 405.

this is no Paris-Garden Bandog neither.

A fierce kind of mastiff kept to bait bears. *Paris-garden*, where these brutal sports were regularly exhibited, was situated on the Bankside in Southwark, close to the Globe Theatre, so that there was a delectable communion of amusements. Ben Jonson adverts to this with great bitterness. The *garden* is said to have had its name from one *De Paris*, who built a house there in the reign of Richard II.

PAGE 406.

neither is this the black Dog of Newgate.

There is a tract, in prose and verse, attributed to Luke Hatton, entitled *The Black Dog of Newgate*; and we learn from Henflowe's *Diary* that there was a play by Hathway, Day, Smith, &c., with the same title.

PAGE 415.

*so that my bulch
shew but his swarth cheek to me.*

Literally, a calf; sometimes used, as here, for an expression of kindness; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.

PAGE 426.

Serve some Briarean Footcloth-strider.

Footcloths were the ornamental housings or trappings flung over the pads of state-horses. On these the great lawyers then rode to Westminster-hall, and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James's. The allusion to "the Dragons Tayl," in the seventh line of the speech, is to Revelation, xii. 4.

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